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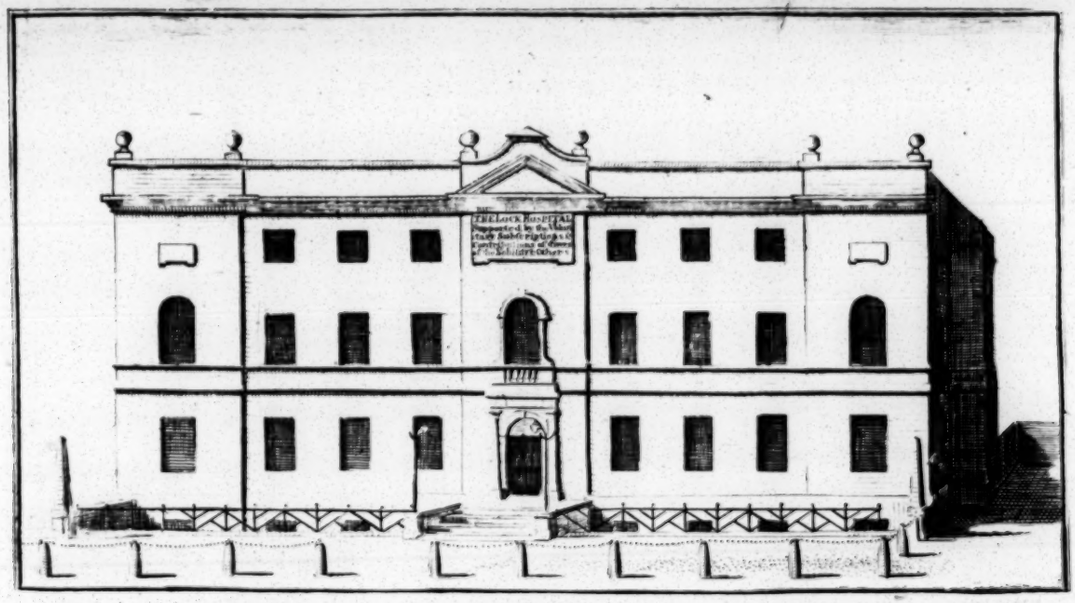

TO THE MOST NOBLE

PEREGRINE, DUKE OF ANCASTER,

PERPETUAL PRESIDENT.

GEORGE, DUKE of MANCHESTER,
JOHN, MARQUIS of GRANBY,
ANTHONY, EARL of SHAFTESBURY,
WILLIAM, EARL of DARTMOUTH,

JOHN, LORD MONSON,
LORD BROWNLOW BERTIE,
SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON,
KNIGHT of the BATH.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

AND TO THE REST OF THE

GOVERNORS of the LOCK HOSPITAL, near HYDE-PARK-CORNER,

To whom the Entire Copy of this Collection of Hymn and Pſalm Tunes is preſented, as a Benefaction to the Hoſpital, that the Profits ariſing from the Sale of it, may be applied for the Benefit of the Charity.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE at laſt, with no ſmall Care and Trouble, compleated this Book of TUNES for the Uſe of the CHAPEL, and as the Publication of them may be of Service to the Charity, I muſt deſire your Acceptance of the ENTIRE COPY, hoping that by the Sale of this MUSIC, ſome Addition may be made to your Fund, for maintaining and promoting the Charitable Work, which you have undertaken. It's Proſperity will ever give me Pleaſure, as will every Opportunity of contributing towards it.

I ſhould be extremely ungrateful, was I not, upon this Occaſion, to acknowledge the Obligations which the Charity lays under, to Meſſrs. GIARDINI, VENTO, ALESSANDRI, WORGAN, BURNEY, ARNOLD, and the other great Maſters, who have embelliſhed the Work, by their excellent Compoſitions and Corrections.

I ſhould hope that all Muſic-Sellers and Printers will obſerve, that the Property of this MUSIC is now veſted in You for the Benefit of the CHARITY, and that the *Poor Objects* who are ſharing your Bounty, will have no Reaſon to complain of their being injured by Surreptitious, and Piratical Impreſſions.

I am,

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
Auguſt 18, 1769.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

Your humble Servant,

M. MADAN.

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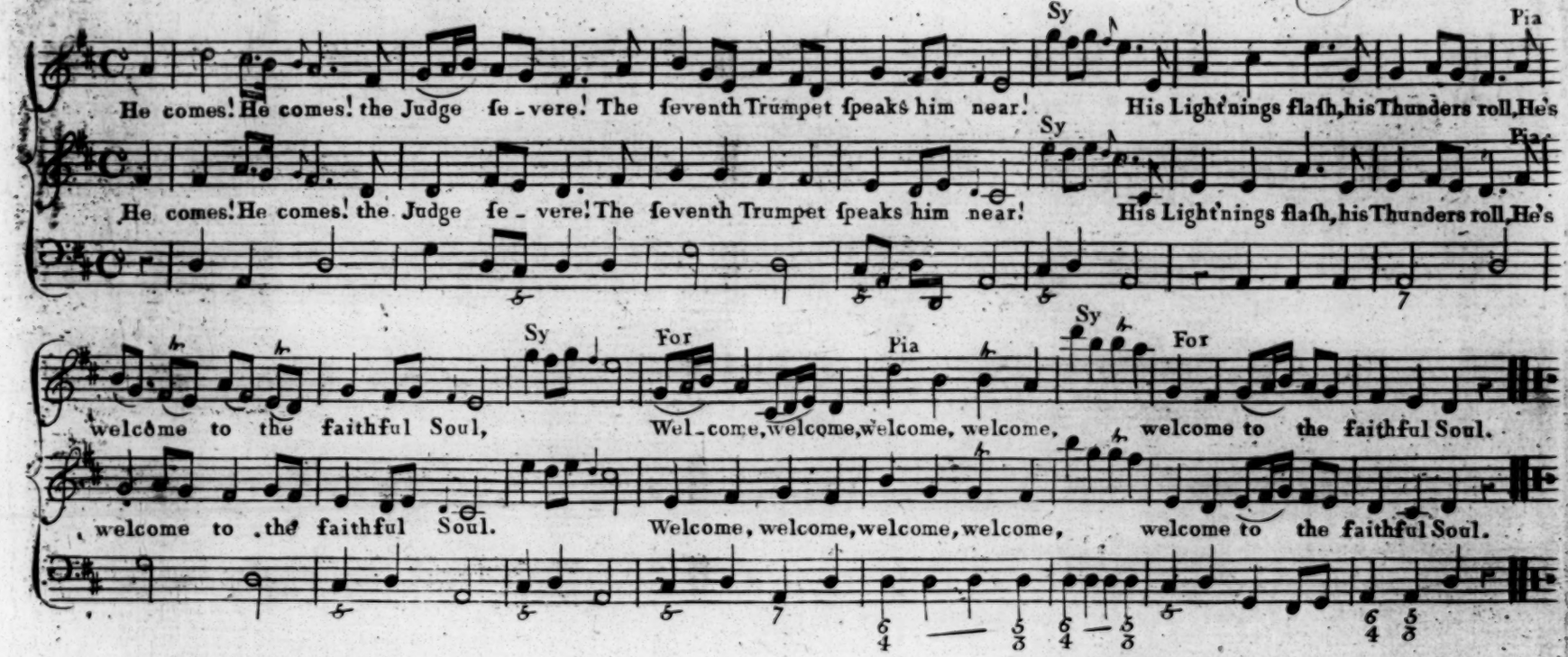


2

From Heav'n angelic Voices ſound,
See the Almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks the Saviour's Face

3

Deſcending on his Azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms for his own;
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him their triumphant Lord.

4

Shout all the People of the Sky.
And all the Saints of the Moſt High;
Our God, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever Reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever Reigns.

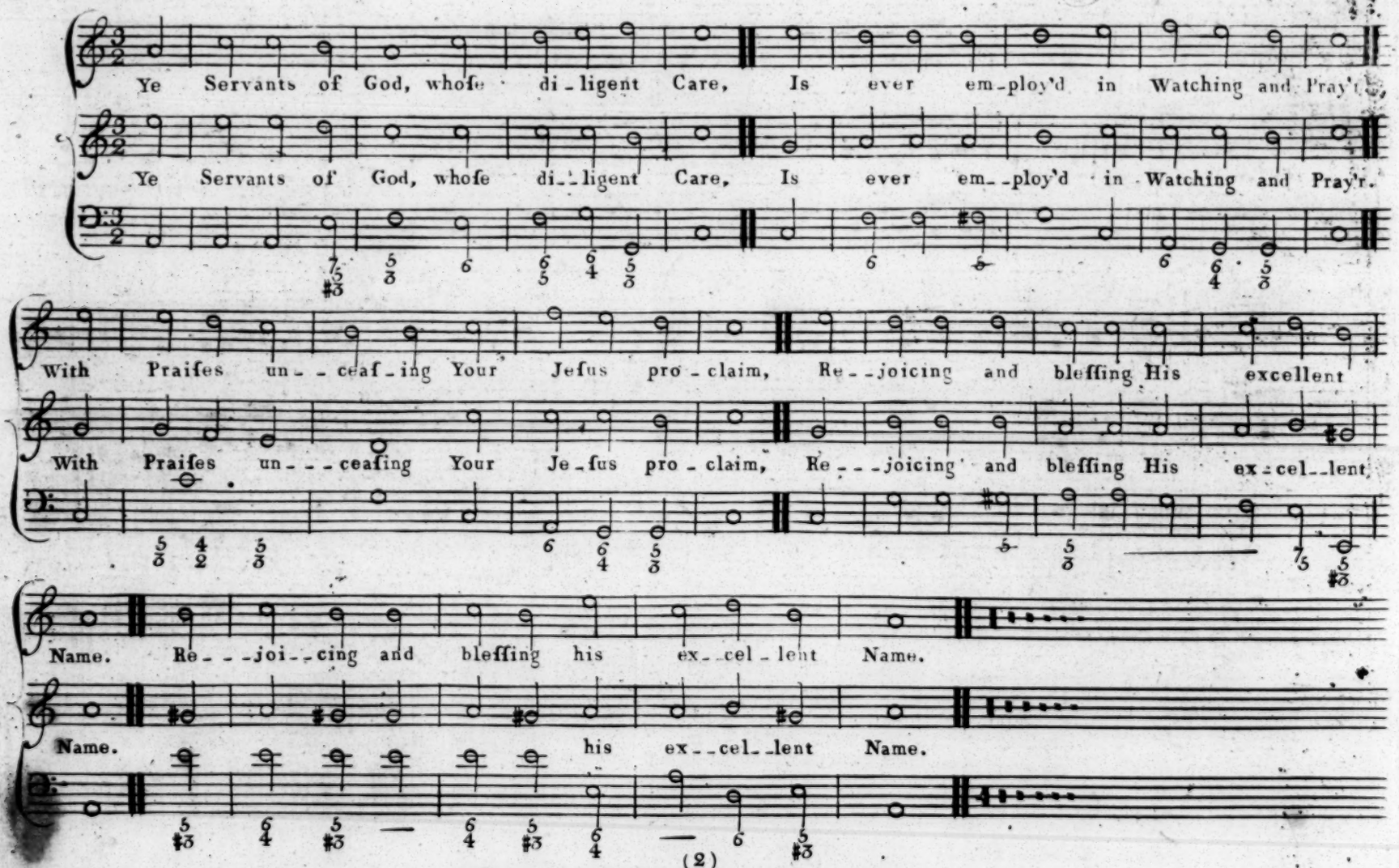
5

The Father praiſe, the Son adore,
The Spirit bleſs for evermore;
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome Thee Great Three in One!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome Thee Great Three in One!

Engrav'd by J: Caulfield

Patient's Tune

Set by F. G.



(2)

'Tis Jeſus commands, Come all to his Houſe,
And lift up your Hands, And pay him your Vows;
And whilſt ye are giving Your Jeſus his Due,
The Lord out of Heaven Shall ſanctify you.

BRITISH MUSEUM 29 MAR 46

Lock Tune

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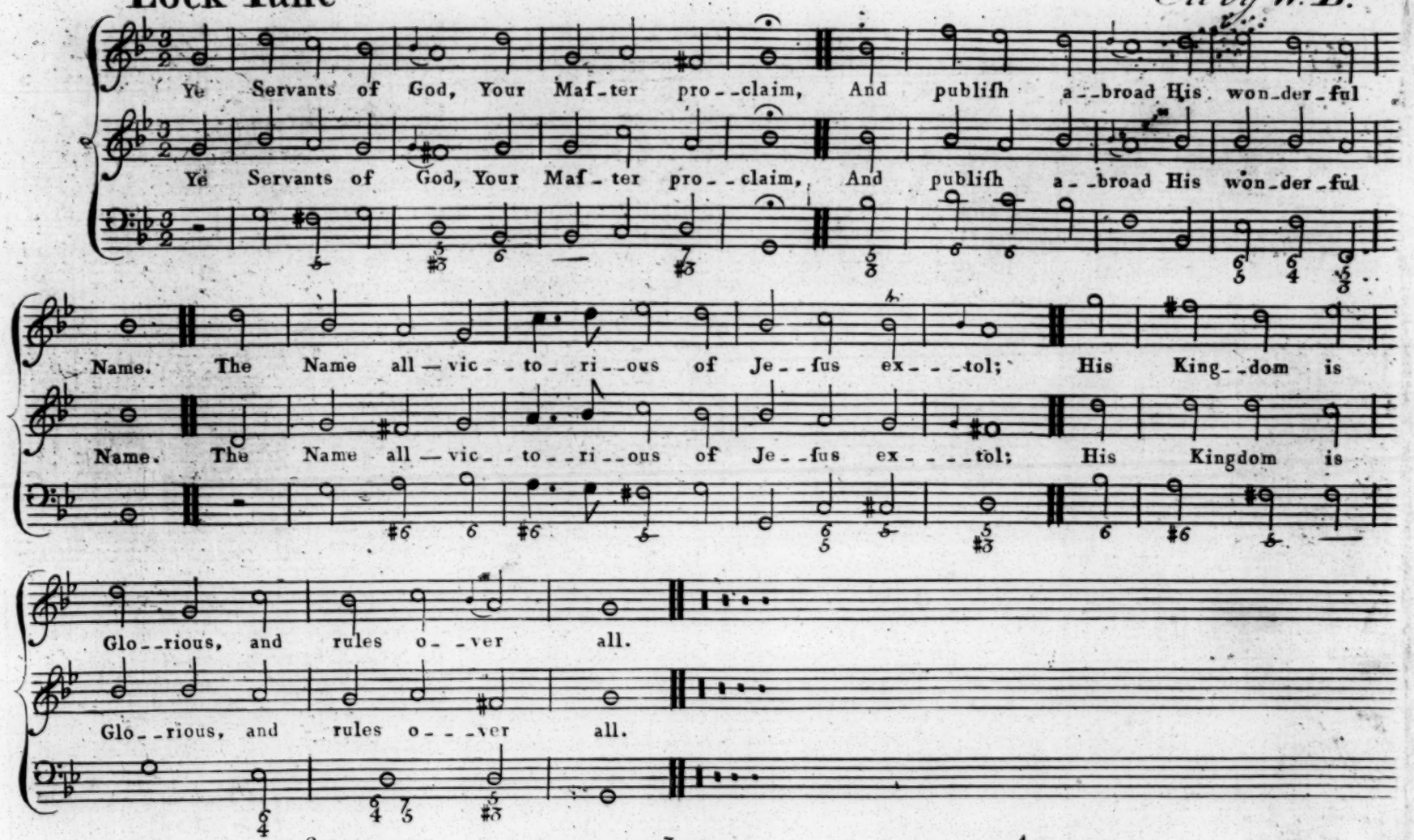


2

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave,
And ſtill he is nigh,
His Preſence we have,
The great Congregation
His Triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing Salvation
To Jeſus our King.

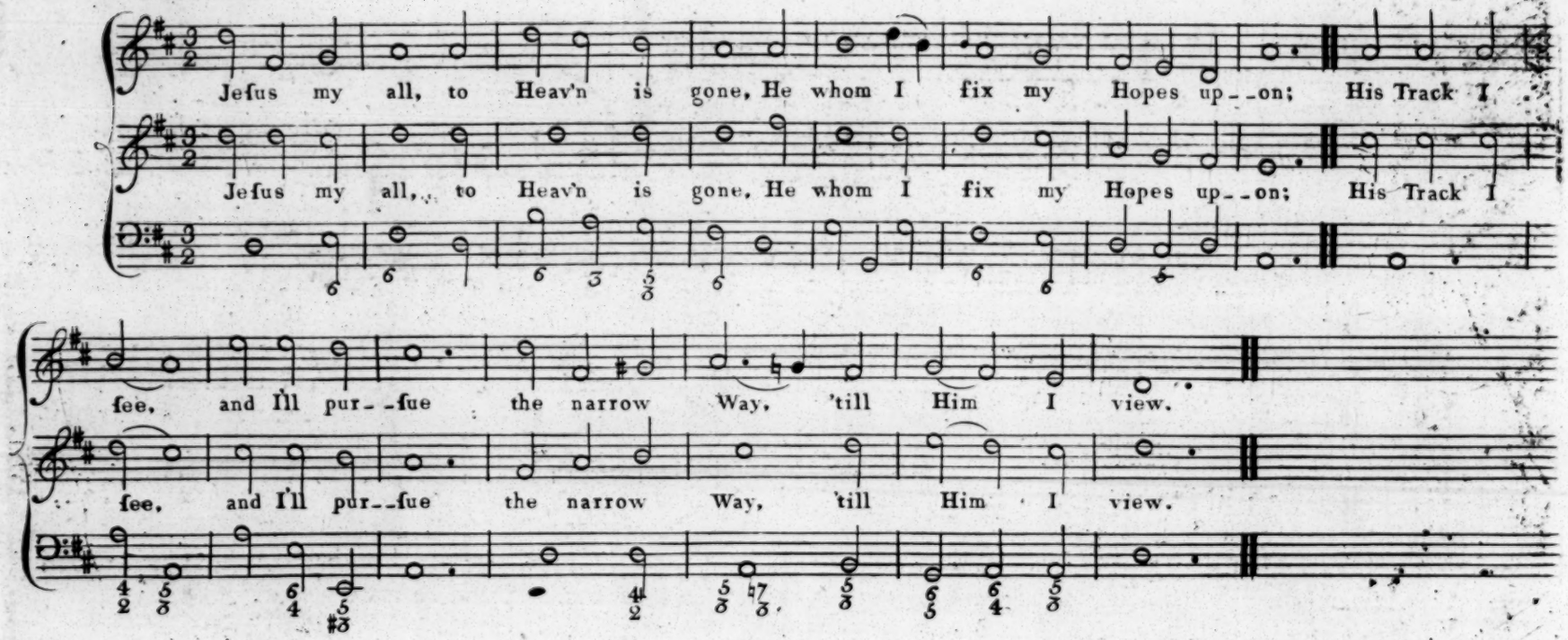
3

Salvation to God,
Who ſits on the Throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
Our Jeſus's Praiſes
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces,
And worſhip the Lamb.

4

Then let us adore
And give him his Right,
All Glory and Pow'r,
And Wiſdom, and Might;
All Honour and Bleſſing,
With Angels above,
And Thanks never ceaſing,
And infinite Love.

Blendon



2

The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Baniſhment,
The King's Highway of Holineſs
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

3

No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin,
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No Sin, nor Sorrow ſhall be there.

4

No, nothing may go up thereon,
But trav'ling Souls, and I am one;
Way-faring Men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.

5

This is the Way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My Grief a Burden long has been,
Becauſe I cou'd not ceaſe from Sin.

6

The more I ſtrove againſt it's Pow'r,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay
"Come hither, Soul, I am the Way."

7

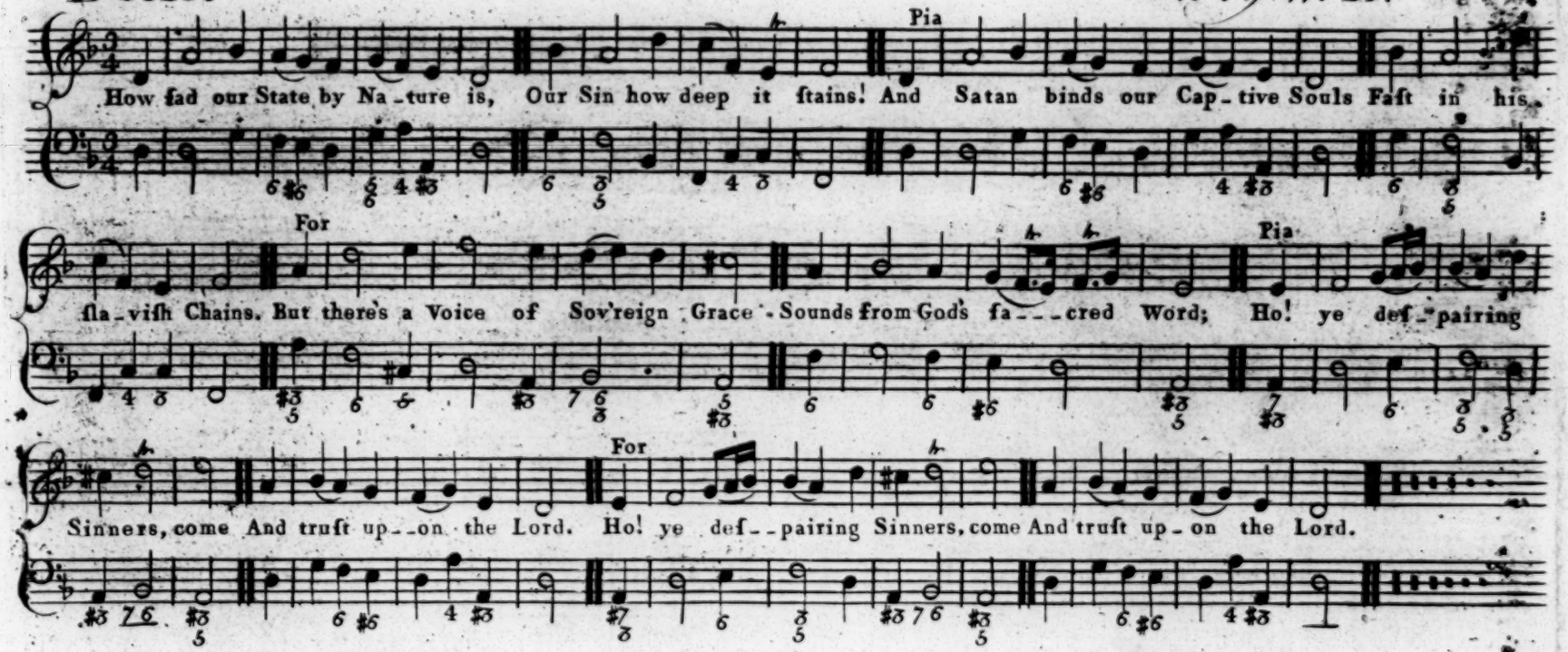
Lo! glad I come, and Thou bleſs'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but Love ſhall I receive.

8

Then will I tell to Sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And ſay, "Behold the Way to God!"

Dorſet

Set by W: B:



2

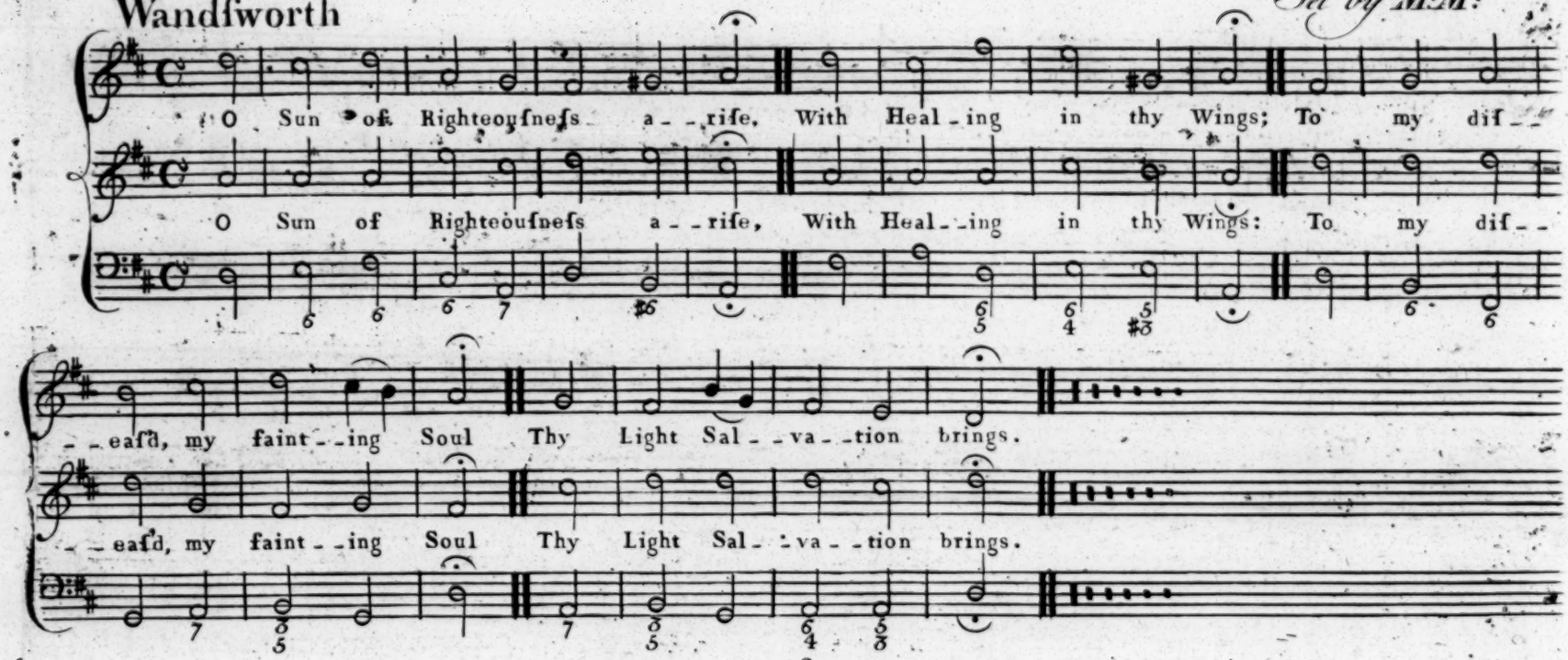
O may we hear th'Almighty Call,
And run to this Relief!
We would believe thy Promiſe, Lord,
O help our Unbelief!
To the bleſt Fountain of thy Blood.
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we waſh our ſpotted Souls
From Crimes of deepeſt Dye!

3

Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
Our reigning Sins ſubdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With his infernal Crew.
Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs Worms,
Into thine Hands we fall;
Be Thou our Strength and Righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus and our All!

Wandſworth

Set by M:M:



2

Theſe Clouds of Pride and Sin diſpel
By thine all-piercing Beam,
Lighten mine Eyes with Faith, my Heart
With holy Hope inflame

3

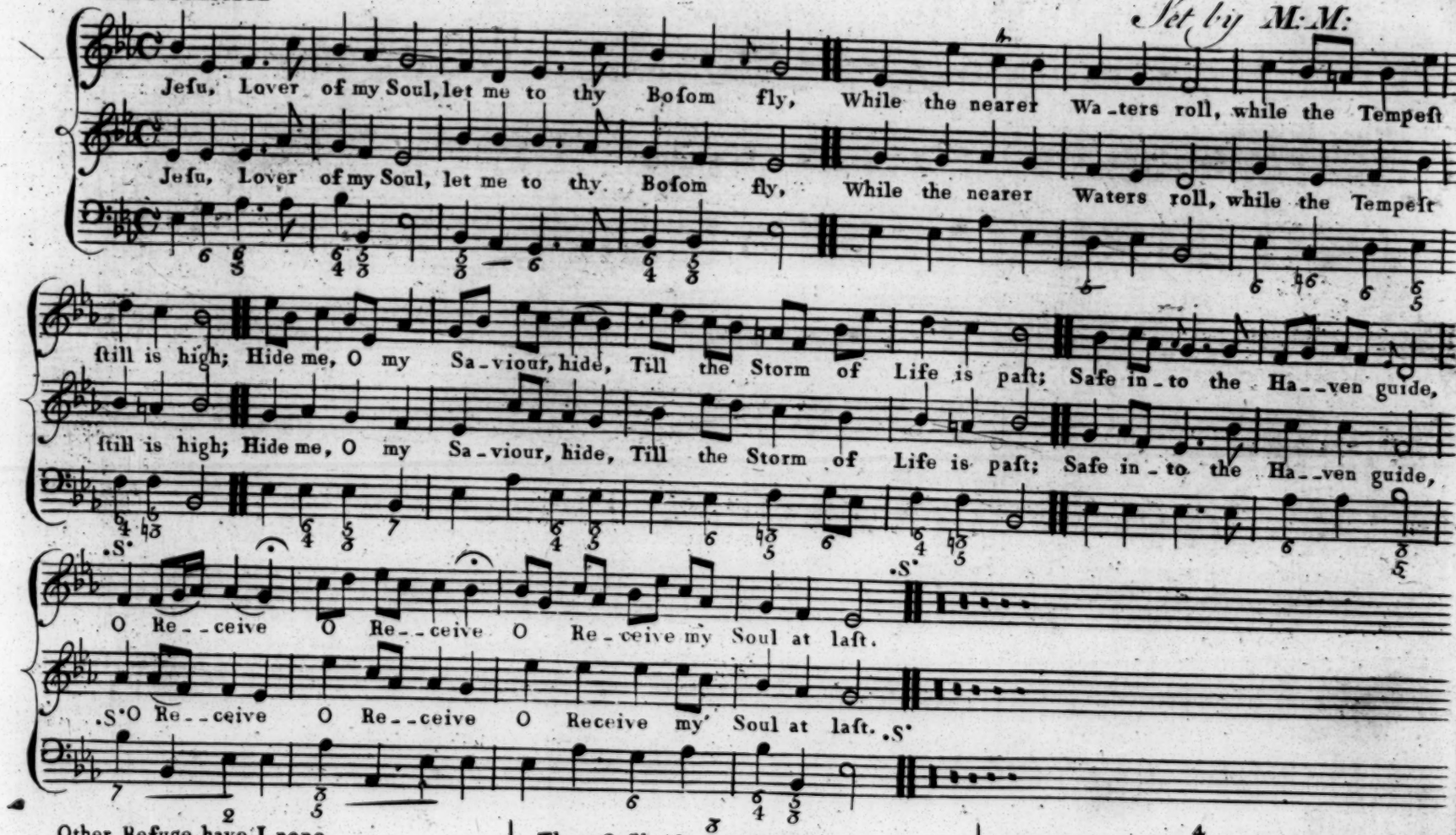
My Mind by thy all quick'ning Pow'r
From low Deſires ſet free,
Unite my ſcatter'd Thoughts, and fix
My Love entire on Thee.

4

Father, thy long-loſt Son receive;
Saviour, thy Purchaſe own;
Bleſt Comforter, with Peace and Joy
Thy new-made Creature crown.

Hotham

Set by M:M:



Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs Soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my Truſt on Thee is ſtay'd,
All mine Help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceleſs Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

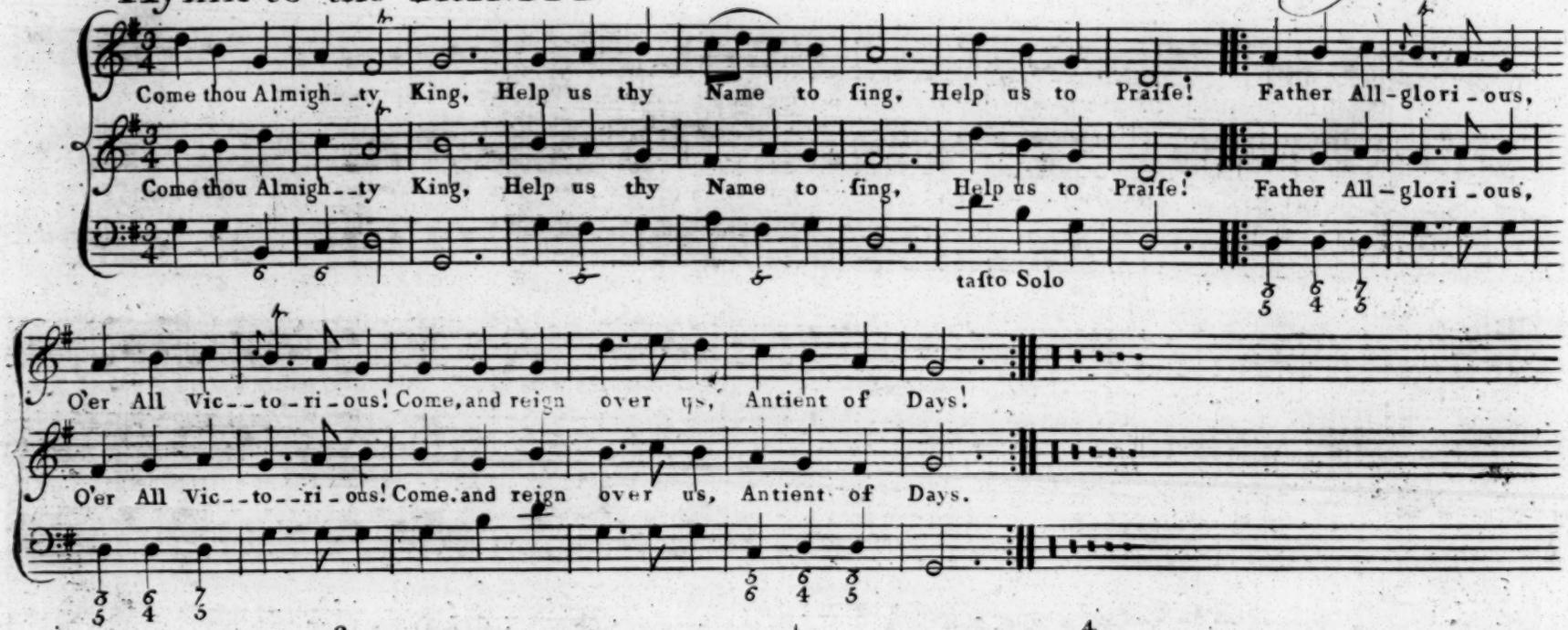
Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
More than All in Thee I find:
Raiſe the Fallen, chear the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
Juſt and Holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteouſneſs!
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

4

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our Sin:
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my Heart,
Riſe to all Eternity!

Hymn to the TRINITY

Set by F. G.



2

Jeſus our Lord ariſe,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty Aid
Our ſure defence be made—
Our Souls on Thee be ſtay'd—
Lord hear our Call!

3

Come Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy Mighty Sword—
Our Pray'r attend!
Come! and thy People bleſs,
And give thy Word ſucceſs,
Spirit of Holineſs
On us deſcend!

4

Come Holy Comforter,
Thy Sacred Witneſs bear,
In this glad Hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Pow'r!

5

To the Great One in Three
Eternal Praiſes be
Hence—Evermore!
His Sov'reign Majeſty
May we in Glory ſee,
And to Eternity
Love and Adore!

Knightſbridge

Set by M: M:

Al-mighty God of Truth and Love! In me thy Pow'r ex---ert, The Mountain from my Soul re--

Al-mighty God of Truth and Love! In me thy Pow'r ex---ert, The Mountain from my Soul re--

-move, The Hard-neſs of mine Heart: My moſt ob--du--rate Heart ſubdue, In Honour of thy Son, And

-move, The Hard-neſs of mine Heart: My moſt ob--du--rate Heart ſubdue, In Honour of thy Son, And

now the gracious Won--der ſhew, And take a--way the Stone. And take a--way the Stone.

now the gracious Won--der ſhew, And take a--way the Stone. And take a--way the Stone.

(2)

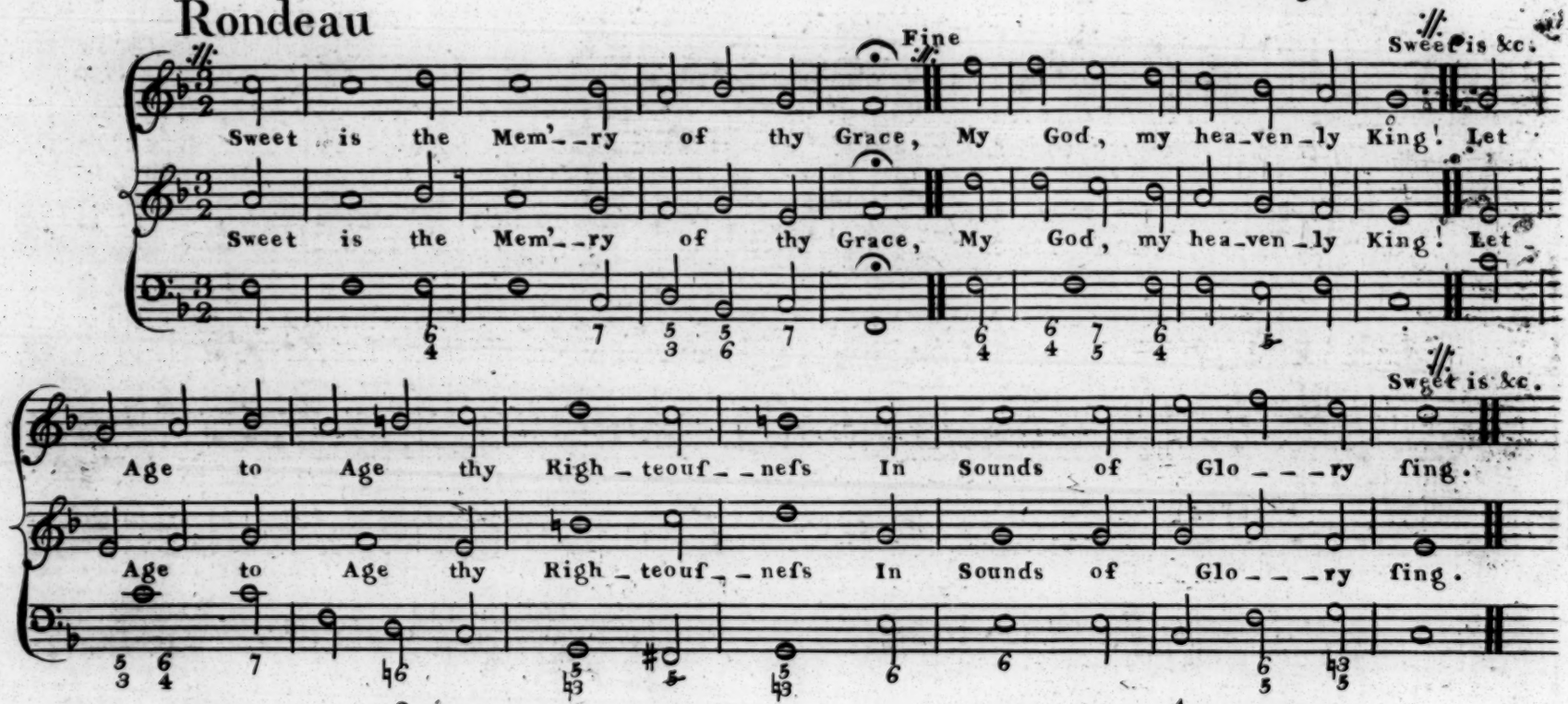
I want a Principle within
Of jealous, Godly Fear;
A Senſibility of Sin,
A Pain to feel it near:
I want the firſt Approach to feel
Of Pride or vain Deſire,
To catch the Wand'rings of my Will,
And quench the kindling Fire.

(3)

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy Goodneſs grieve;
The filial Awe, the fleſhly Heart,
The tender Conſcience give:
Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
O God, my Conſcience make,
Awake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake!

Set by F.G.

Rondeau



2

God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodneſs to the Skies;
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
Thro' the whole Earth his Goodneſs ſhines,
And ev'ry Want ſupplies.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace.

3

With longing Eye thy Creatures wait
On Thee, for daily Food;
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace.

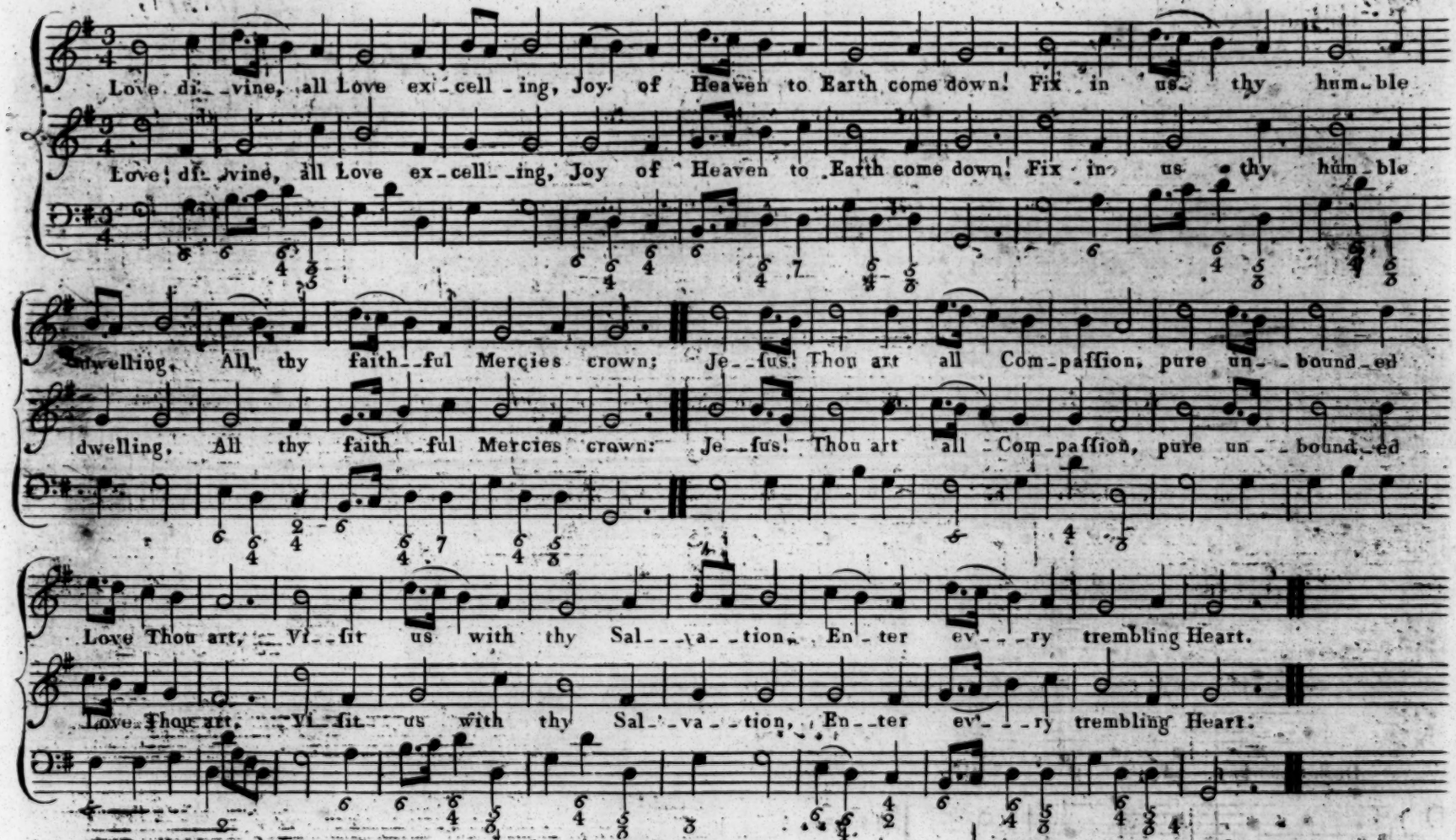
4

How kind, are thy Compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine Anger moves!
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
But ſoon He ſends his pard'ning Word,
To chear the Soul He loves.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace.

5

Creatures, with all their endleſs Race,
Thy Pow'r and Praiſe proclaim:
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
May we, who taſte thy richer Grace,
Delight to bleſs thy Name.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace.

Love divine



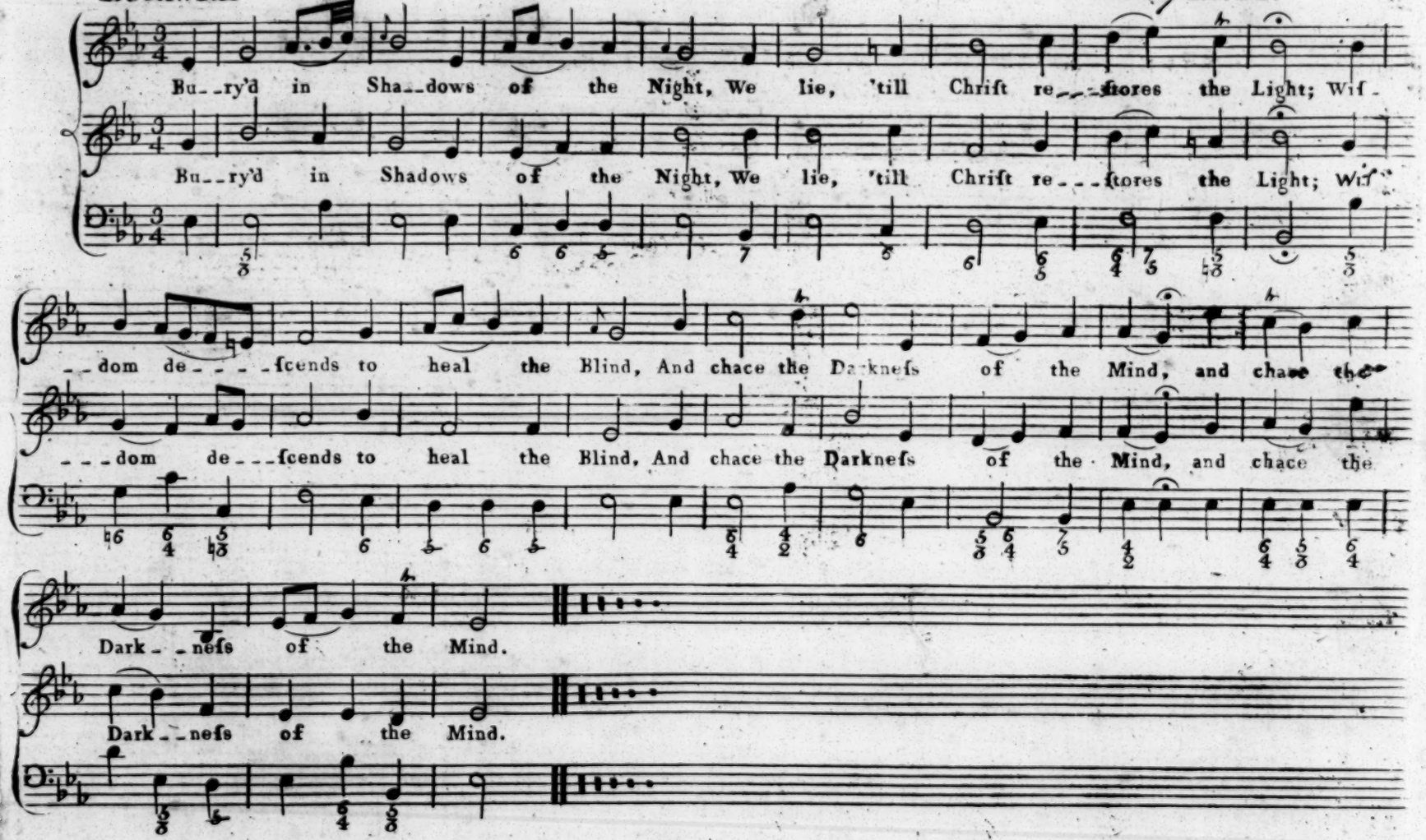
Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled Breaſt!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promiſ'd Reſt,
Take away the Power of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith, as its Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave!
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine Hoſts above,
Pray, and praiſe Thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy precious Love.

Finiſh then thy new Creation,
Pure, unſpotted may we be,
Let us ſee thy great Salvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by Thee!
Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
'Till in Heaven we take our Place,
'Till we caſt our Crowns before Thee,
Loſt in Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

Beckwith

Set by M: M:



2

Loſt guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Diſtreſs,
And ſing the Lord our Righteouſneſs.

3

Jeſus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He ſets the Priſ'ner free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

4

Poor helpleſs Worms in Thee poſſeſs
Grace, Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Righteouſneſs:
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to Thee.

The Penitent

Set by W. B.

Slow

When with my Mind de--vout--ly preſt Dear SAVIOUR my re--volving Breaſt Would

When with my Mind de--vout--ly preſt Dear SAVIOUR my re--volving Breaſt Would

paſt Of--fen-ces trace Trembling I make the black re--view Yet pleaſ'd be---hold ad--mir-ing

paſt Of--fen-ces trace Trembling I make the black re--view Yet pleaſ'd be---hold ad--mir-ing

too the Power the power the power of chang-ing Grace

too the Power the power the power of chang-ing Grace.

This Tongue with Blaſphemies defil'd,
Theſe Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,
In Heav'nly League agree,
Who could believe ſuch Lips could praiſe,
Or think my dark and winding ways,
Should ever lead to Thee

3

Theſe Eyes that once abus'd their Sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry Light,
And weep a ſilent Flood
Theſe Hands aſcend in ceaſeleſs Pray'r,
O waſh away the Stains they wear,
In pure redeeming Blood

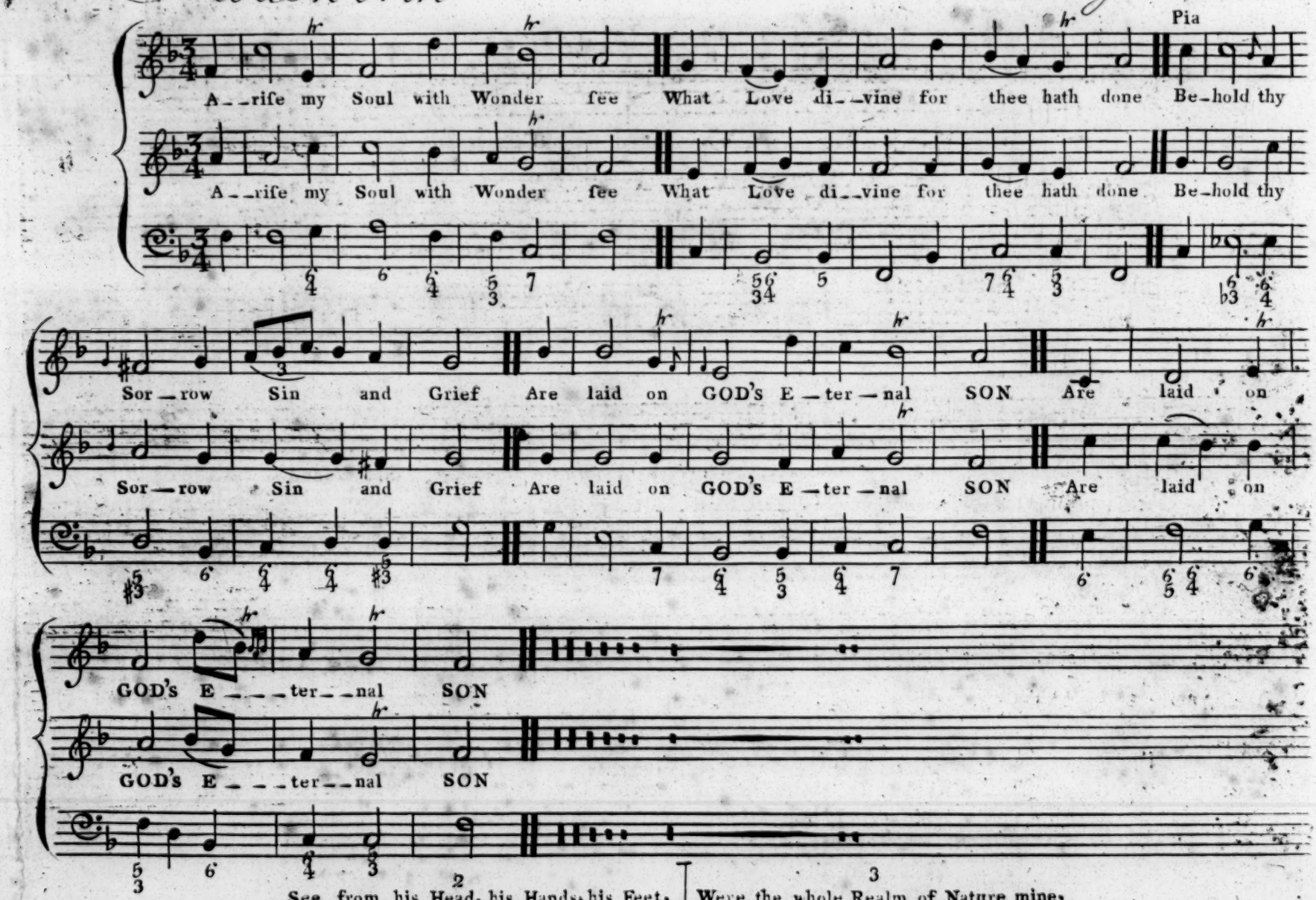
Theſe Ears that pleas'd could entertain,
The midnight Oath the luſtful Strain,
When round the feſtal Board,
Now deaf to all th'enchanting Noiſe,
Avoid the Throng deteſt the Joys,
And preſs to hear thy Word

5

Thus art Thou ſerv'd in ev'ry Part,
And now thou doſt tranſform my Heart,
That droſſy Thing refine,
Now Grace doth Nature's Strength controul,
And a new Creature Body Soul,
Are LORD for ever thine

Molesworth

Set by WB.



2

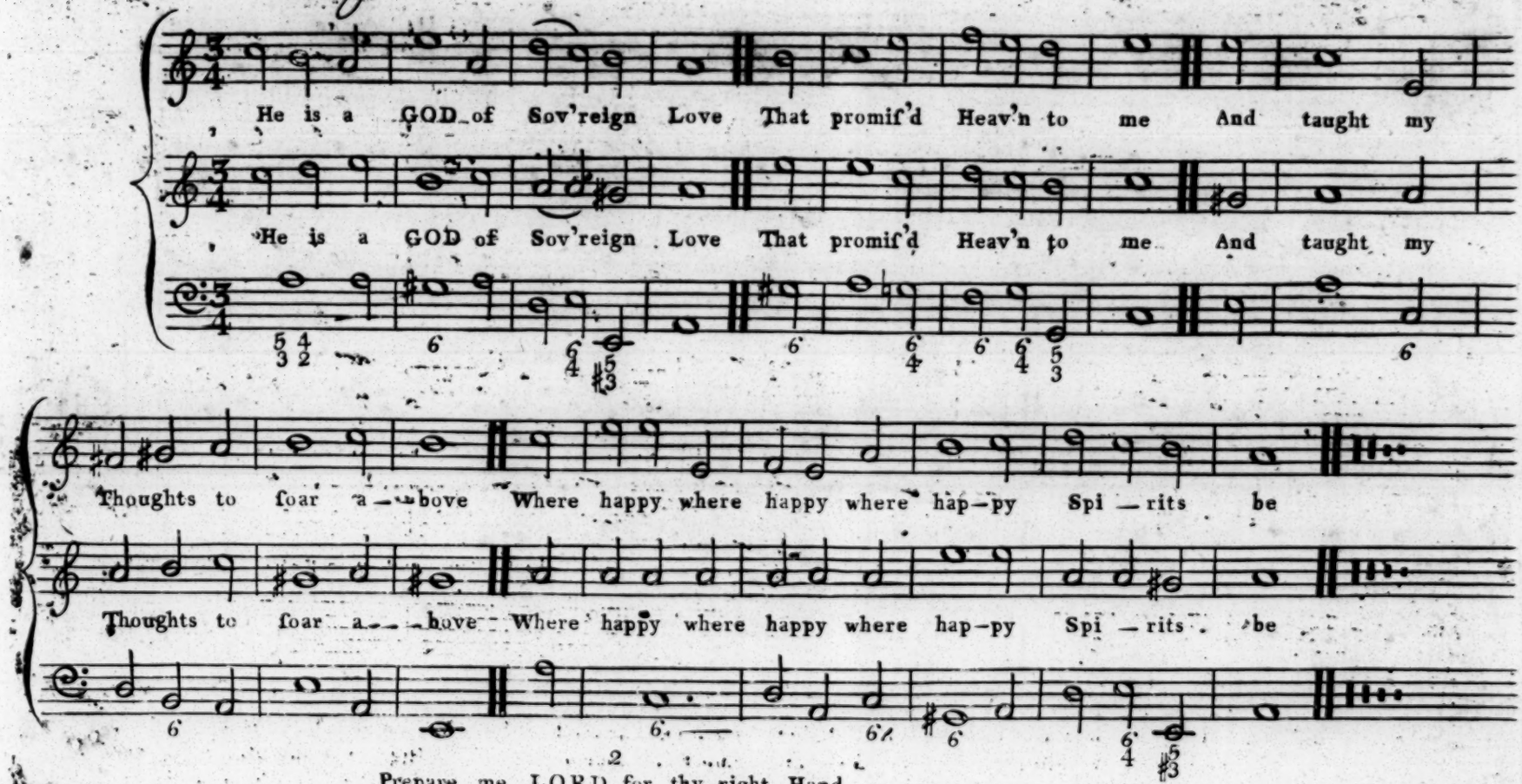
See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingling down,
Did e'er ſuch Love, ſuch Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compoſe ſo bright a Crown.

3

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Preſent far too ſmall,
Love ſo amazing ſo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

Rockingham

Set by .W.B



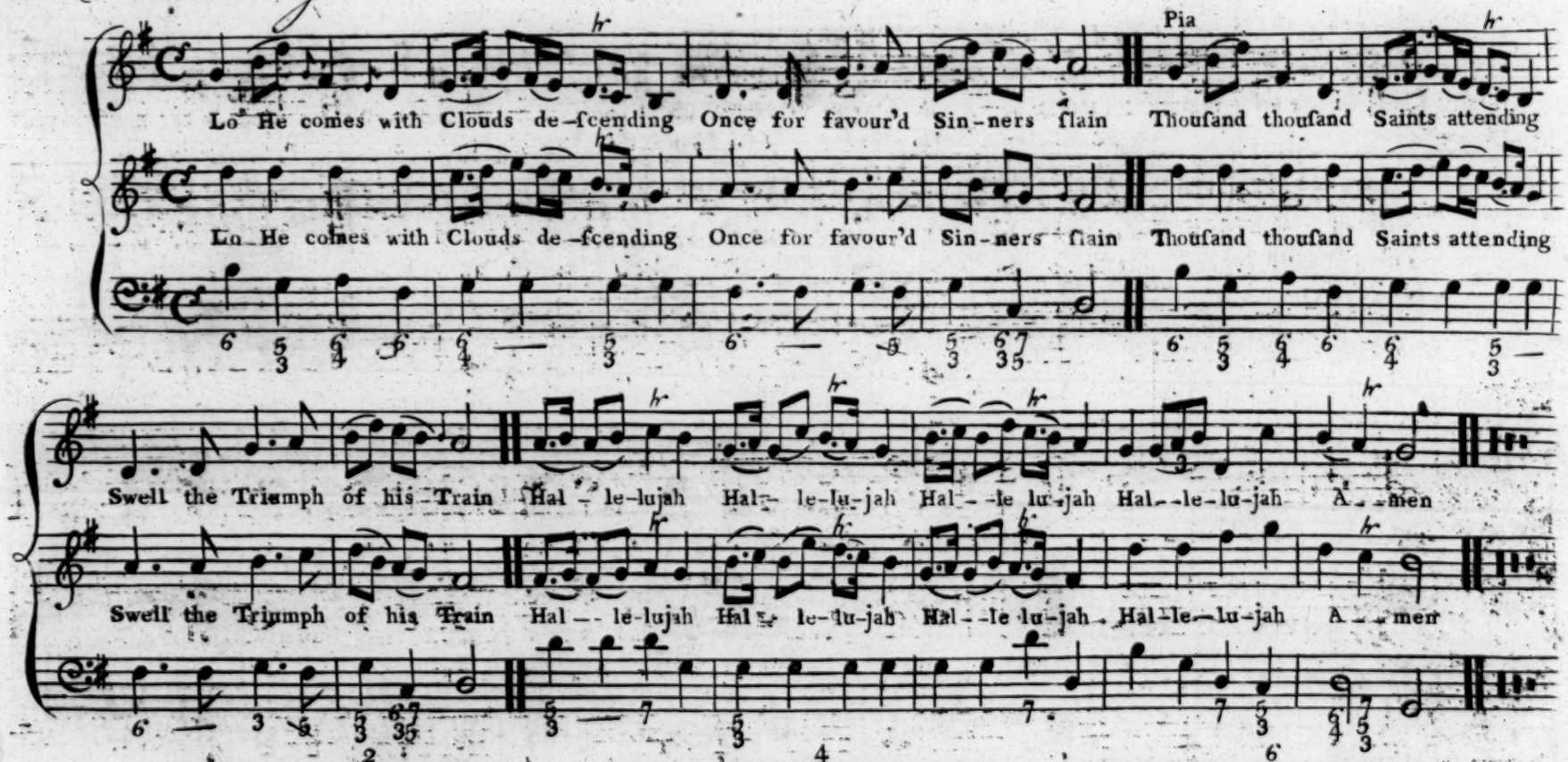
2

Prepare me LORD for thy right Hand
Then come the joyfull Day
Come Death and some celestial Band
To bear my Soul away

3

Then my Beloved take my Soul
Up to thy bleft Abode
That Face to Face I may behold
My SAVIOUR and my GOD

Helmsley



2

Ev'ry Eye ſhall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful Majeſty,
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the True MESSIAH ſee

3

Ev'ry Iſland Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth ſhall flee away,
All who hate Him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day,
Come to Judgment
Come to Judgment come away

4

Now Redemption long expected,
See in ſolemn Pomp appear
All his Saints, by Man rejected,
Now ſhall meet Him in the Air
Hallelujah
See the Day of GOD appear

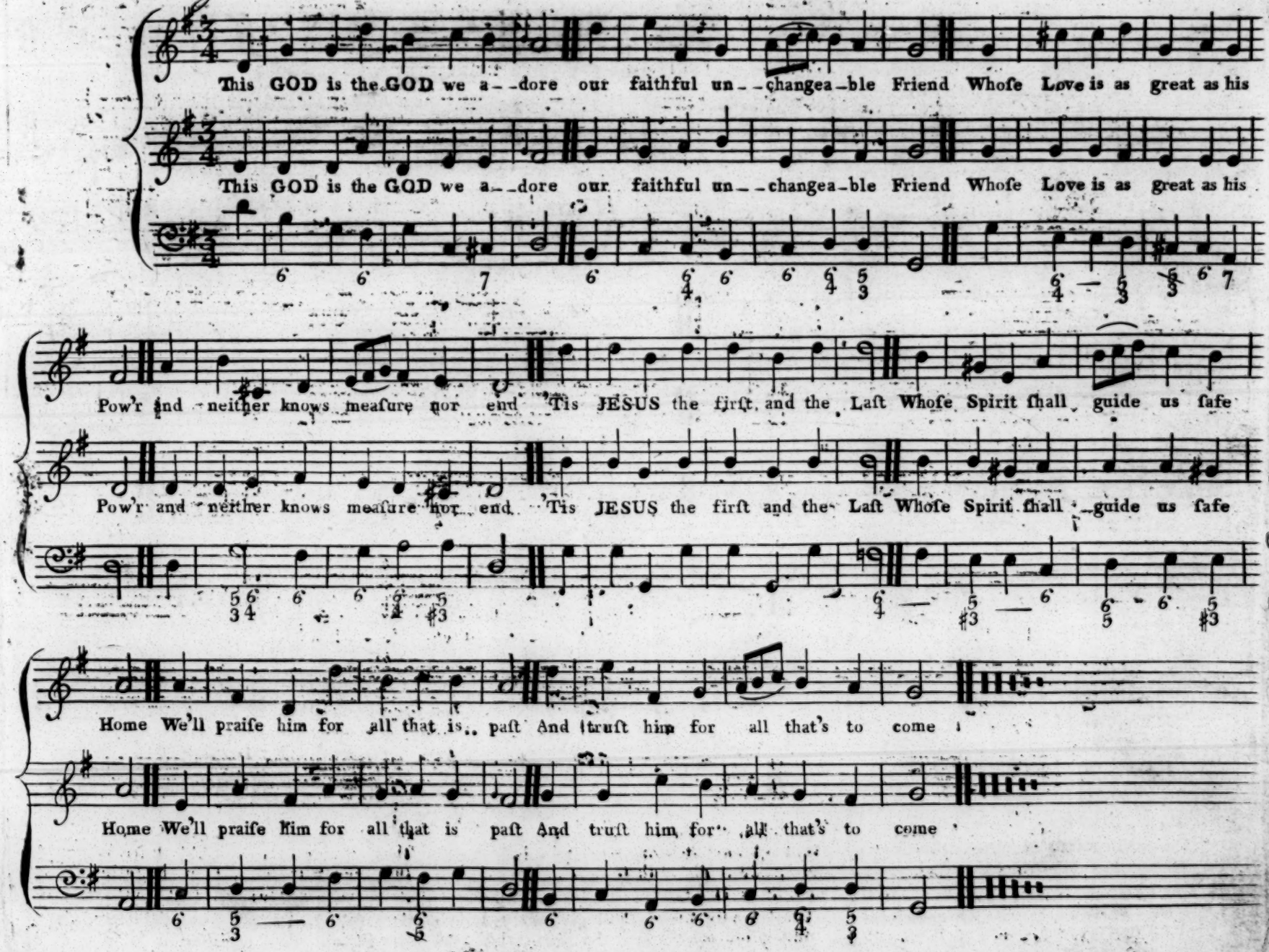
5

Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Haſten, LORD, the gen'ral Doom
The new Heav'n and Earth t'inherit,
Take thy pining Exiles Home
All Creation
Travails groans and bids Thee come

6

Yea Amen Let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne
SAVIOUR, take the Pow'r and Glory,
Claim the Kingdom for thine own
O come quickly
Hallelujah Come, LORD come

Dismiſſion


This GOD is the GOD we a--dore our faithful un--changea-ble Friend Whoſe Love is as great as his
This GOD is the GOD we a--dore our faithful un--changea-ble Friend Whoſe Love is as great as his
Pow'r and neither knows meaſure nor end 'Tis JESUS the firſt and the Laſt Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe
Pow'r and neither knows meaſure nor end 'Tis JESUS the firſt and the Laſt Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe
Home We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt And truſt him for all that's to come
Home We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt And truſt him for all that's to come

Paſtoral Hymn

Set by J.B.

Slow.

The LORD my Paſture ſhall pre--pare, And feed me with a Shepherd's Care
His preſence ſhall my wants ſup--ply And guard me with a watchful Eye My Noon-
-day Walks he ſhall at--tend And all my Mid-night Hours de--fend

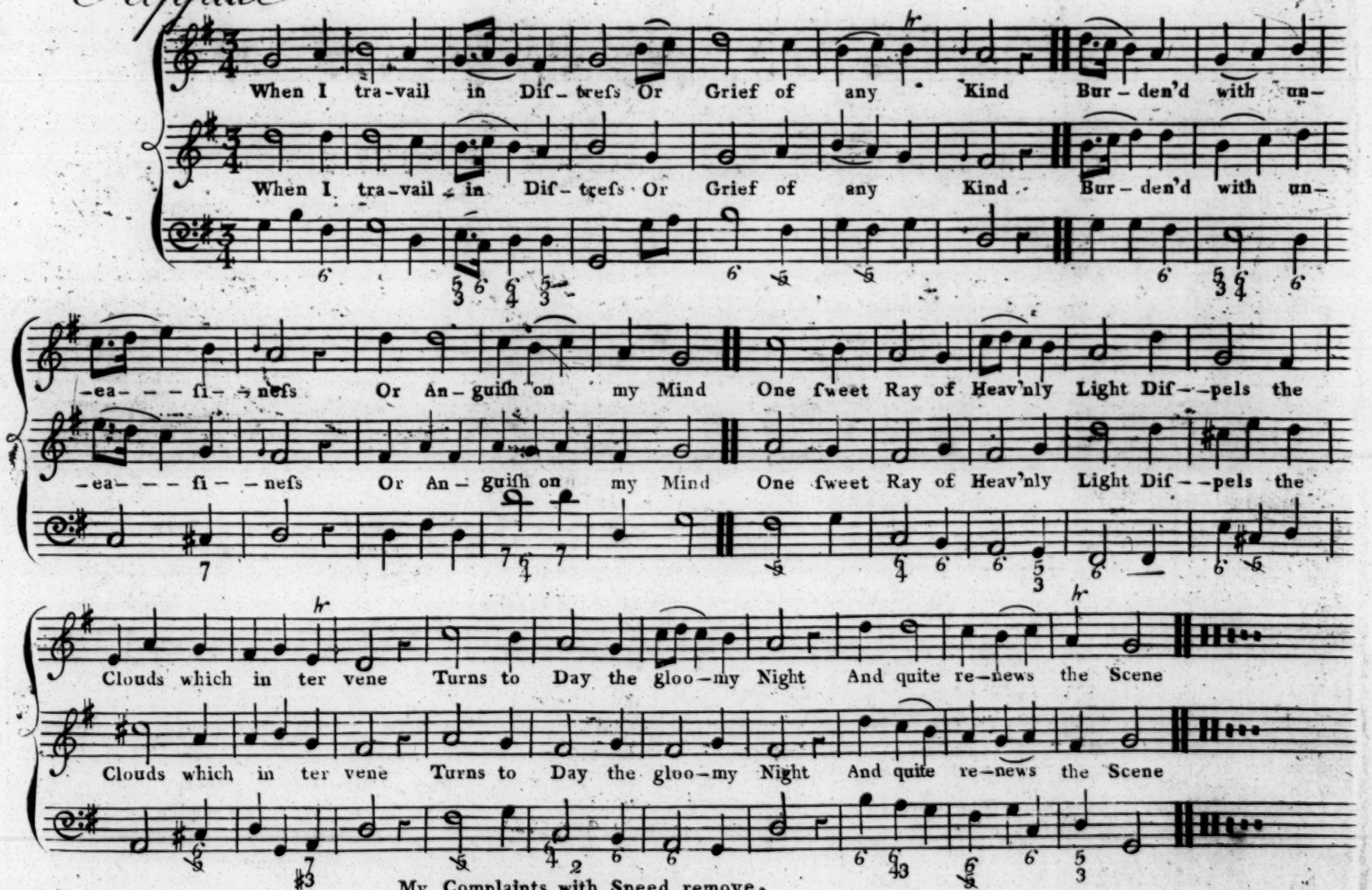
The LORD my Paſture ſhall pre--pare And feed me with a Shepherd's Care
His preſence ſhall my wants ſup--ply And guard me with a watchful Eye My Noon-
-day Walks he ſhall at--tend And all my Mid-night Hours de--fend

When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads,
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads,
Where peaceful Rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant Landſkip flow.

Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For thou O LORD art with me ſtill,
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Thro' devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,
Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden Greens & Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.

Kyrie

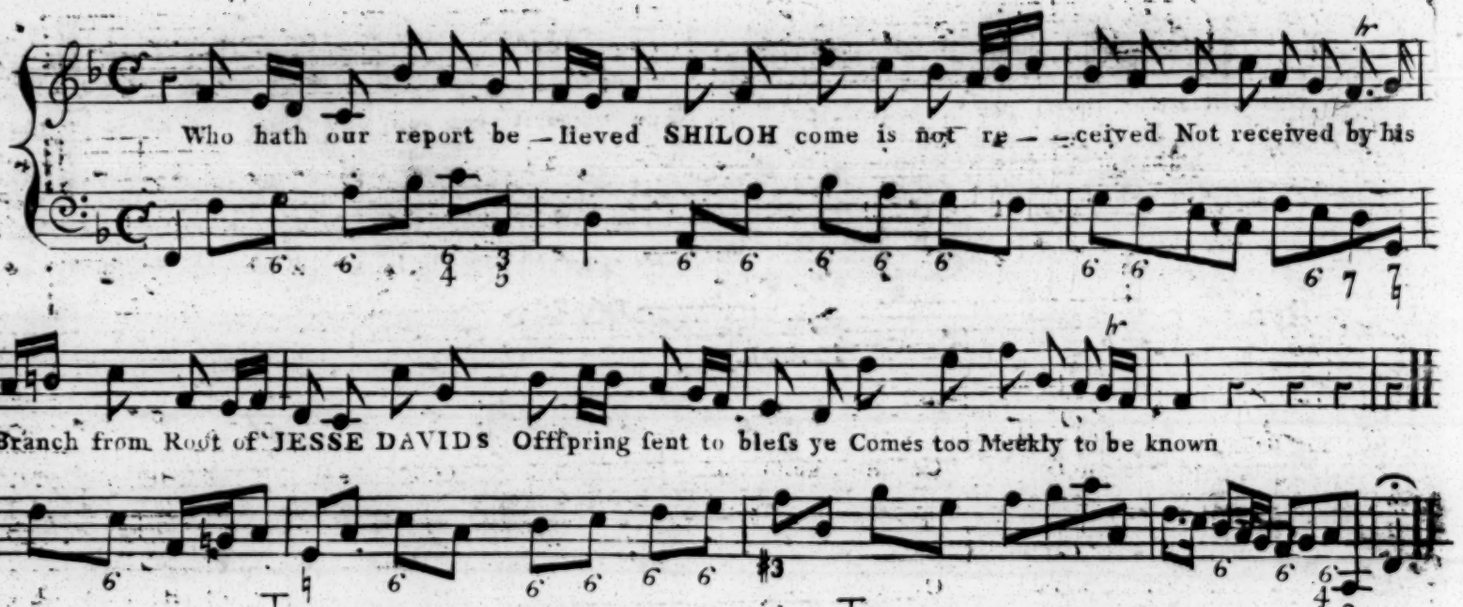


My Complaints with Speed remove,
My Sorrows turn to Joy,
Songs of Melody and Love,
Again my Tongue employ,
Then I find the reſting Place,
To all the carnal World unknown,
There I taſte the glorious Peace,
Felt by the Saints alone

Birksted

Handell

Slow


Who hath our report be — lieved SHILOH come is not re — — ceived Not received by his
own Promiſ'd Branch from Root of JESSE DAVIDS Offſpring ſent to bleſs ye Comes too Meekly to be known

2

Tell me O thou favour'd Nation,
What is thy fond Expectation,
Some fair ſpreading lofty Tree,
Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the Loweſt that is He.

3

Like a tender Plant that's growing,
Where no Waters friendly flowing,
No kind Rains refreſh the Ground,
Drooping dying we ſhall view Him,
See no Charms to draw us to Him,
There no Beauty will be found.

4

Lo MESIAH unreſpected,
MAN of Griefs Deſpiſ'd Rejected,
Wounds his Form diſfiguring,
Marr'd His Viſage more than any,
For He bears the Sins of Many
All our Sorrows carrying.

5

No deceit His Mouth had ſpoken,
Blameless He no Law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the Worſt
For becauſe the LORD would grieve him,
We who ſaw it did believe Him,
For his own Offences curſt.

6

But while Him our Thoughts accuſed,
He for Us alone was bruiſed,
Striken ſmitten for Our Guilt,
With His Stripes Our Wounds are cured,
By His Pains Our Peace aſſured,
Purchaſ'd with the Blood He ſpilt.

7

Love amazing ſo to mind us,
Shepherd come from Heav'n to find us,
Silly Sheep all gone aſtray,
Loſt Undone by our Tranſgreſſions,
Worſe than ſtript of all Poſſeſſions,
Debtors without Hope to pay.

8

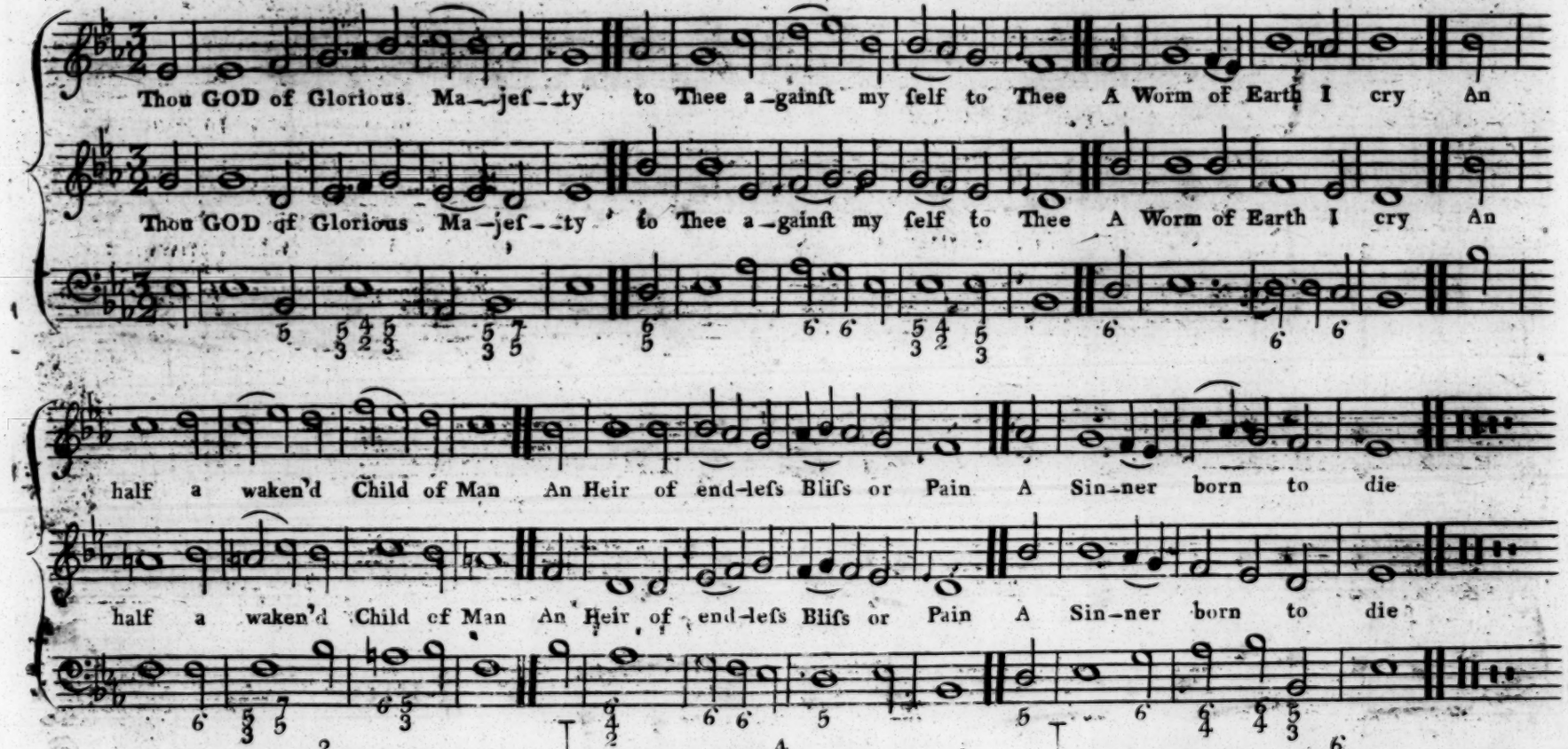
Fear our Portion Slaves in Spirit,
He redeem'd Us by His Merit,
To a glorious Liberty,
Dearly firſt His Goodneſs bought us,
Truth and Love then ſweetly taught us,
Truth and Love have made us free.

9

Bleſſed be the Pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave His SON to ſave us,
Bleſſ'd the SON who freely came,
Honour Bleſſing Adoration,
Ever from the whole Creation,
Be to GOD and to the Lamb.

Chilton

Set by J. B



2

Lo on a narrow Neck of Land,
'Twixt two unbounded Seas I ſtand,
Secure inſenſible,
A Point of Time a Moment's Space,
Removes me to that heav'nly Place,
Or ſhuts me up in Hell.

3

O GOD mine inmoſt Soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful Heart,
Eternal Things impreſs,
Give me to feel their ſolemn Weight,
And tremble on the Brink of Fate,
And wake to Righteouſneſs.

4

Before me place in dread array,
The Pomp of that tremendous Day,
When Thou with Clouds ſhalt come,
To judge the Nations at thy Bar,
And tell me LORD ſhall I be there,
To meet a joyful Doom.

5

Be this my one great Bus'neſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and Fear,
My future Bliſs t'inſure,
Thine utmoſt Counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure.

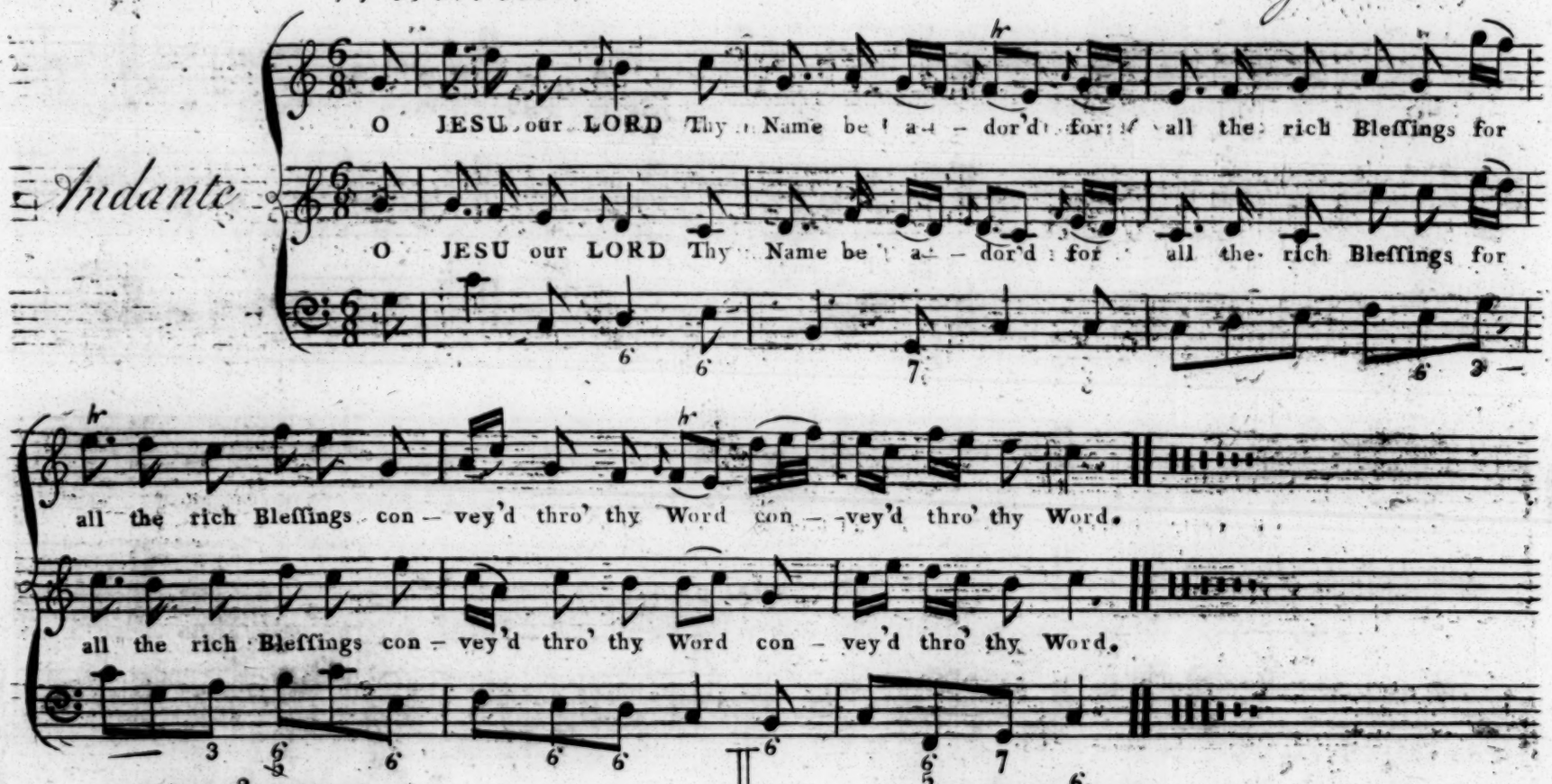
6

Then SAVIOUR then my Soul receive,
Tranſported from the Vale to live,
And reign with Thee above,
Where Faith is ſweetly loſt in Sight,
And Hope in full ſupreme Delight,
And everlaſting Love.

Winnick

Set by M.N.

Andante



2
In Spirit we trace,
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And chearfully join in a Conſort of Praiſe.

3
The ANTIENT OF DAYS,
His Glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his Choſen with cheriſhing Rays.

4
The Trumpet of GOD,
Is ſounding abroad,
The Language of Mercy Salvation thro' Blood.

5
Thrice happy are they,
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the Bleſſings of this Goſpel Day.

6
The People who know,
The SAVIOUR below,
With burning Affection to worſhip him Glow.

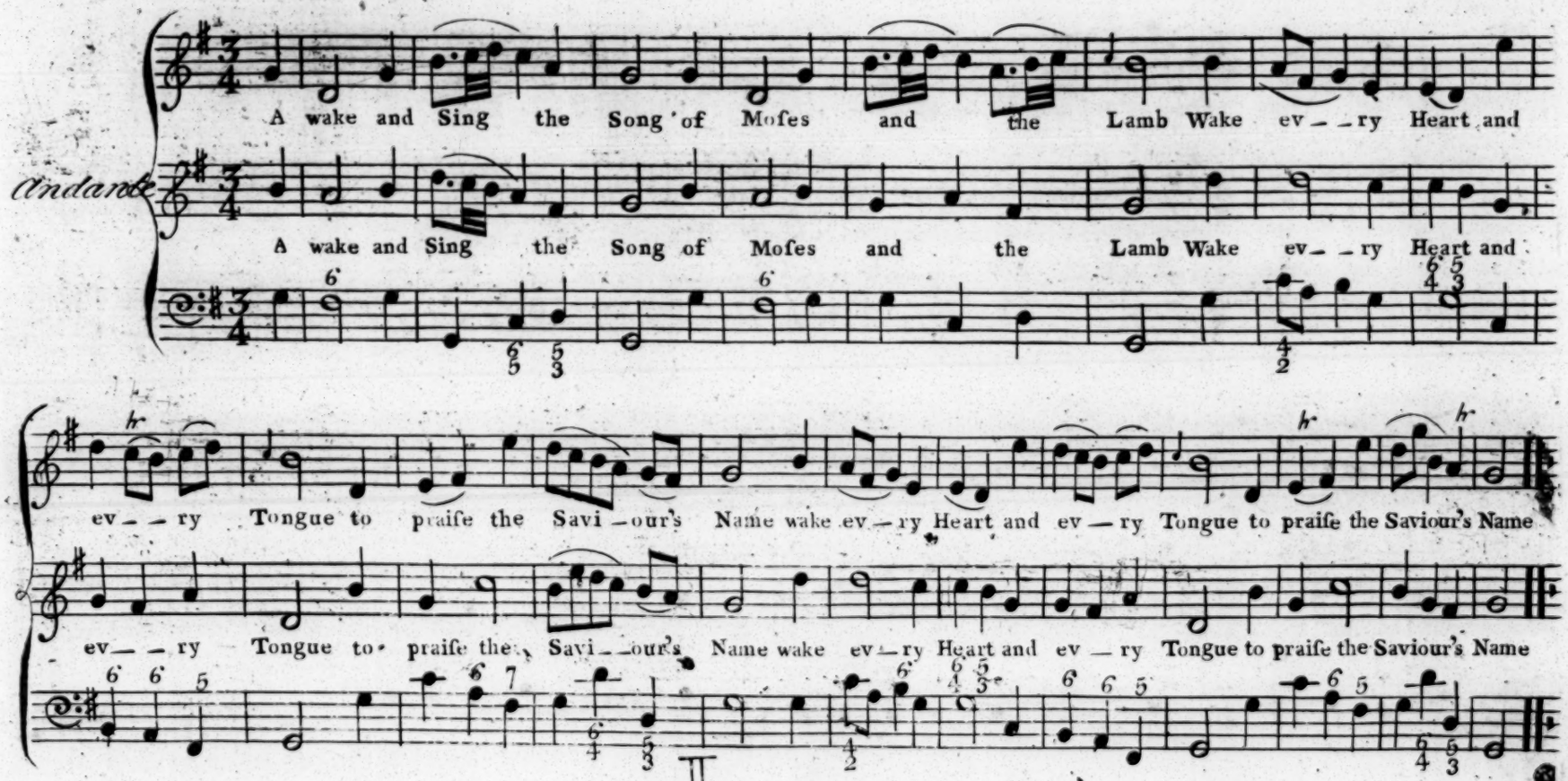
7
Their Anguiſh and Smart,
And Sorrows depart,
Who find his Salvation inſcrib'd on their Heart.

8
This Bleſſing is mine,
Thro' Favour divine,
But O my REDEEMER the glory be thine.

9
The Work is of Grace,
Thine thine be the Praiſe,
And mine to adore Thee and tell of thy Ways.

Buxton

Set by .MM 23



2

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his riſing Pow'r,
Sing how He intercedes above,
For thoſe whoſe Sins He bore.

3

Sing till we feel our Hearts,
Aſcending with our Tongues,
Sing till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inſpires our Song.

4

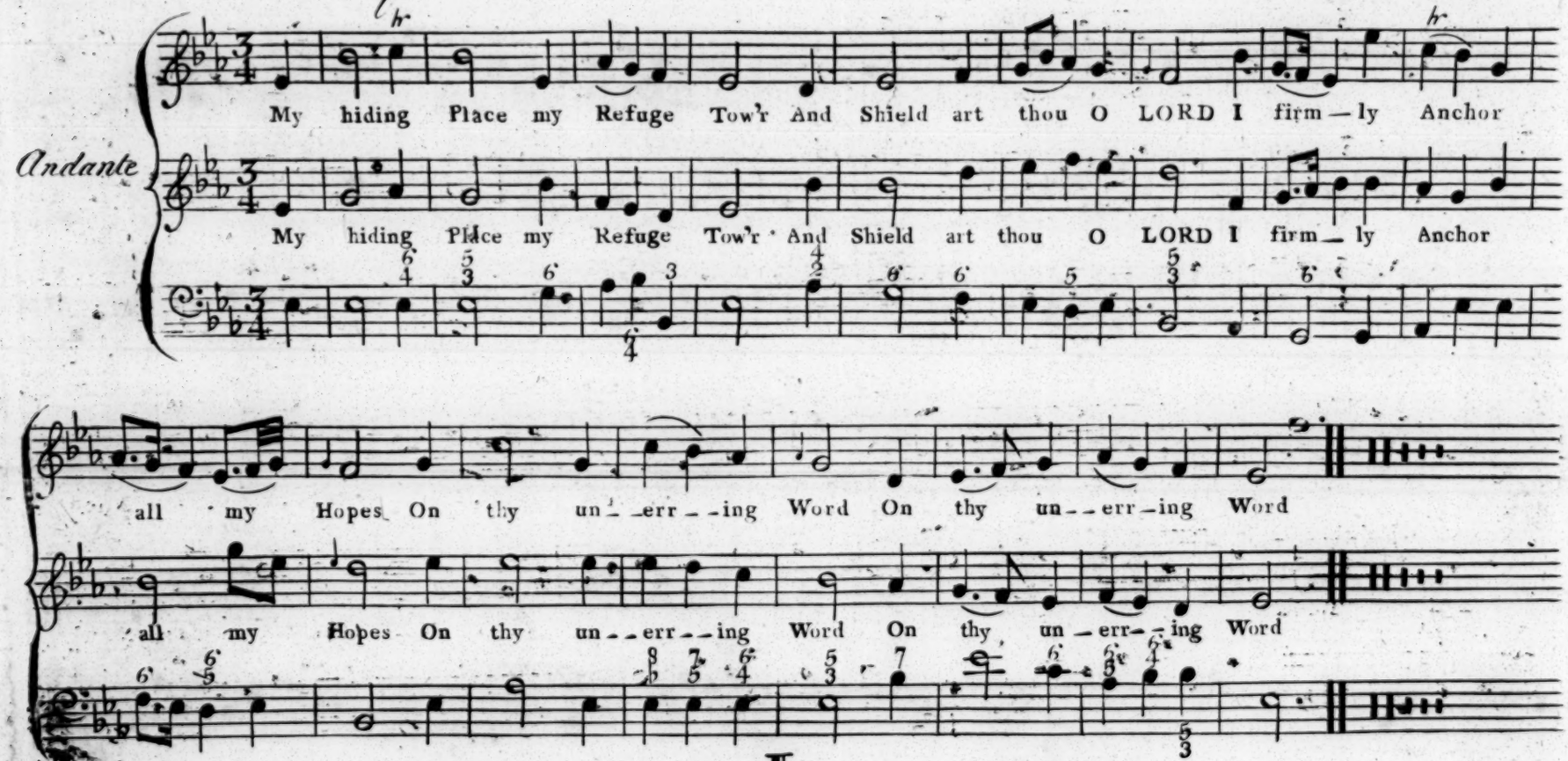
Sing on your Heav'nly Way,
Ye ranſom'd Sinners ſing,
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

5

Soon ſhall ye hear,
Ye bleſſed Children come,
Soon will He call ye hence away,
And take his Wand'rers home.

Huddersfield

Set by MM.



2

Engrav'd as in eternal Braſs,
The mighty Promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkneſs raze,
Thoſe Everlaſting Lines.

3

The Sacred Word of Grace is ſtrong,
As that which built the Skies,
The Voice which rolls the Stars along,
Spake all the Promiſes.

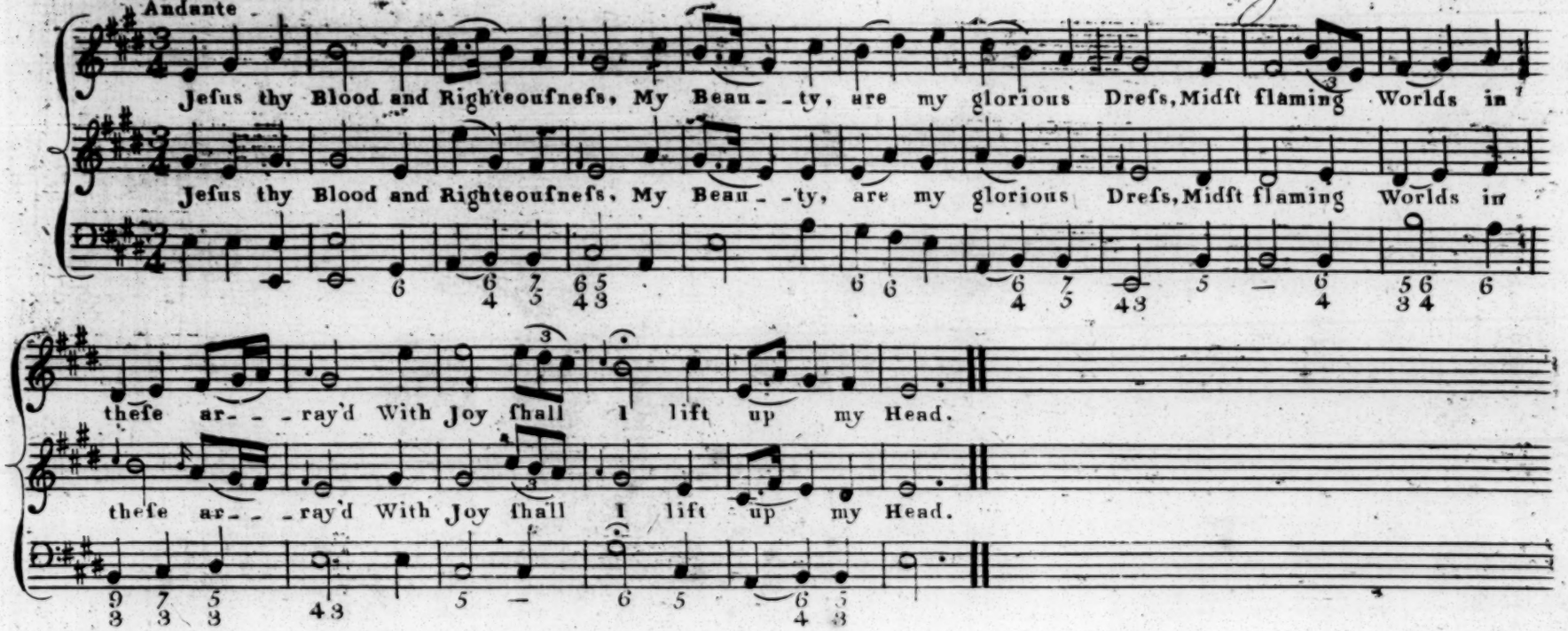
4

My hiding Place my Refuge Tow'r,
And Shield art Thou O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
On thy unerring Word.

Leeds

Andante

Set by M. M



2

When from the Duft of Death I rife
To claim my Manfion in the Skies,
Ev'n then, fhall this be all my Plea:
"Jefus hath liv'd hath dy'd for me."

3

Bold fhall I ftand in that great Day,
For who ought to my Charge fhall lay.
Fully thro' Thee abfolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

4

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of Sinners Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

5

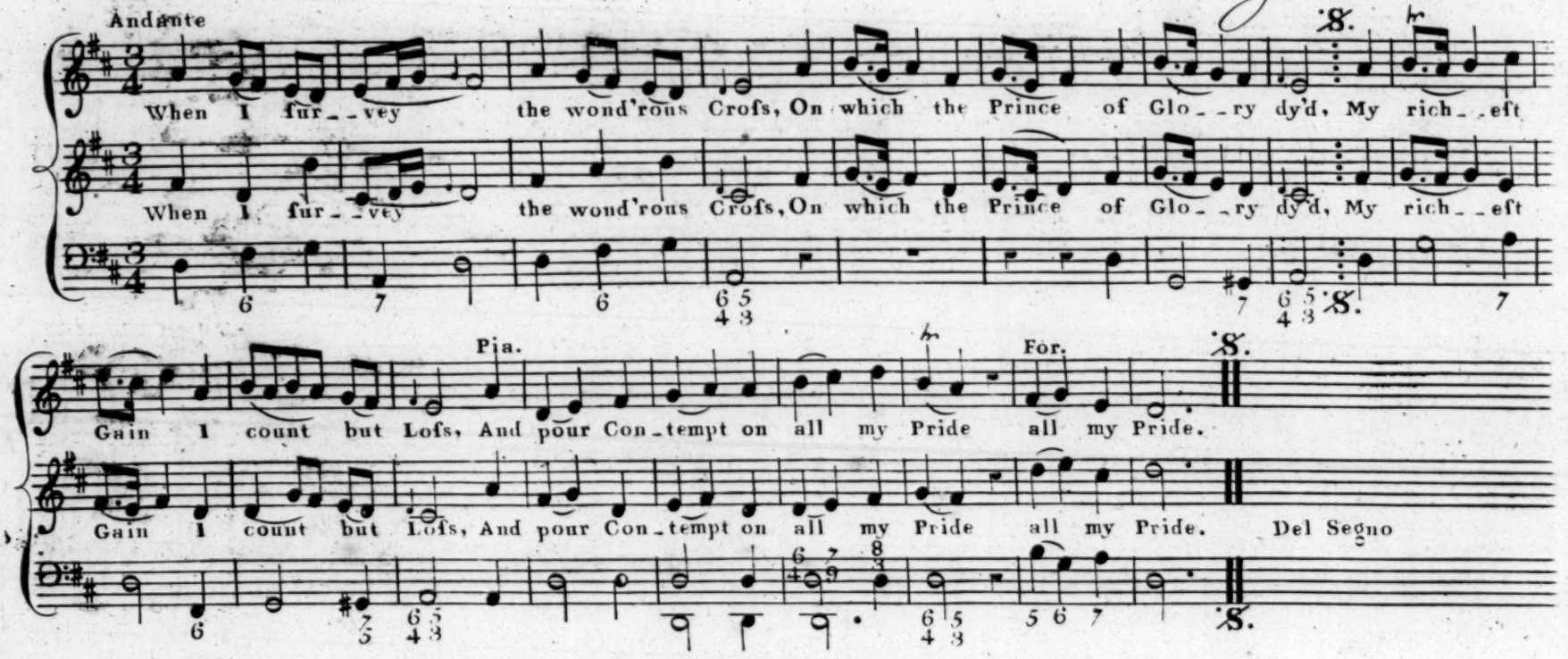
This fpotlefs Robe the fame appears
When ruin'd Nature finks in Years;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of Chrift is ever new.

6

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice.
Now bid thy baniſh'd Ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dreſs,
Jeſus, the Lord our Righteouſneſs.

Richmond

Set by M.M.

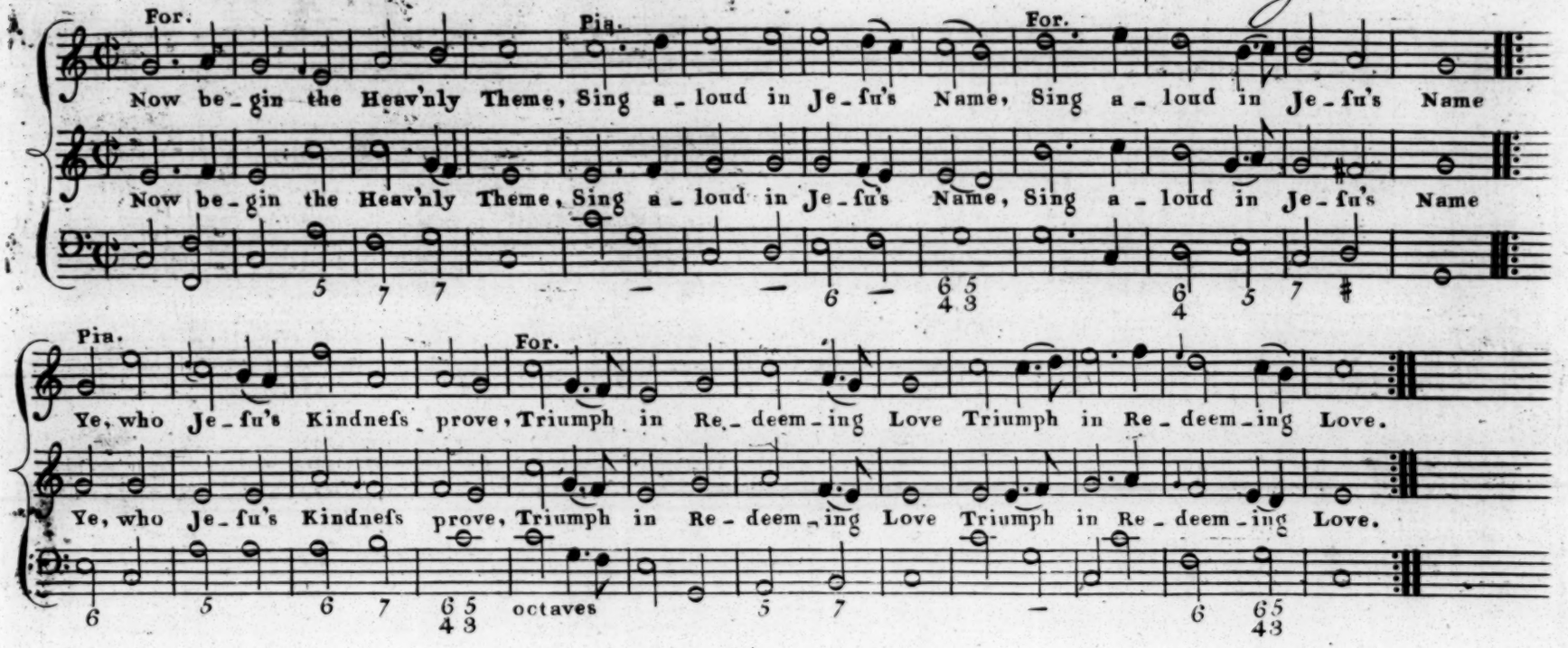


2

Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the Croſs of Chriſt, my God:
All the vain Things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them for thy Blood.

REDEEMING LOVE

Set by I.W. 27



2

Ye who ſee the Father's Grace
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,
As to Canaan on ye move
Praiſe and bleſs Redeeming Love.

3

Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,
Baniſh all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curſe remove,
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.

4

Ye alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliſs no longer rove,
Stop— and taſte Redeeming Love.

5

Welcome all by Sin oppreſt,
Welcome, to his ſacred Reſt,
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but Redeeming Love.

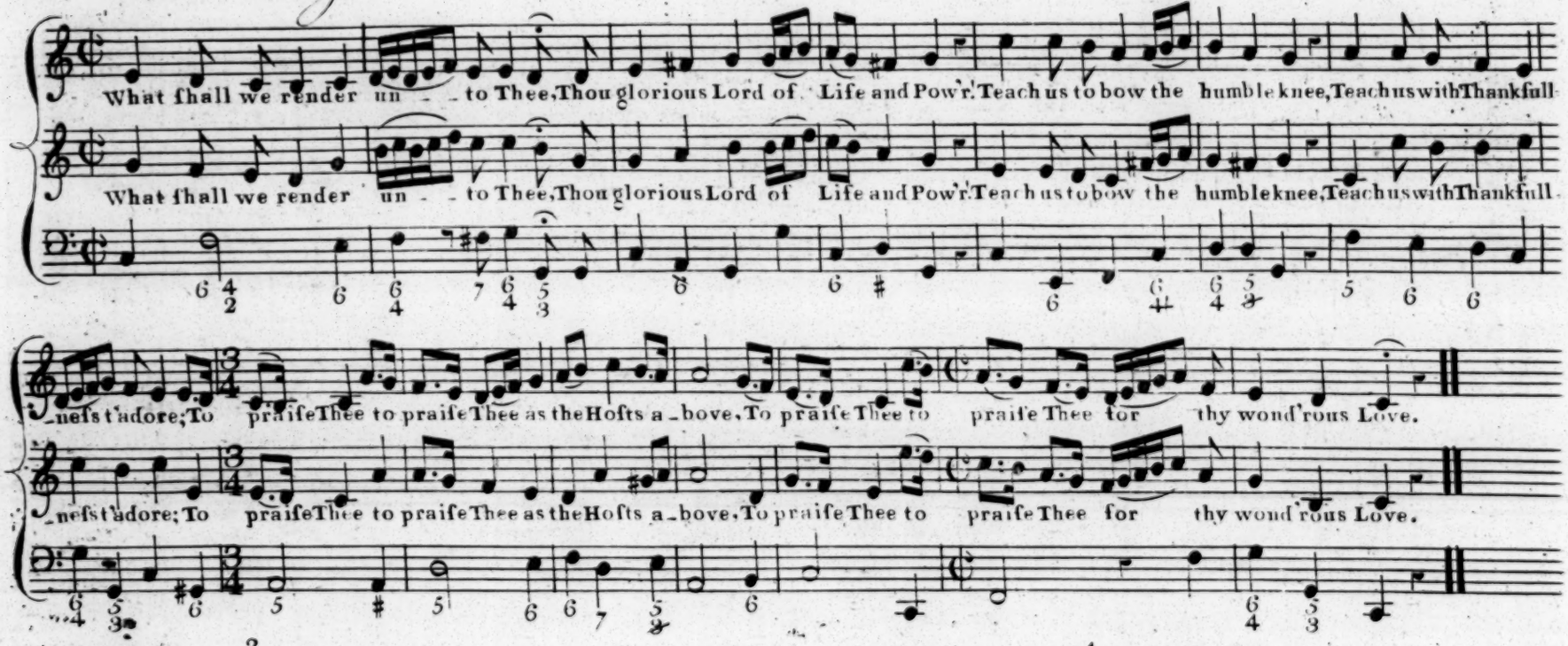
6

He ſubdu'd th'Infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours
From their curſed Empire drove,
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

7

Hither then your Muſick bring,
Strike aloud each joyful String,
Mortals join the Hoſts above,
Join to praiſe Redeeming Love.

Scarborough



2

When like loſt Sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
When borne along th'impetuous Tide,
Of this Word's Sin and Vanity;
Our Jeſus from the Heavens came down,
To ſave us by his Grace alone.

3

He bore our Sins upon the Tree
To ſeek and ſave the loſt He came
There was He bound to ſet us free
From Death and everlaſting Shame;
The captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

4

Before the Father's awfull Throne;
Our mercifull High-Prieſt, He ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchaſ'd Remnant now Demands,
His People's everlaſting Friend,
Who loving—loves them to the End.

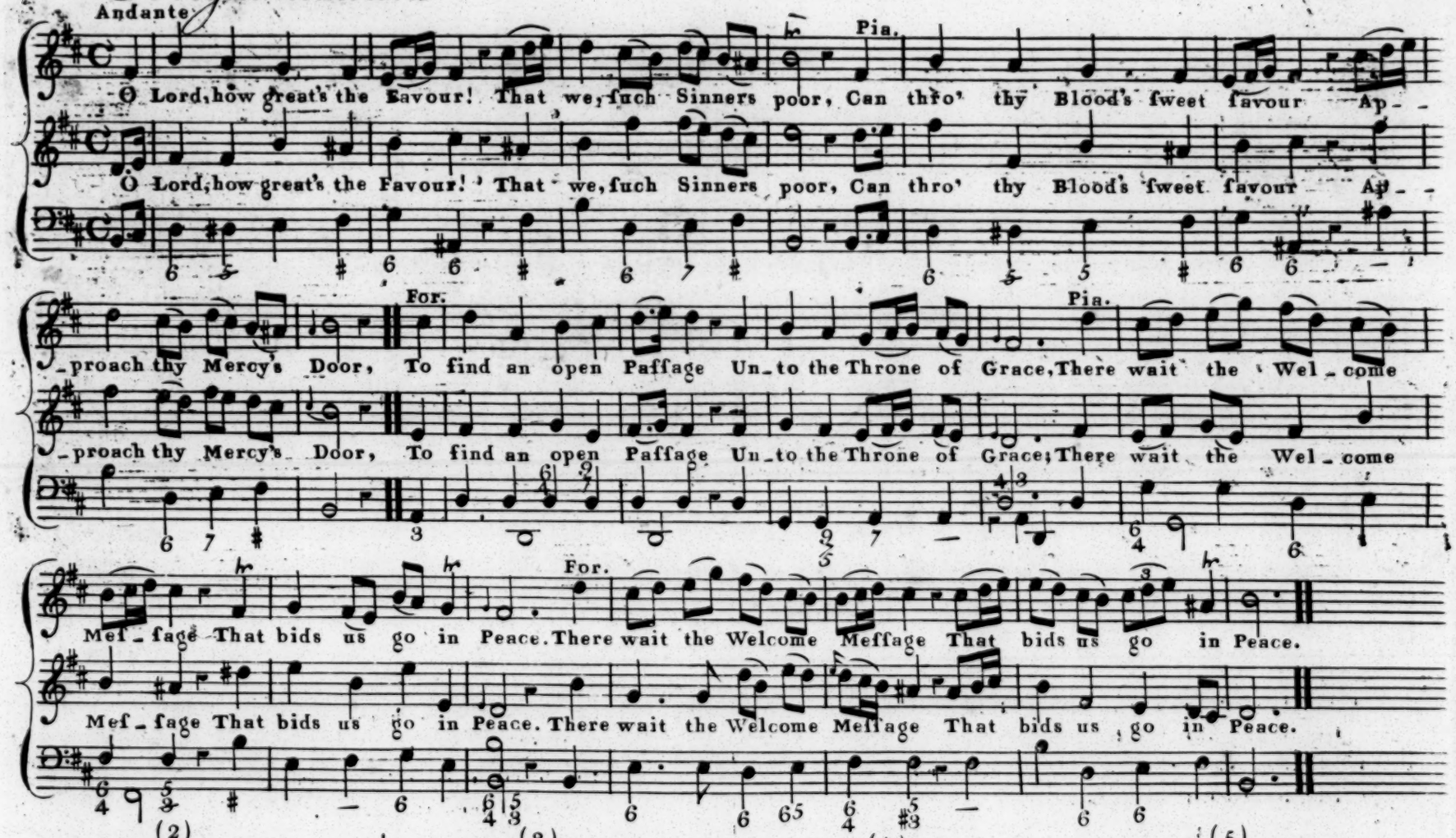
5

May we his baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him in Love, alone;
Be growing up in Holineſs,
Then meet him in the Realms of Peace.

6

Then ſhall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, No Sorrow ſhall be found,
No Night o'er-cloud the endleſs Day.
O Praiſe Him! all beneath, above,
O Praiſe Him! Praiſe the God of Love!

Brighthelmstone



(2)

Lord we are helpleſs Creatures,
Full of the deepeſt Need,
Throughout defil'd by Nature,
Stupid, and inly Dead;
Our Strength is perfect Weakneſs,
And all we have is Sin,
Our Hearts are all Uncleaneſs,
A Den of Thieves within.

(3)

In this forlorn Condition,
Who ſhall afford us Aid!
Where ſhall we find Compaſſion,
But in the Church's Head.
Jeſus, thou art all Pity,
Oh take us to thine Arms,
And exerciſe thy Mercy,
To ſave us from all Harms.

(4)

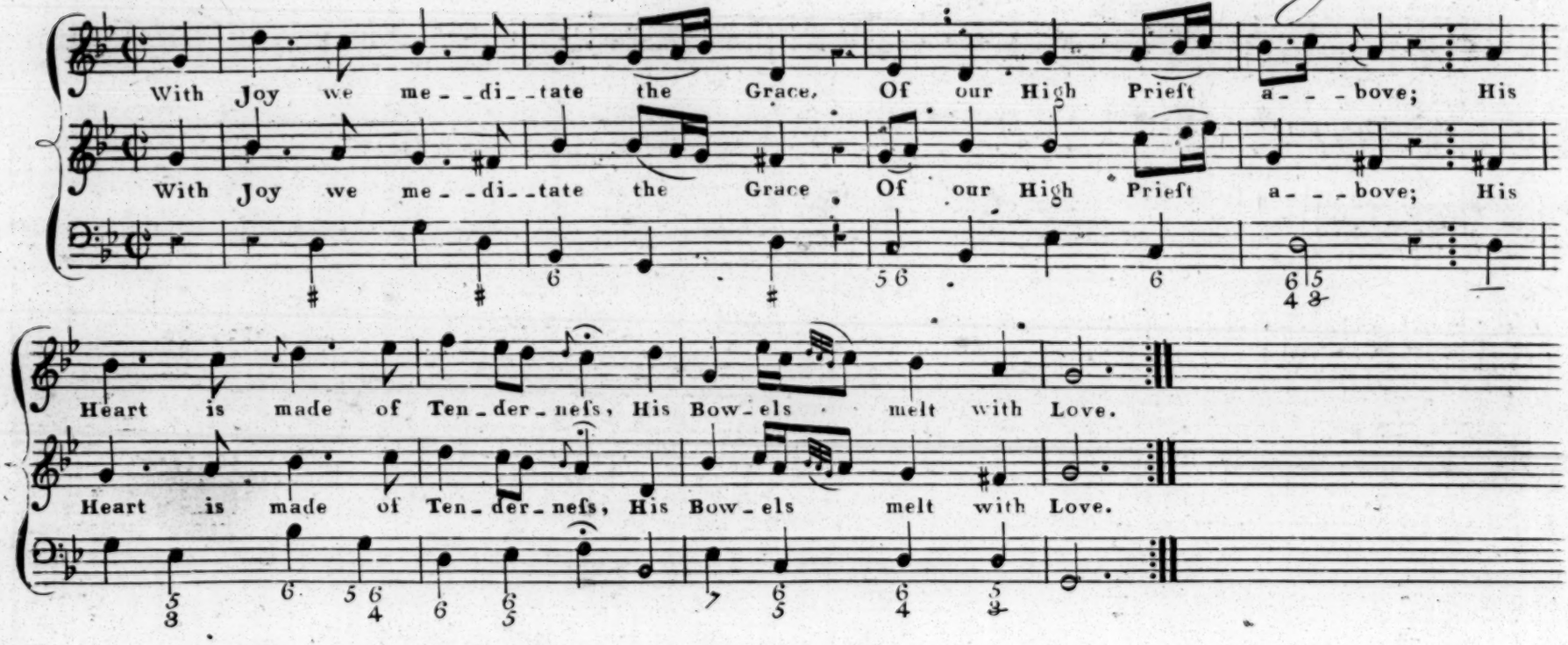
We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs Complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of Saints;
Till we attain the Image
Of Him we inly love,
And pay our grateful Homage
With all the Saints above.

(5)

Then we, with all in Glory
Shall thankfully relate
Th'amazing, pleaſing Story,
Of Jeſu's Love ſo great
In this bleſt Contemplation
We ſhall for ever dwell,
And prove ſuch Conſolation
As none below can tell.

Chelsea

Set by W. B.



2

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame:
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For He hath felt the ſame.

3

He, in the Days of feeble Fleſh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh
What every Member bears.

4

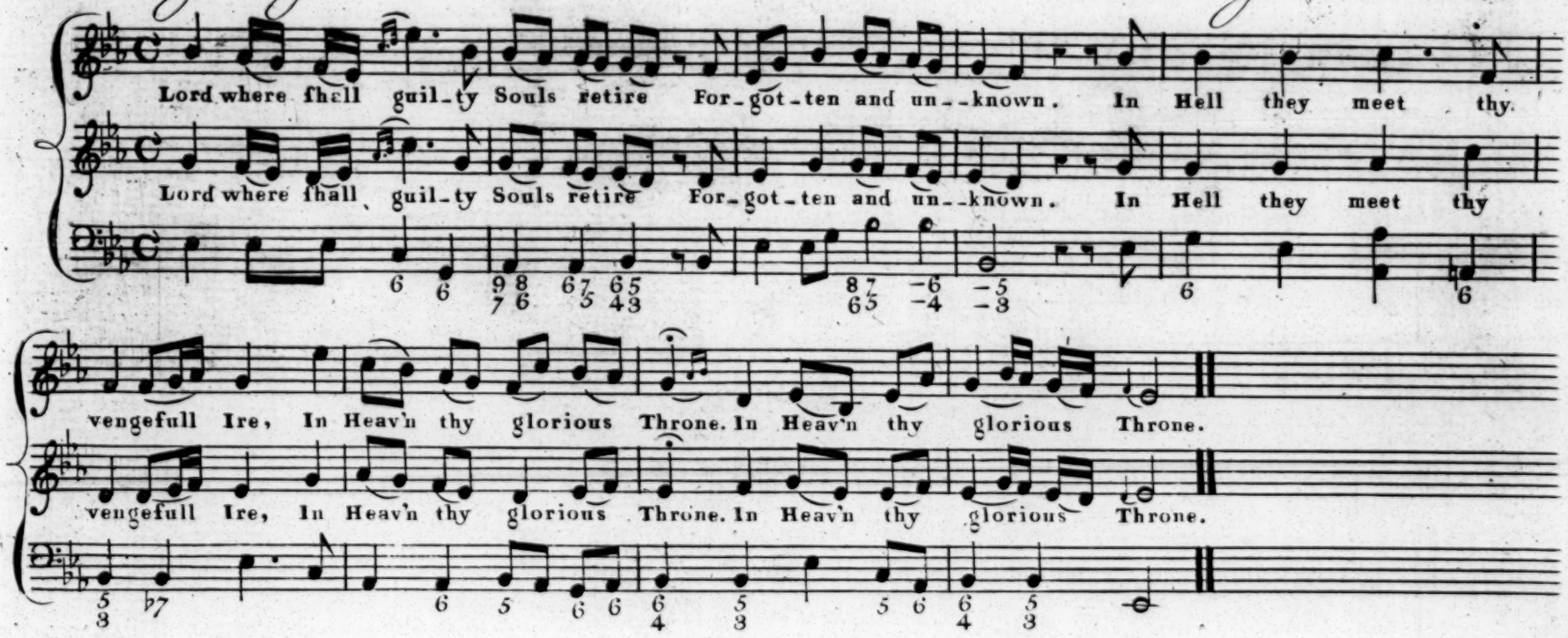
He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame,
The bruiſed Reed He never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

5

Then let our humble Faith addreſs,
His Mercy and his Pow'r:
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

Waybridge

Set by M. M.



2

Should they ſuppreſs their vital Breath,
T'eſcape the Wrath Divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

3

If wing'd with Beams of Morning Light
They fly beyond the Weſt,
Thine Hand, which muſt ſupport their Flight,
Would ſoon betray their Reſt.

4

If o'er their Sins they ſeek to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law,
Would turn the Shades to Light.

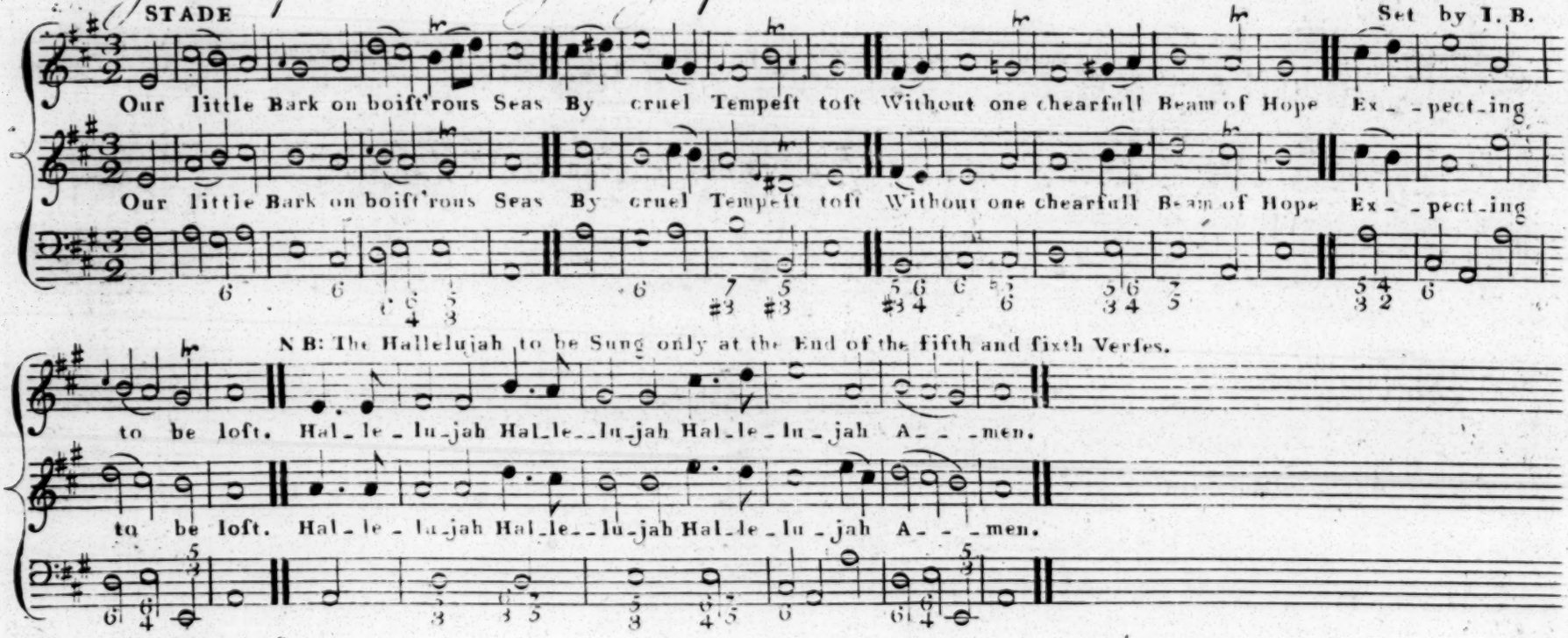
5

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour,
Are both alike to Thee;
O may we ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which we cannot flee!

Hymn of Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm

STADE

Set by I. B.



2

We to the Lord in Humble Pray'r
Breath'd out our ſad Diſtreſs
Tho' feeble, Yet with contrite Hearts
We beg'd return of Peace.

3

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace,
Beheld our helpleſs Grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love)!
"He came to our Relief."

4

The Stormy Winds did ceaſe to blow
The Waves no more did roll
And ſoon again a placid Sea
Spoke Comfort to each Soul.

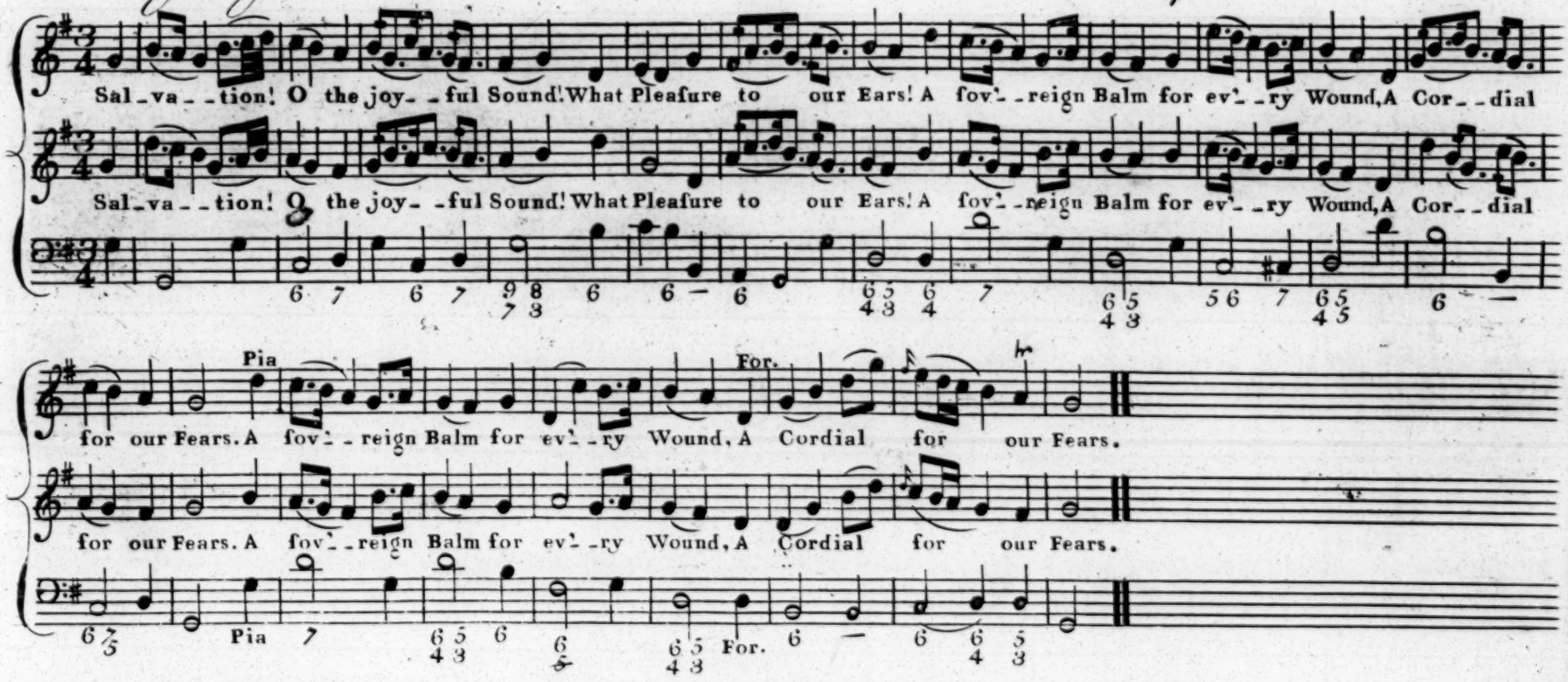
5

Oh! may our grateſull, trembling Hearts
Sweet Hallelujahs ſing
To Him, who hath our lives preſerv'd
Our Saviour and our King.

6

Let us proclaim to all the World
With Heart and Voice again
And tell the Wonders he hath done
For us the Sons of Men.

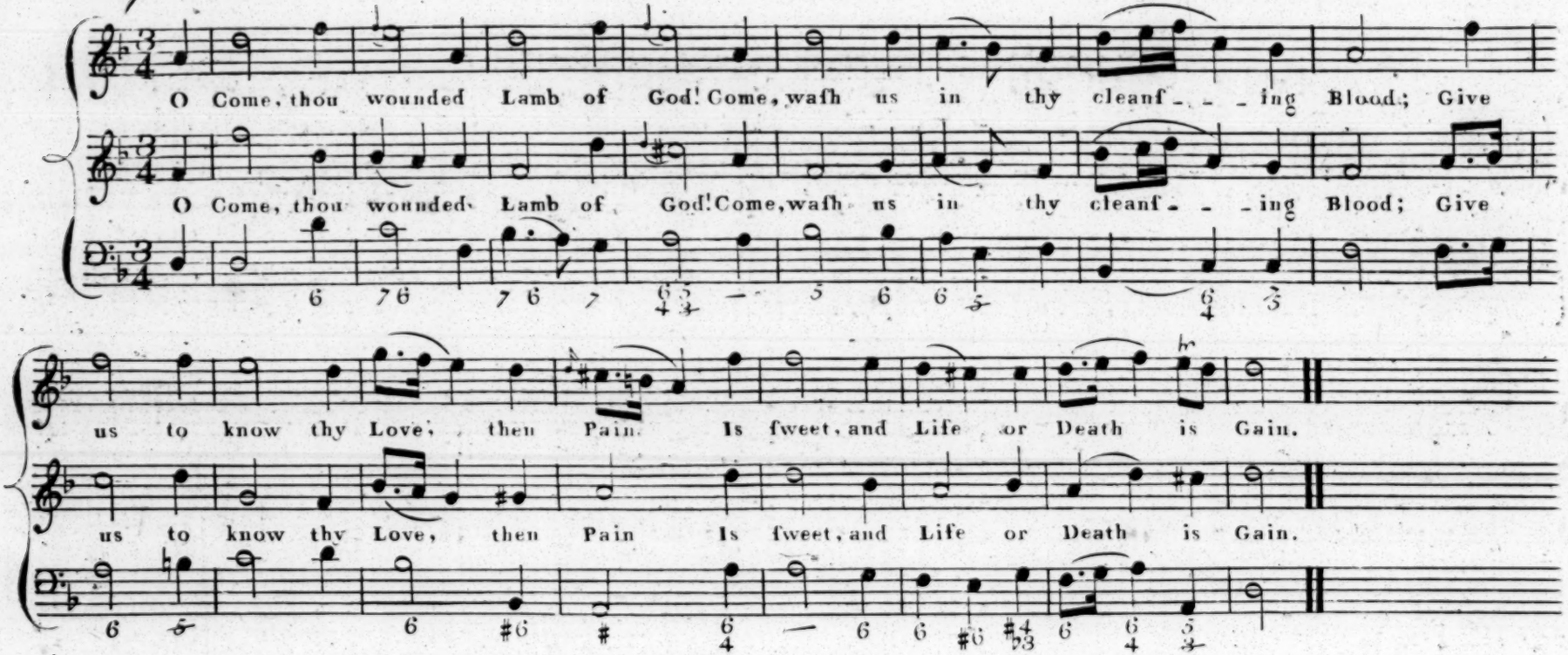
Heighington *Altered from D.r H.*



2

Salvation! let the Eccho fly
The ſpacious Earth around
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound!

German



2

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee:
Seal Thou our Breasts, and let us wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

3

How can it be, thou heav'nly King
That thou shouldst Man to Glory bring!
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown!

4

Ah Lord! enlarge our scanty Thought,
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

5

First-born of many Brethren Thou,
To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;
Help us to Thee our All we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

Hallifax

Set by M.M.

ANDANTE

Ho! ev'-ry one that thirſts, draw nigh, ('Tis God in-vites the fallen Race)

Ho! ev'-ry one that thirſts, draw nigh, ('Tis God in-vites the fallen Race)

Mercy and free Sal-va-tion buy, Buy Wine, and Milk, and Goſpel-Grace.

Mercy and free Sal-va-tion buy, Buy Wine, and Milk, and Goſpel-Grace.

2

Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call,
Return, ye weary Wand'rers, home
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

3

See, from the Rock a Fountain riſe!
For you in healing Streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, Sin-ſick Souls.

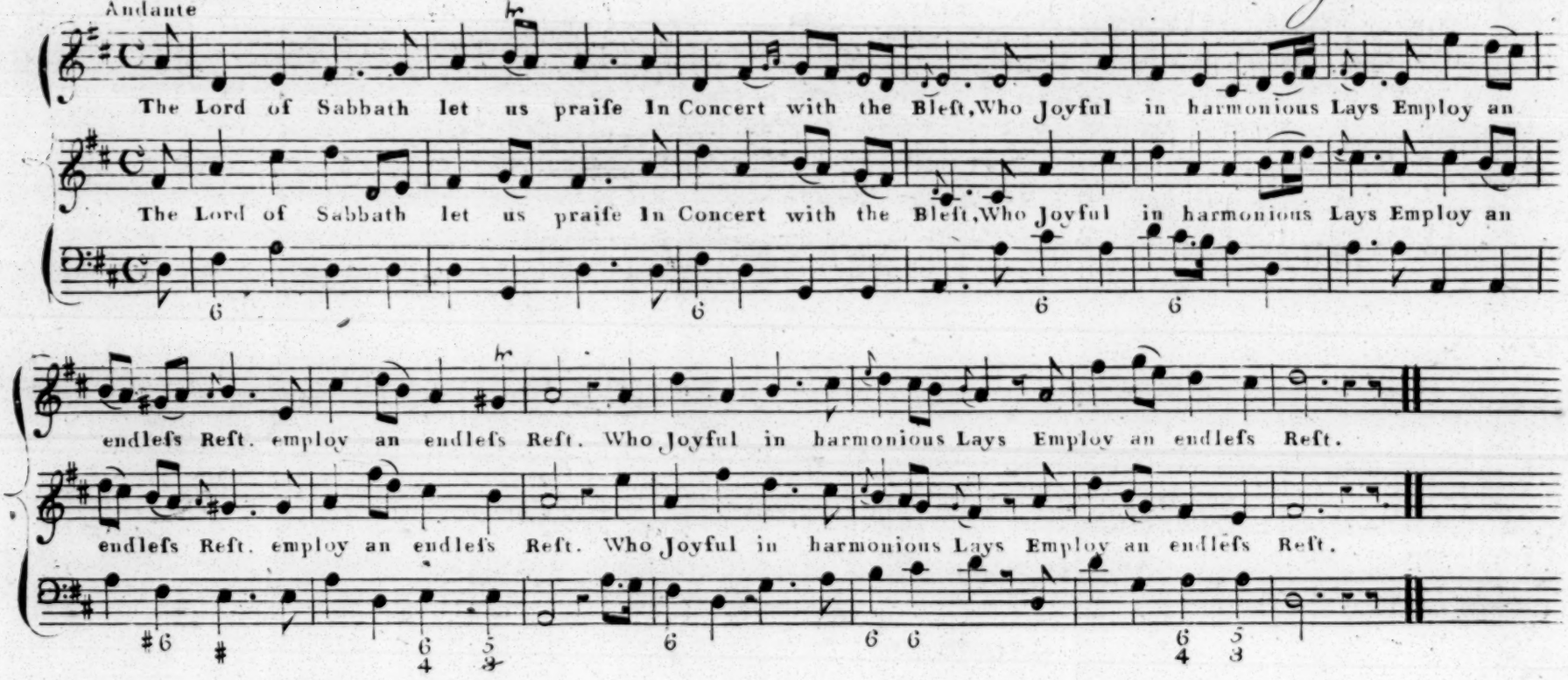
4

Nothing ye in Exchange ſhall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the Gift of God recieve,
Pardon, and Peace, in Jeſus find.

Windsor

Set by M. M.

Andante



2

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We bleſt and pious grow;
By Hymns of Praiſe we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3

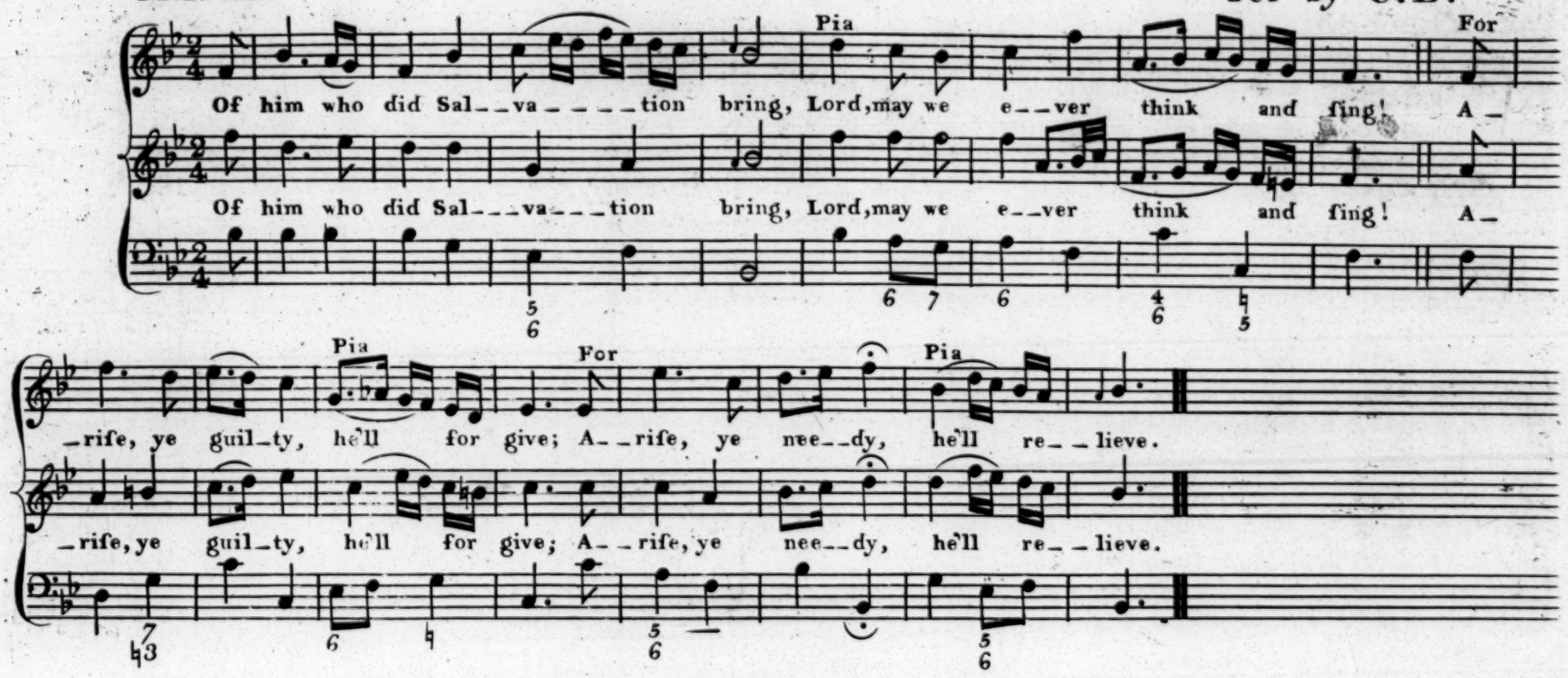
On this glad Day a brighter Scene
Of Glory was diſplay'd
By God, th'eternal Word, than when
This Univerſe was made.

4

He riſes, who Mankind hath bought
With Grief and Pain extreme;
'Twas great to ſpeak the World from Nought—
'Twas greater to redeem!

Milbank

Set by C. B.



2

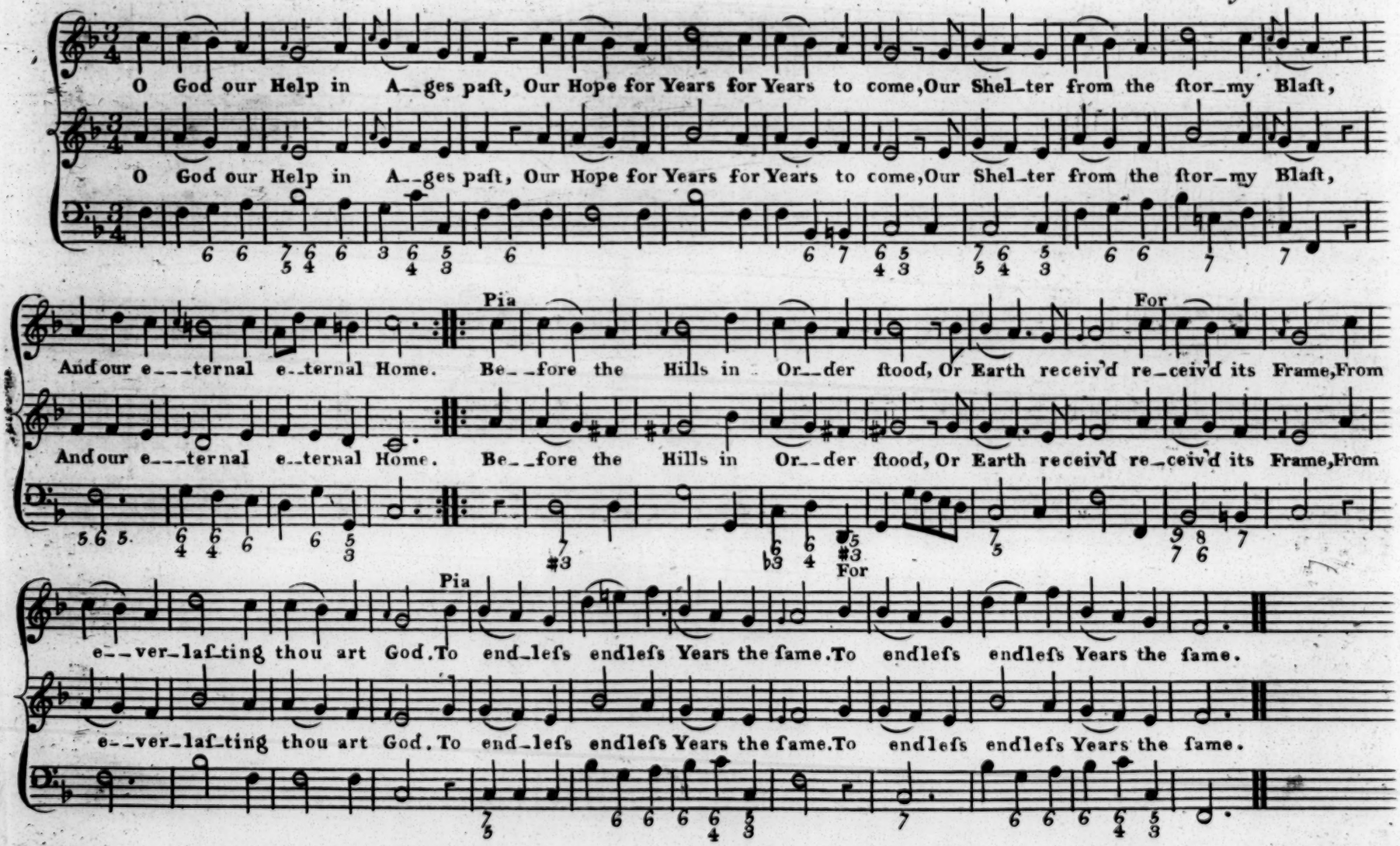
Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'ſt all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and Men with Love!

3

To purge our Sins, Chriſt ſhed his Blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God:
Let all the World fall down and know,
That none but God ſuch Love could ſhow.

Plimouth

Set by M.V.



2

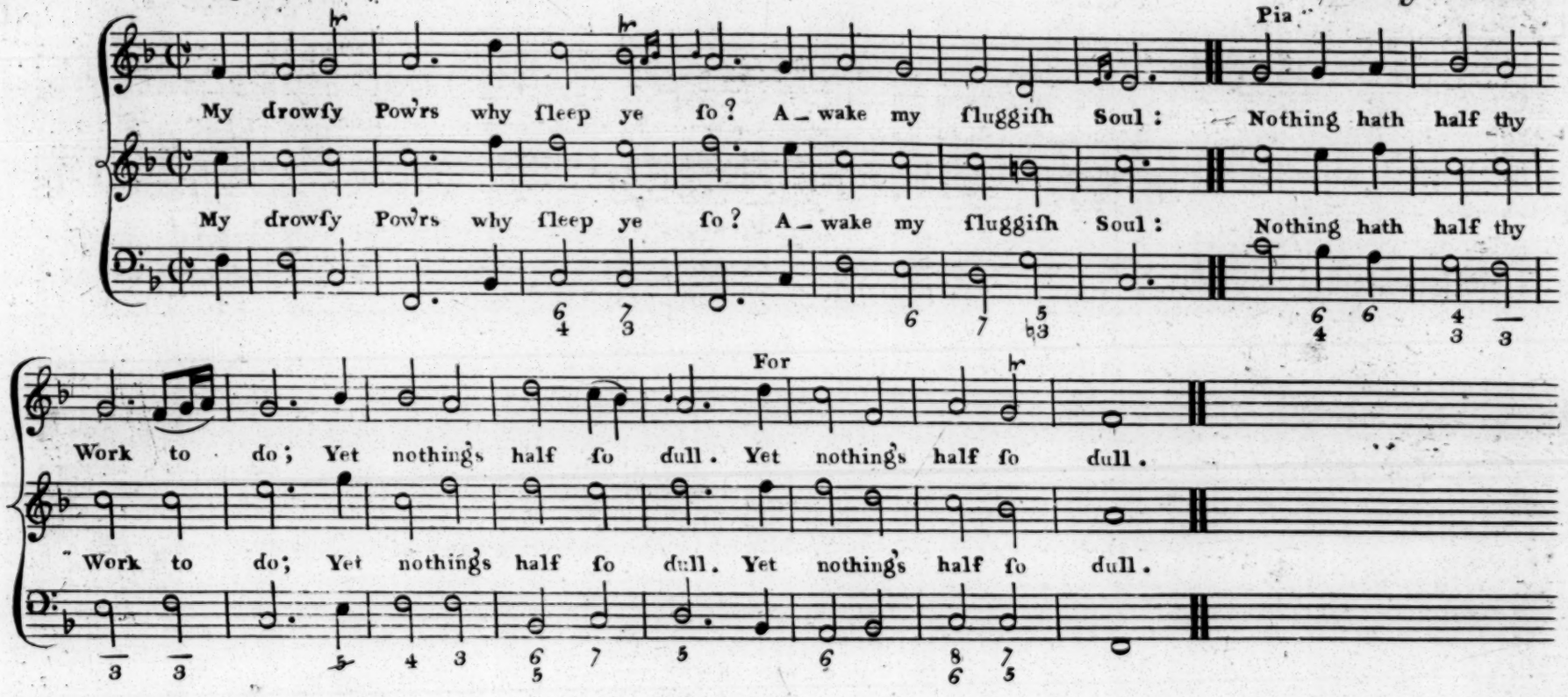
A thouſand Ages in thy Sight
Are as an Ev'ning gone
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the riſing Sun.

3

The buſy Tribes of Fleſh and Blood,
With all their Cares and Fears,
Are carry'd downward by the Flood,
And loſt in foll'wing Years.

Edgcumbe.

Set by W.B.



(2)

Go to the Ants—for one poor Grain
See how they toil and ſtrive;
Yet we who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live.

(3)

We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good;
How careleſs to ſecure that Crown,
He purchaſ'd with his Blood.

(4)

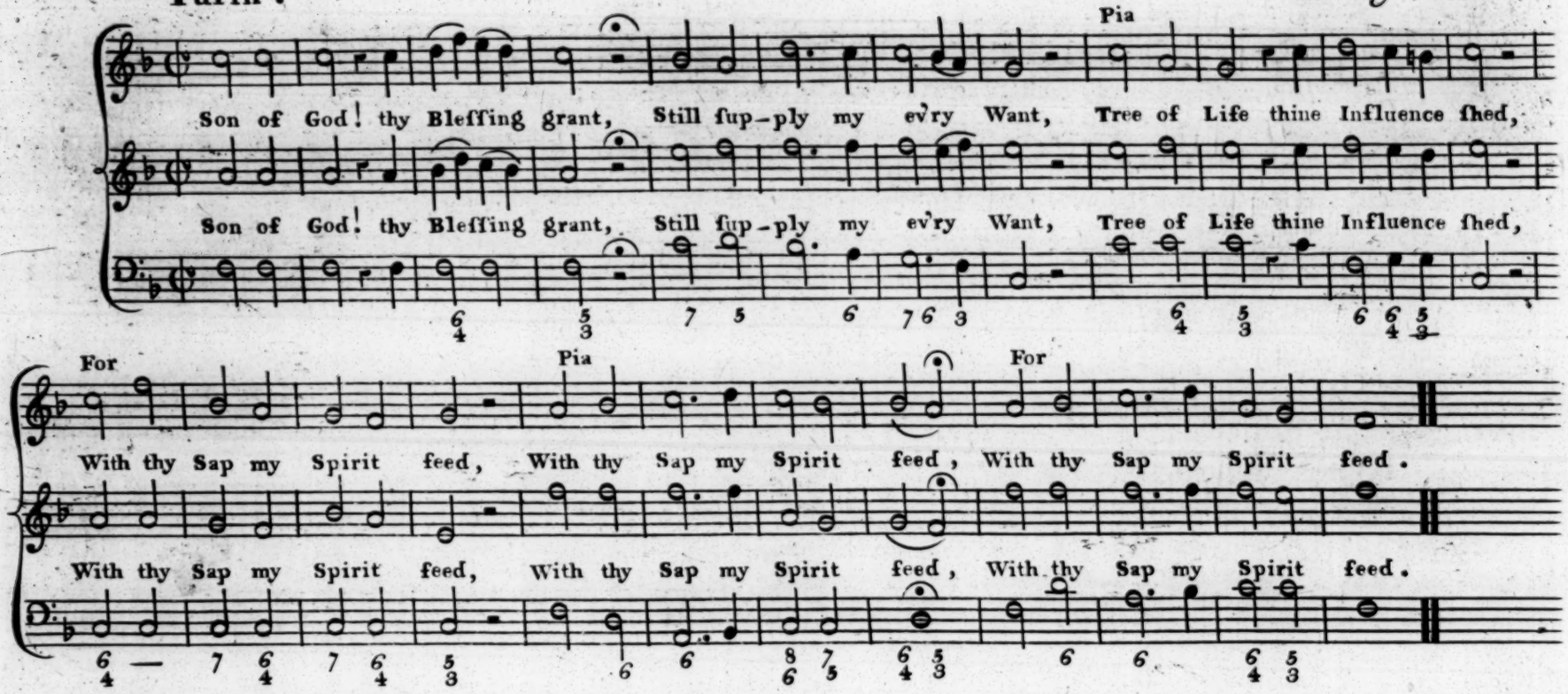
Lord ſhall we live ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our Parts;
Come Lord thy gracious Word fulfil,
And warm our frozen Hearts.

(5)

Give us with active Warmth to move,
With vig'rous Souls to riſe;
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love,
To fly and take the Prize.

Turin.

Set by F. G.



(2)

Tend'reſt Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without Thee, and die:
Weak as helpleſs Infancy
O confirm my Soul in Thee.

(3)

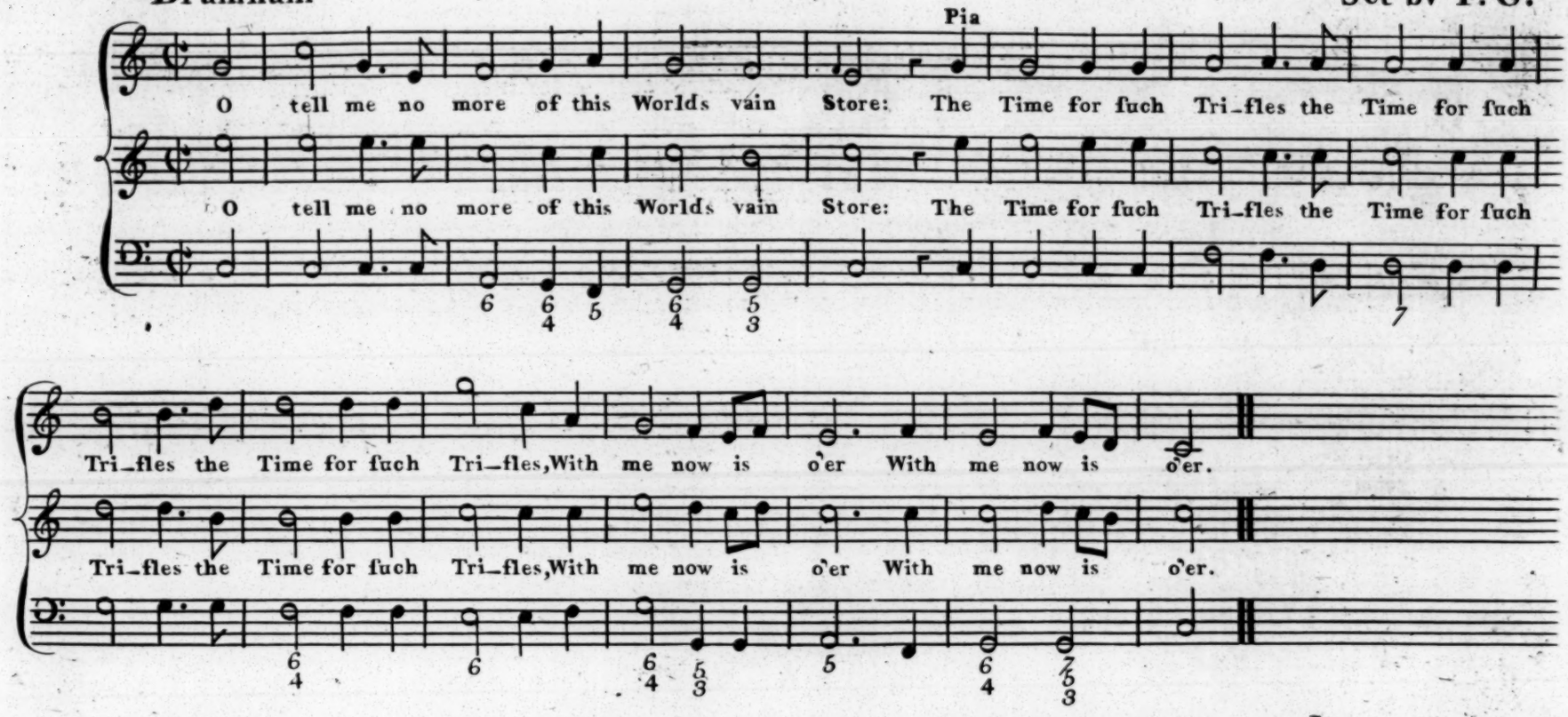
Unſuſtain'd by Thee I fall,
Send the Strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruiſed Reed,
Help I ev'ry Moment need.

(4)

All my Hopes on Thee depend,
Love me! ſave me to the End!
Give me the continuing Grace
Take the everlaſting Praiſe.

Bramham

Set bv F. G.



(2)
A Country I've found,
Where true ioys abound:
To dwell I'm determin'd
On that happy Ground.

(3)
The Souls that believe,
In Paradiſe live
And me in that Number
Will Jeſus receive.

(4)
My Soul dont delay,
He calls thee away;
Riſe, follow thy Saviour,
And bleſs the glad Day.

(5)
No Mortal doth know
What He can beſtow,
What Light, Strength, & Comfort;
Go after Him, go.

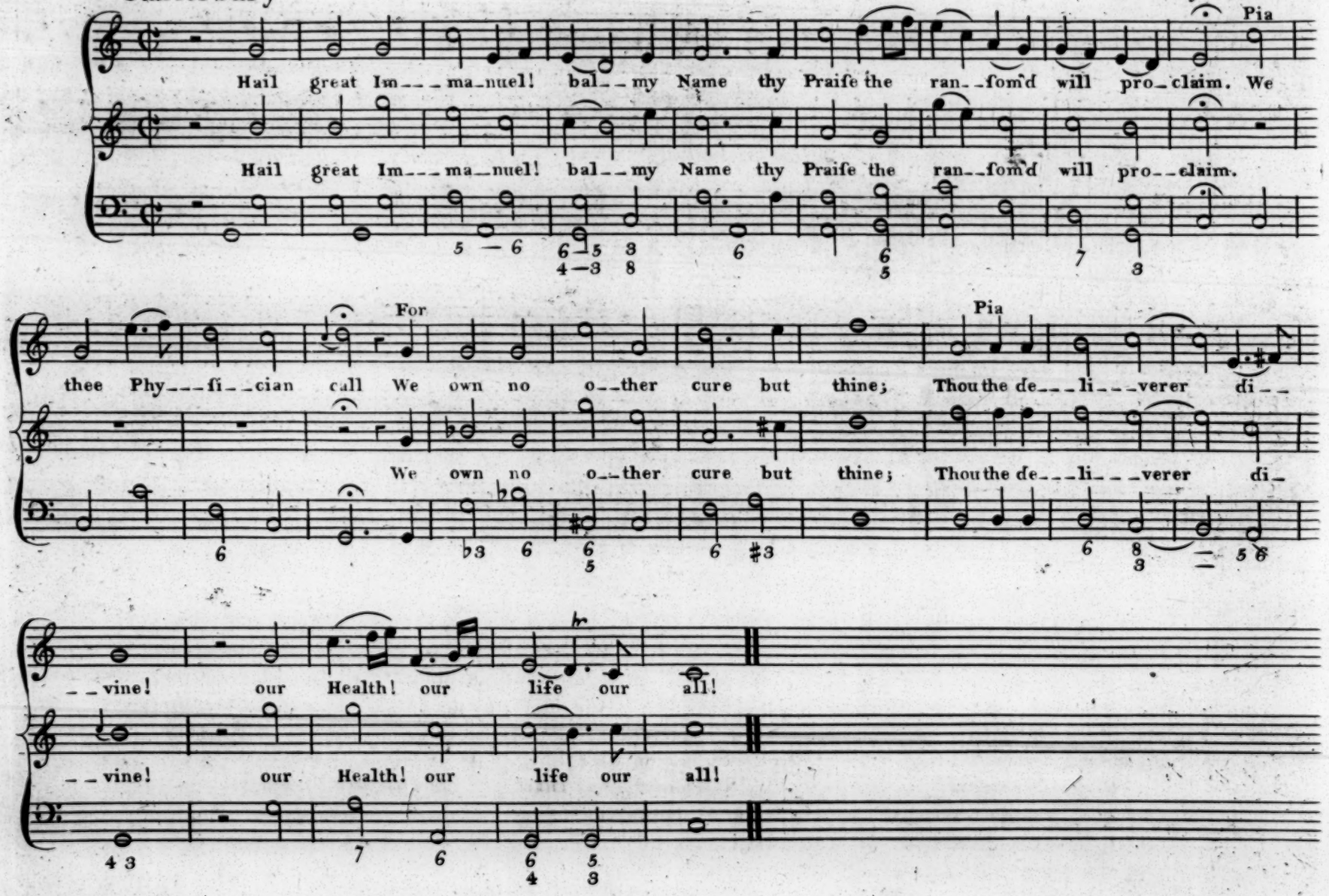
(6)
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me,
I cannot ſay why.

(7)
And now I'm in Care
My Neighbours may ſhare
Theſe Bleſſings; To ſeek them
Will none of you dare.

(8)
In Bondage O why!
And Death will you lie,
When One here aſſures you
Free Grace is ſo nigh.

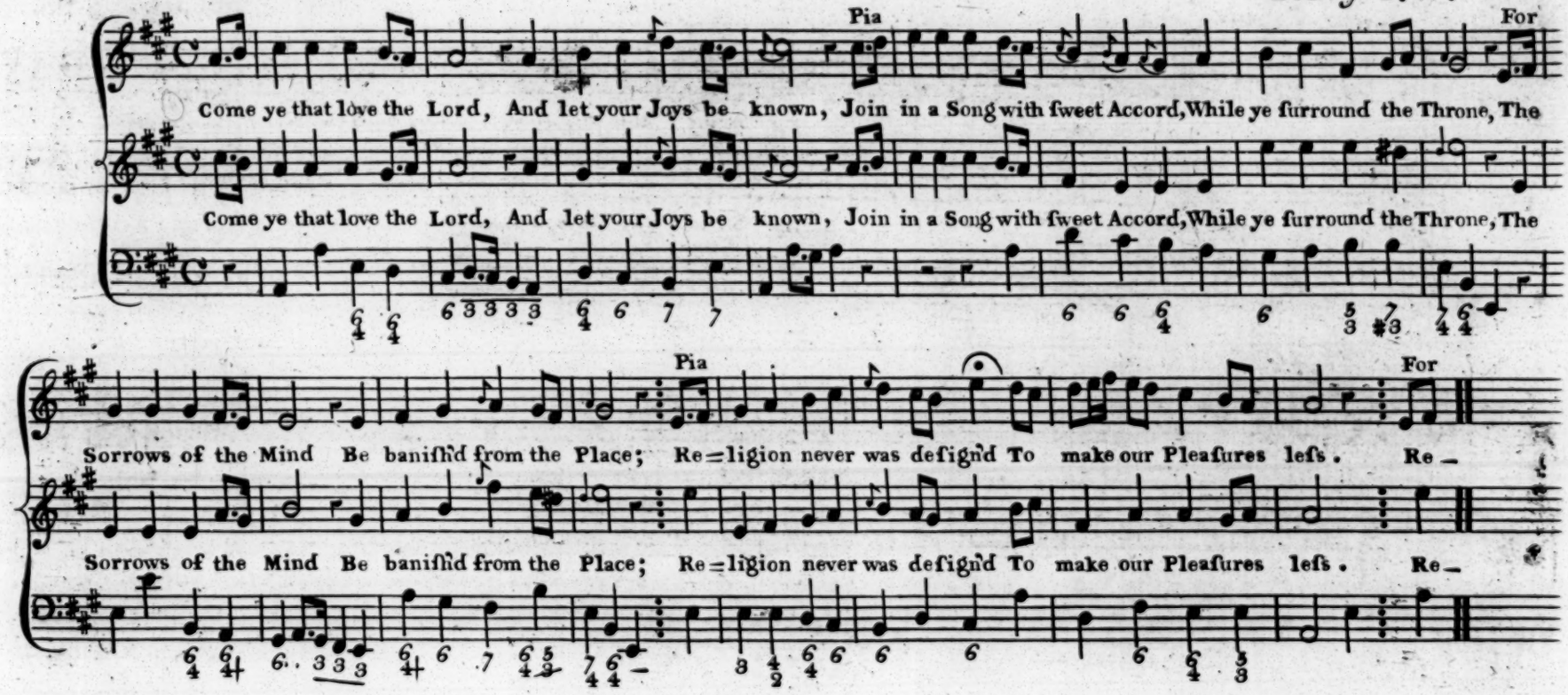
Canterbury

Set by I.W.



Yarmouth.

Set by I.W.



(2)

Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God;
But Children of the heav'nly King
Will ſpeak their joys abroad.

(3)

The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial Fruits, on earthly Ground.
From Faith and Hope may grow.

(4)

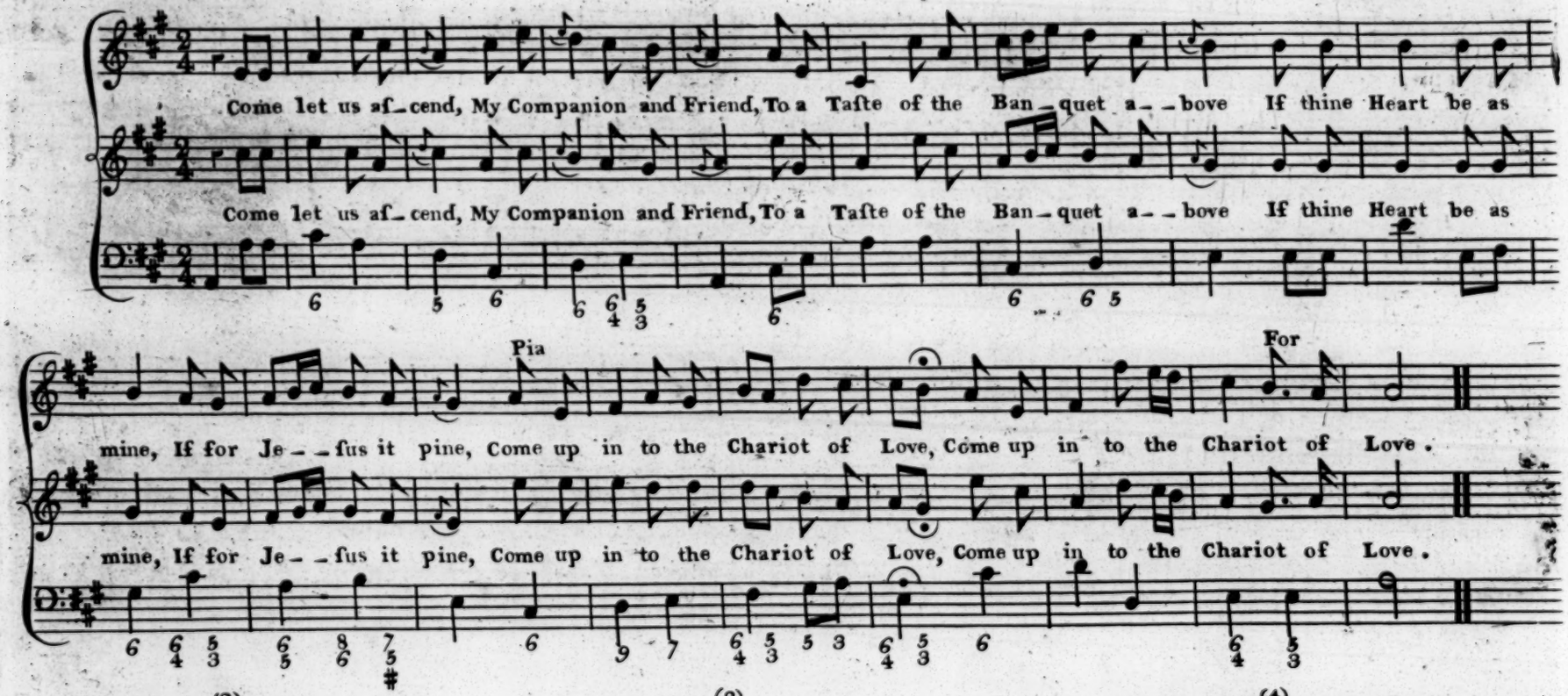
The Hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields
Or walk the golden Streets.

(5)

Then let our Songs abound.
And ev'ry Tear be dry
We're marching thro Immanuel's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

Feverſham

Set by M. M.



(2)

Who in Jeſus confide,
They are bold to outride
The Storms of Affliction beneath:
With the Prophet they ſoar
To that heav'nly Shore,
And outfly all the Arrows of Death.

(3)

By Faith we are come
To our permanent Home,
By Hope we the Rapture improve:
By Love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the Skies
For the Heav'n of Heavens is Love!

(4)

Who on Earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the City of God the great King!
What a Concert of Praiſe,
When our Jeſus's Grace,
The whole heavenly Company ſing!

(5)

What a rapturous Song
When the glorify'd Throng,
In the Spirit of Harmony join!
Join all the glad Choirs,
Hearts, Voices and Lyres,
And the Burthen is Mercy divine.

(6)

Hallelujah they cry
To the King of the Sky,
To the great everlaſting I am,
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

Pelham

Set by F. G.

My Soul, re-peat his Praiſe, Whoſe Mercies are ſo great: Whoſe An-ger is ſo ſlow to riſe, So ready to a--bate.

My Soul, re-peat his Praiſe, Whoſe Mercies are ſo great: Whoſe An-ger is ſo ſlow to riſe, So rea-dy to a--bate.

Pia

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd a-bove the Ground we tread, So far the Riches of his Grace, Our higheſt thoughts ex-

tutti

Pia

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd a-bove the Ground we tread, So far the Riches of his Grace, Our higheſt thoughts ex-

tutti

-ceed. Our high-eſt thoughts ex--ceed.

-ceed. Our high-eſt thoughts ex--ceed.

3

The Pity of the Lord,
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel:
He knows our feeble Frame.

4

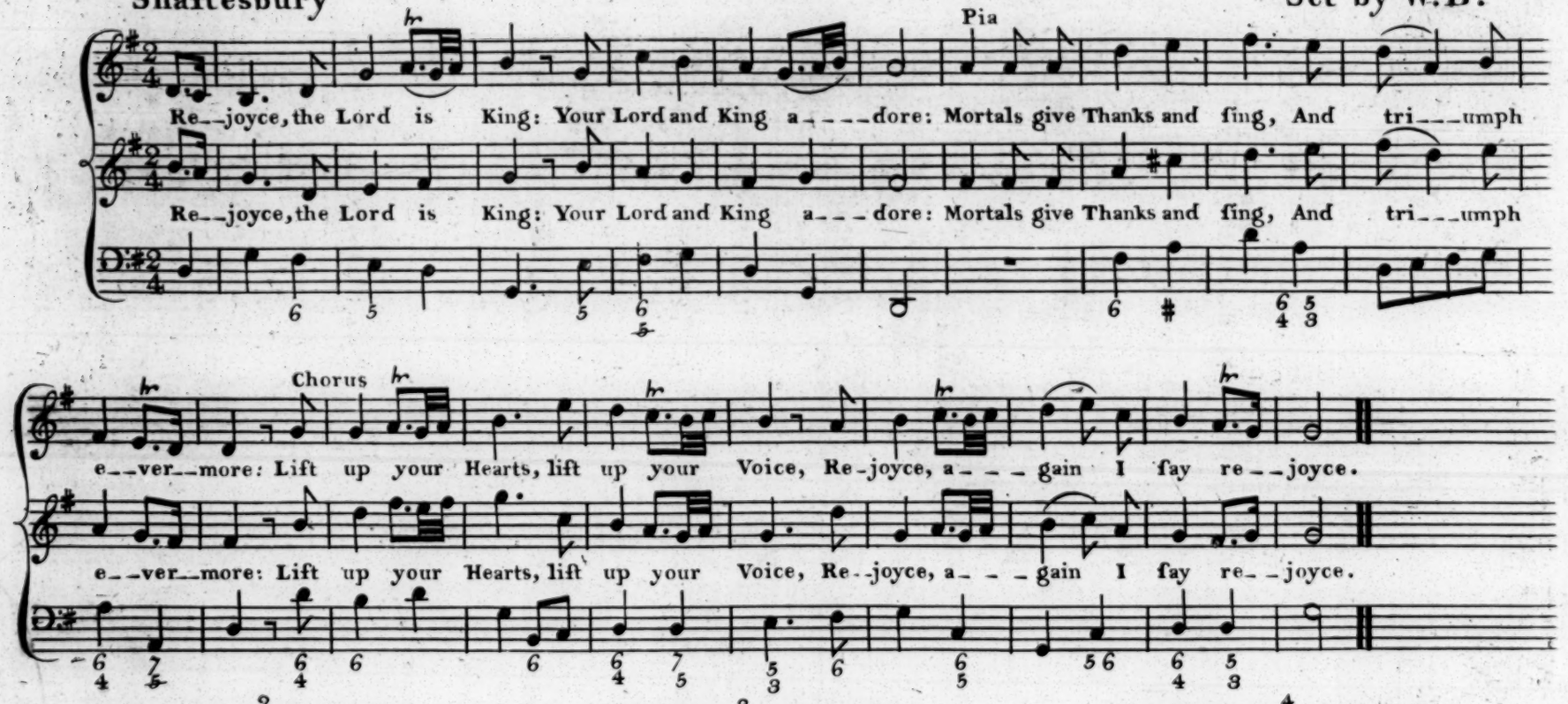
Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

5

But thy Compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promiſe ſure,
My Soul, repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great. &c

Shaftesbury

Set by W.B.



2

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love;
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

3

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n:
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

4

He ſits at Gods Right Hand,
Till all his Foes ſubmit,
And bow to his Command,
And fall beneat his Feet:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

5

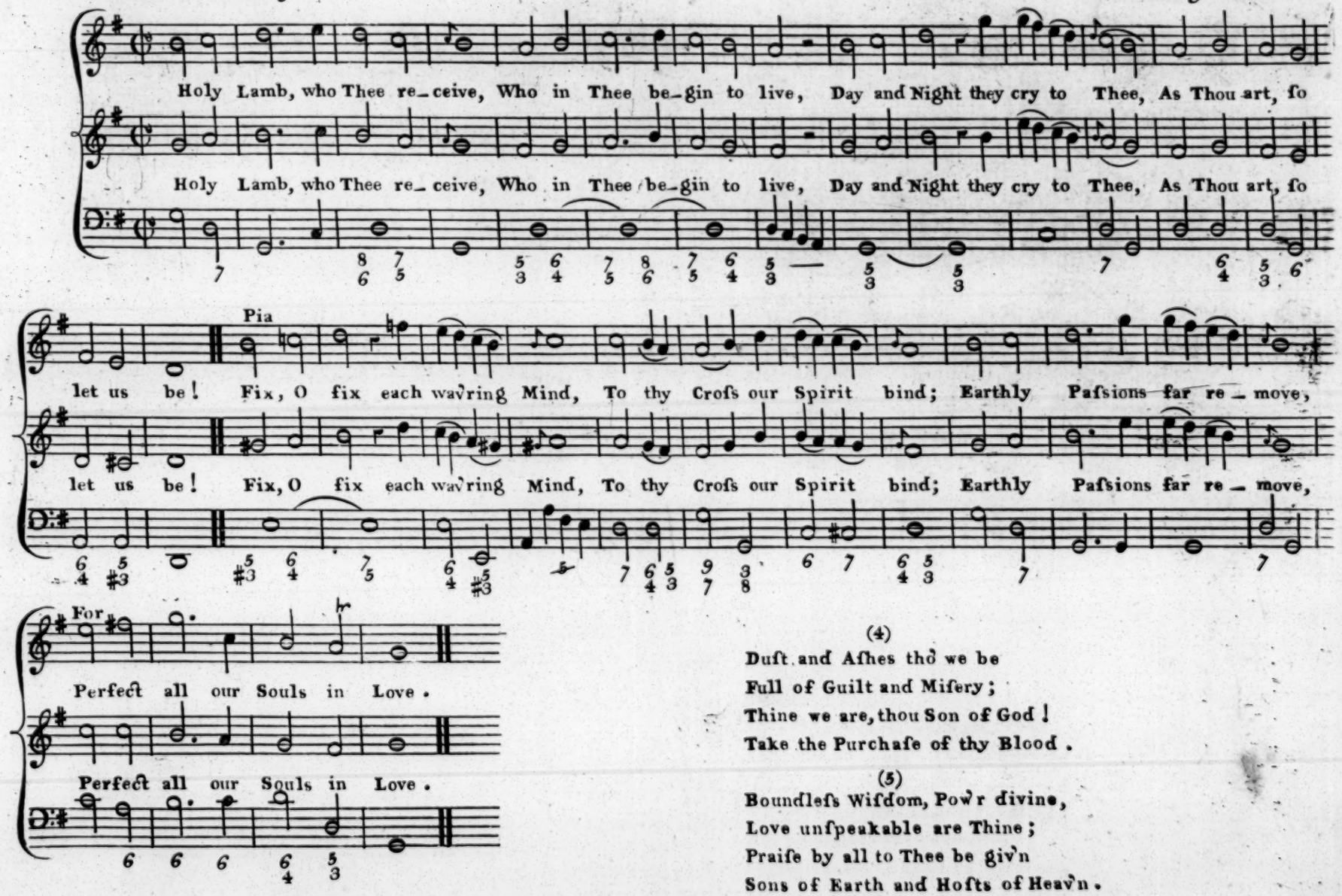
He all his Foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our Sins deſtroy,
And ev'ry Boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic Joy:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

6

Rejoice in glorious Hope,
Jeſus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his Servants up
To their Eternal Home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th'Archangel's Voice,
The Trump of God ſhall ſound, Rejoice.

Shrewſbury

Set by M.V.



(4)

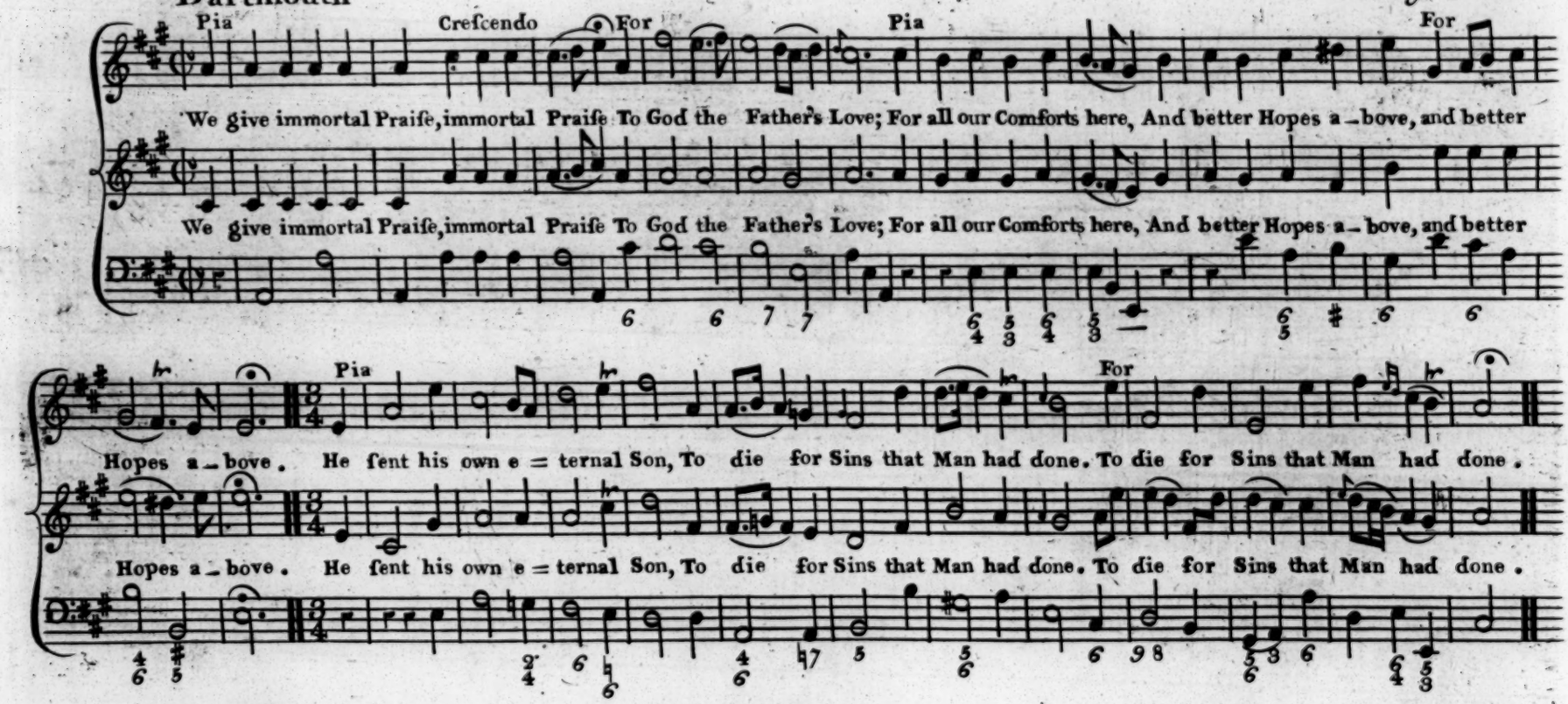
Duſt and Aſhes tho we be
Full of Guilt and Miſery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the Purchaſe of thy Blood.

(5)

Boundleſs Wiſdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable are Thine;
Praiſe by all to Thee be giv'n
Sons of Earth and Hoſts of Heav'n.

Dartmouth

Set by C.B.



(2)

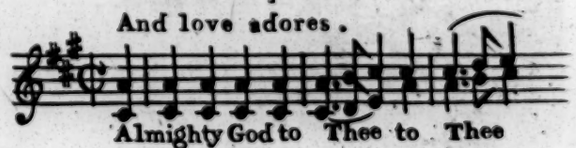
To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe:
And now he lives
And now he reigns,
And seesthe Fruit
Of all his Pains.

(3)

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal Worship give;
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live;
His Work completes
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With joy divine.

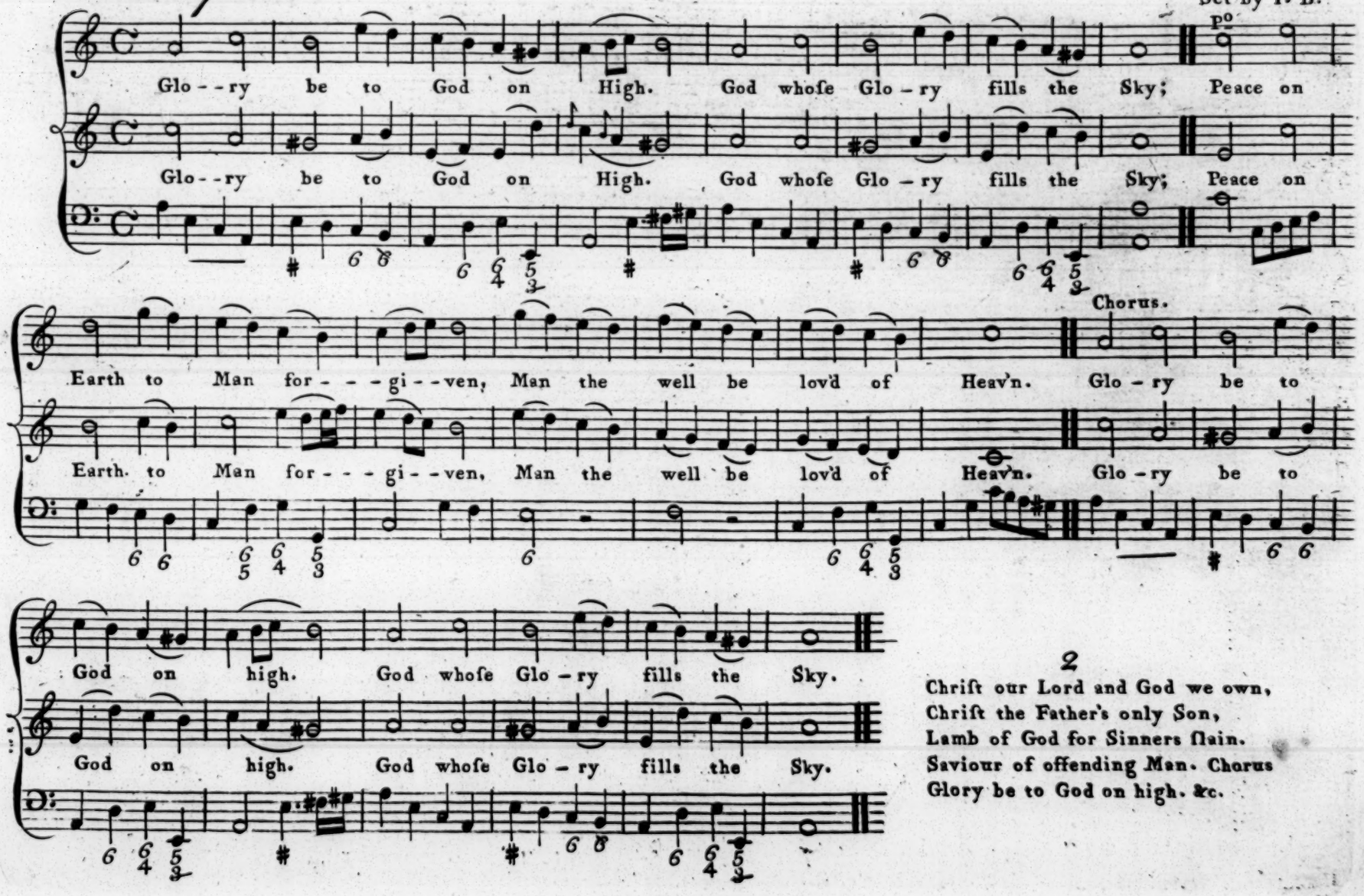
(4)

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless Honours done;
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One.
Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs.
There faith prevails
And love adores.



Montpellier

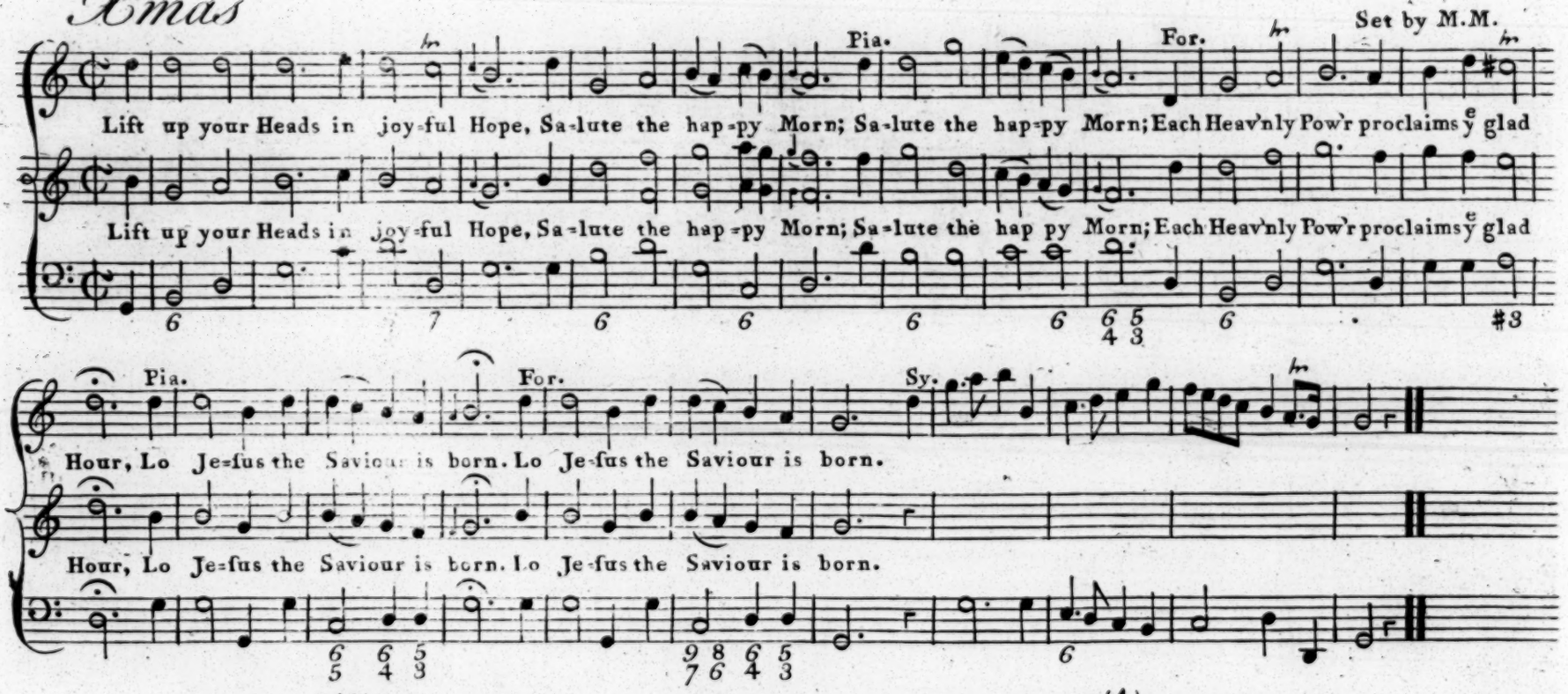
Set by I. B.



2

Chriſt our Lord and God we own,
Chriſt the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for Sinners ſlain.
Saviour of offending Man. Chorus
Glory be to God on high. &c.

Xmas



(2)
All Glory be to God on high,
To Him all Praiſe is due;
The Promiſe is ſeal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the Record is true.

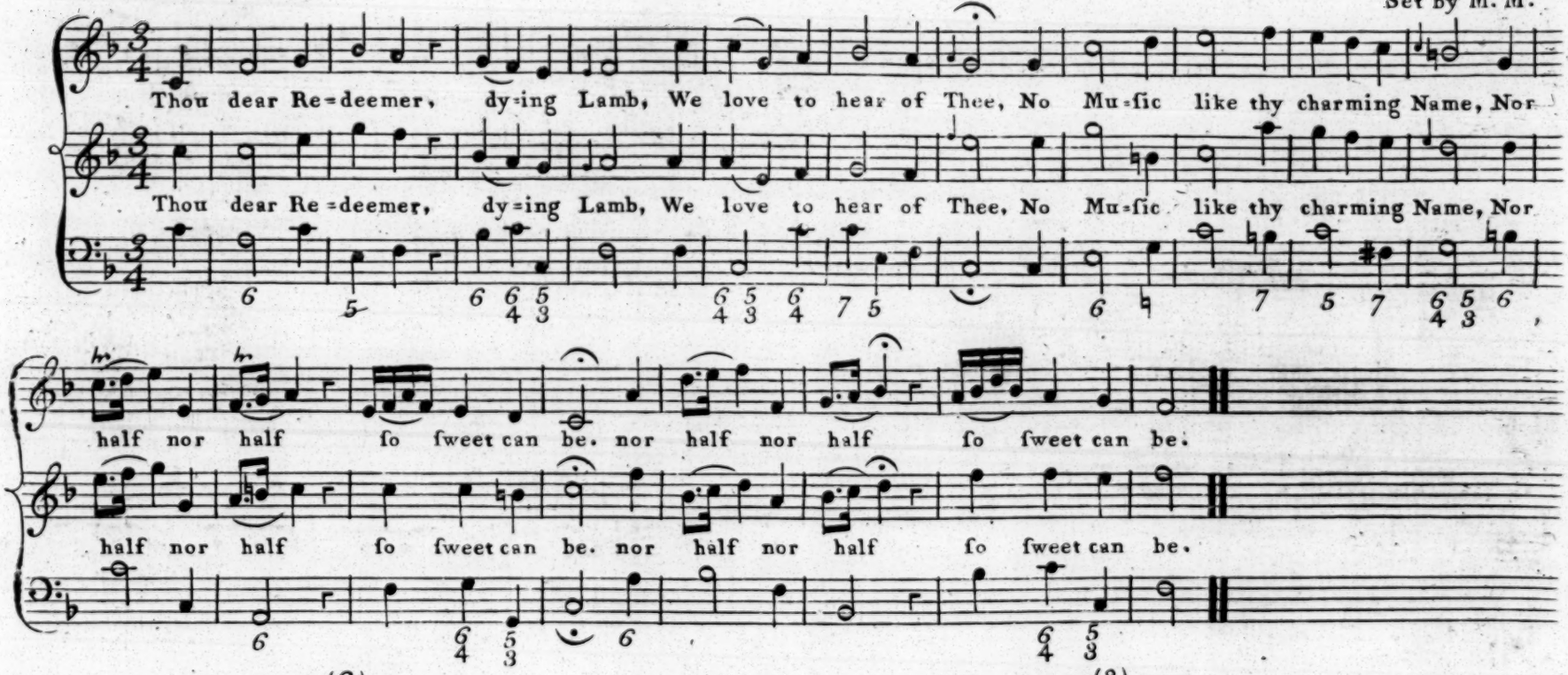
(3)
Let Joy around like Rivers flow,
Flow on, and ſtill increaſe;
Spread o'er the glad Earth
At Jeſus his Birth,
For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

(4)
Now the Good-will of Heaven is ſhewn
Tow'rds Adams helpleſs Race,
Meſſiah is come
To ranſom his Own,
To ſave them by infinite Grace.

(5)
Then let us join the Heavens above
Where hymning Seraphs ſing,
Join all the glad Pow'rs,
For their Lord is Ours,
Our Prophet, our Prieſt, and our King.

Berwick

Set by M. M.



(2)

O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us ſpeak,
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec.

(3)

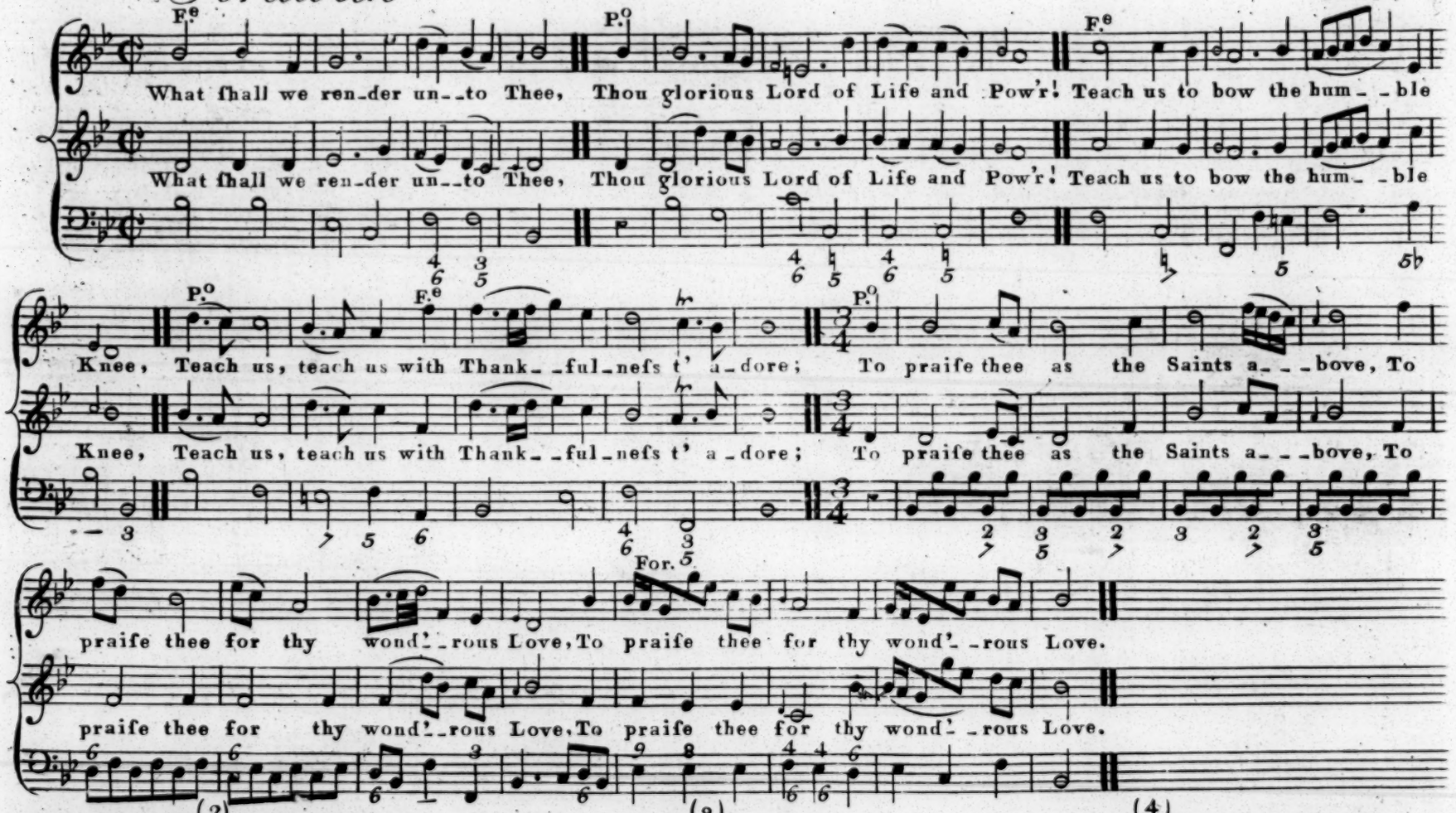
Our Jeſus ſhall be ſtill our Theme,
While in this World we ſtay,
We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely Name,
When all Things elſe decay.

(4)

When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud.
And Chriſt ſhall be our Song.

Fordwich

C. B.



(2)

When like loſt Sheep, we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
When borne along th'impetuous Tide,
Of this World's Sin and Vanity;
Our Jeſus from the Heav'ns came down,
To ſave us by his Grace alone.

(3)

He bore our Sins upon the Tree
(To ſeek and ſave the loſt He came)
There was He bound to ſet us free
From Death and everlaſting Shame:
The captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

(4),

Before the Father's aweful Throne;
Our merciful High-Prieſt, he ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchaſ'd Remnant now demands;
His People's everlaſting Friend,
Who, loving-loves them to the End.

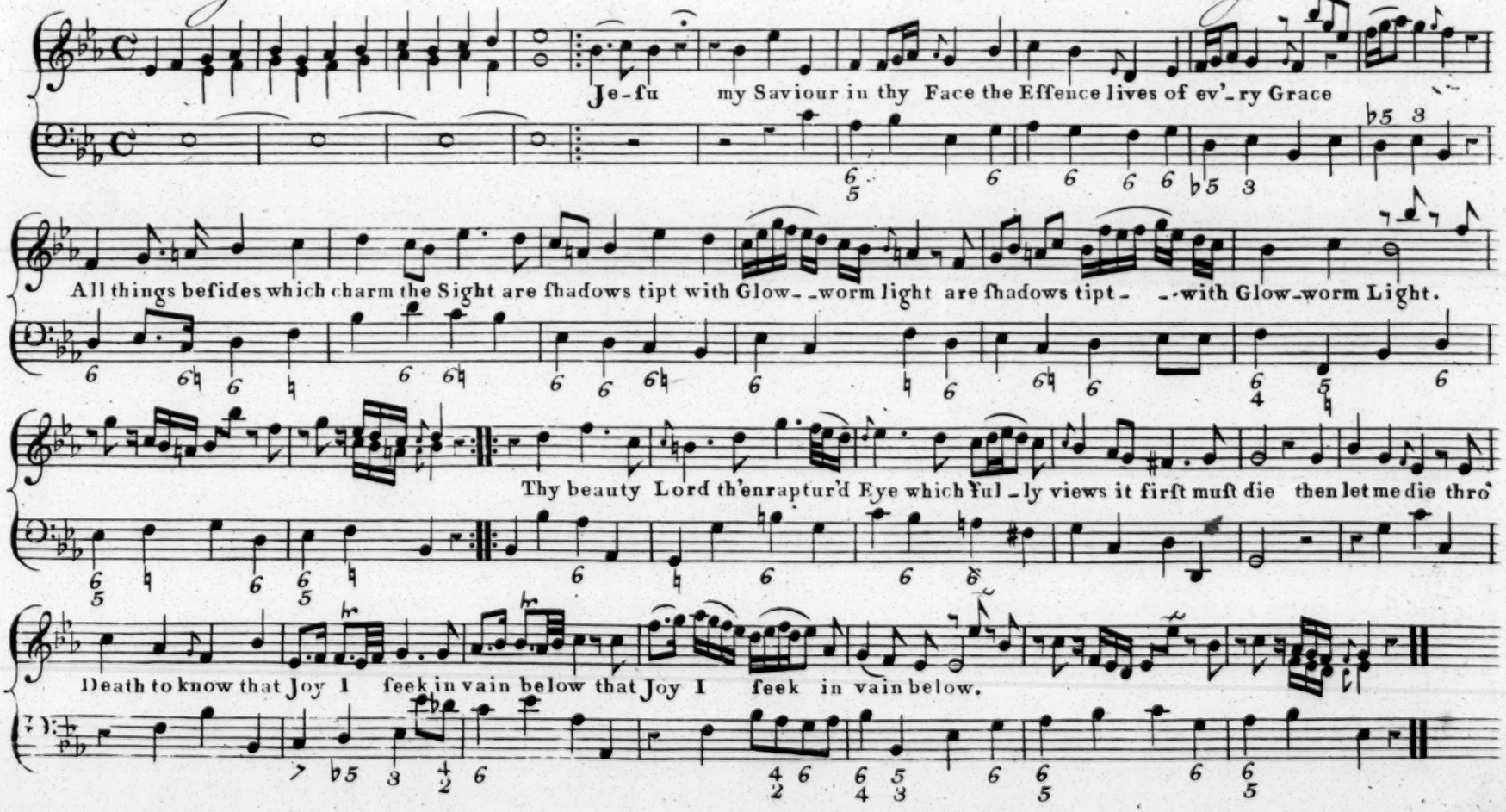
5

May we, his baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him, in Love, alone;
Be growing up in Holineſs,
Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.

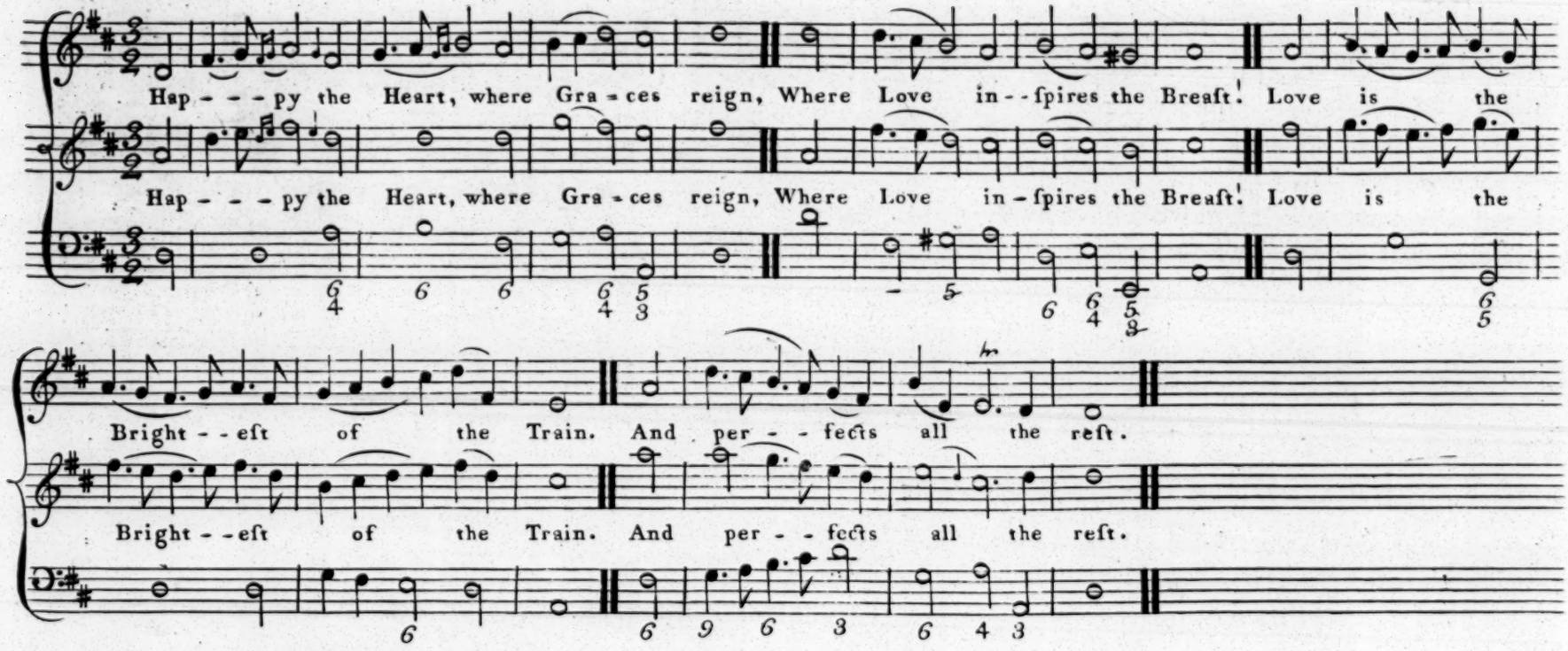
6

Then ſhall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, no Sorrow ſhall be found,
No Night o'er-cloud the endleſs Day.
Oh praiſe Him! all beneath above,
Oh praiſe Him! Praiſe the God of Love!

Reading *Set by T. H.*



Sheldon



2

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear:
Our ſtubborn Sins will fight and reign.
If Love be abſent there.

3

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
In ſwift Obedience move:
The Devils know and tremble too—
But Satan cannot love.

4

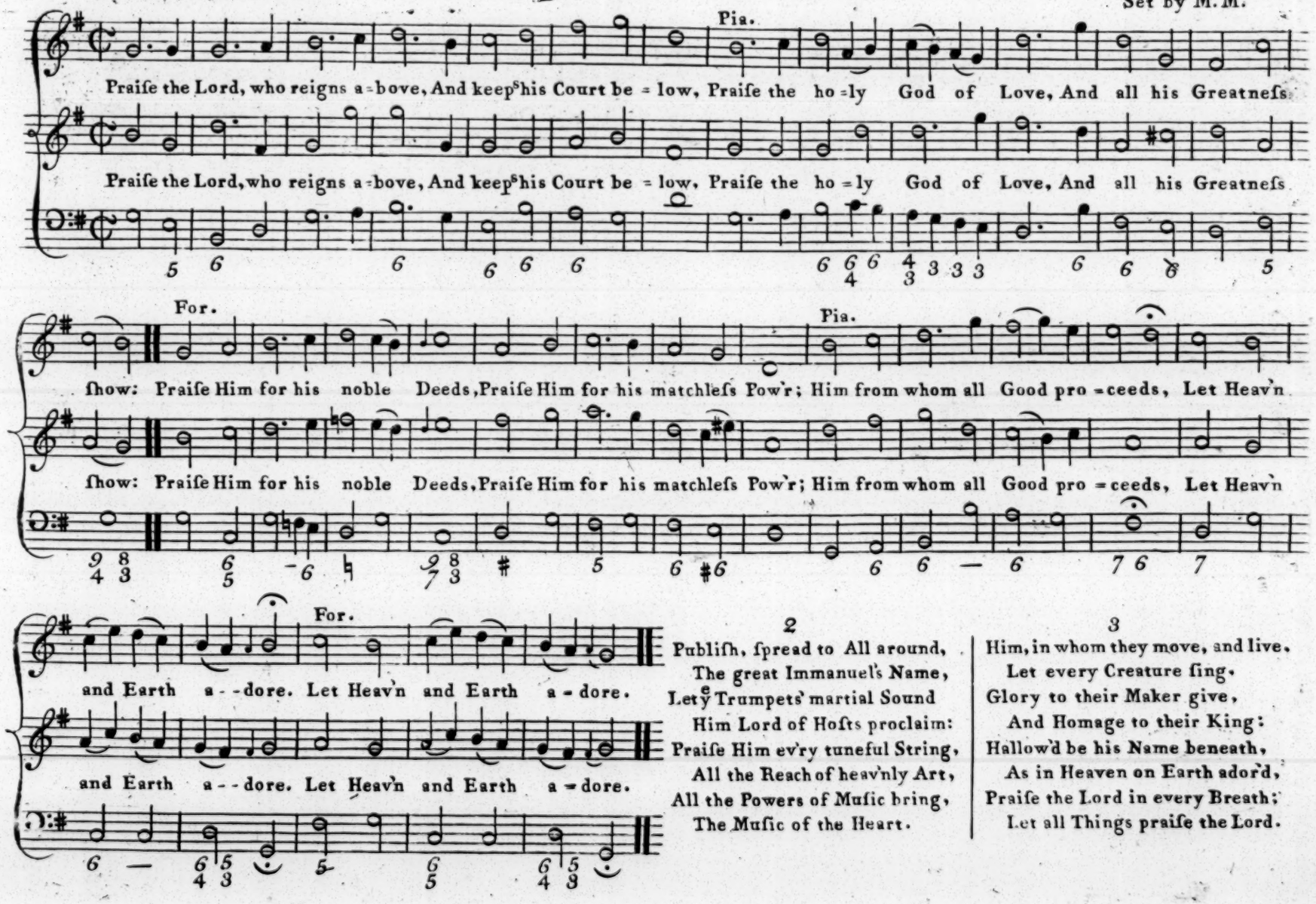
This is the Grace that lives and ſings,
When Faith and Hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful Strings
In the ſweet Realms of Bliſs.

5

When join'd to that harmonious Throng,
That fills the Choirs above,
Then ſhall we tune our golden Harps
And ev'ry Note be—Love.

Lancaster

Set by M. M.



2

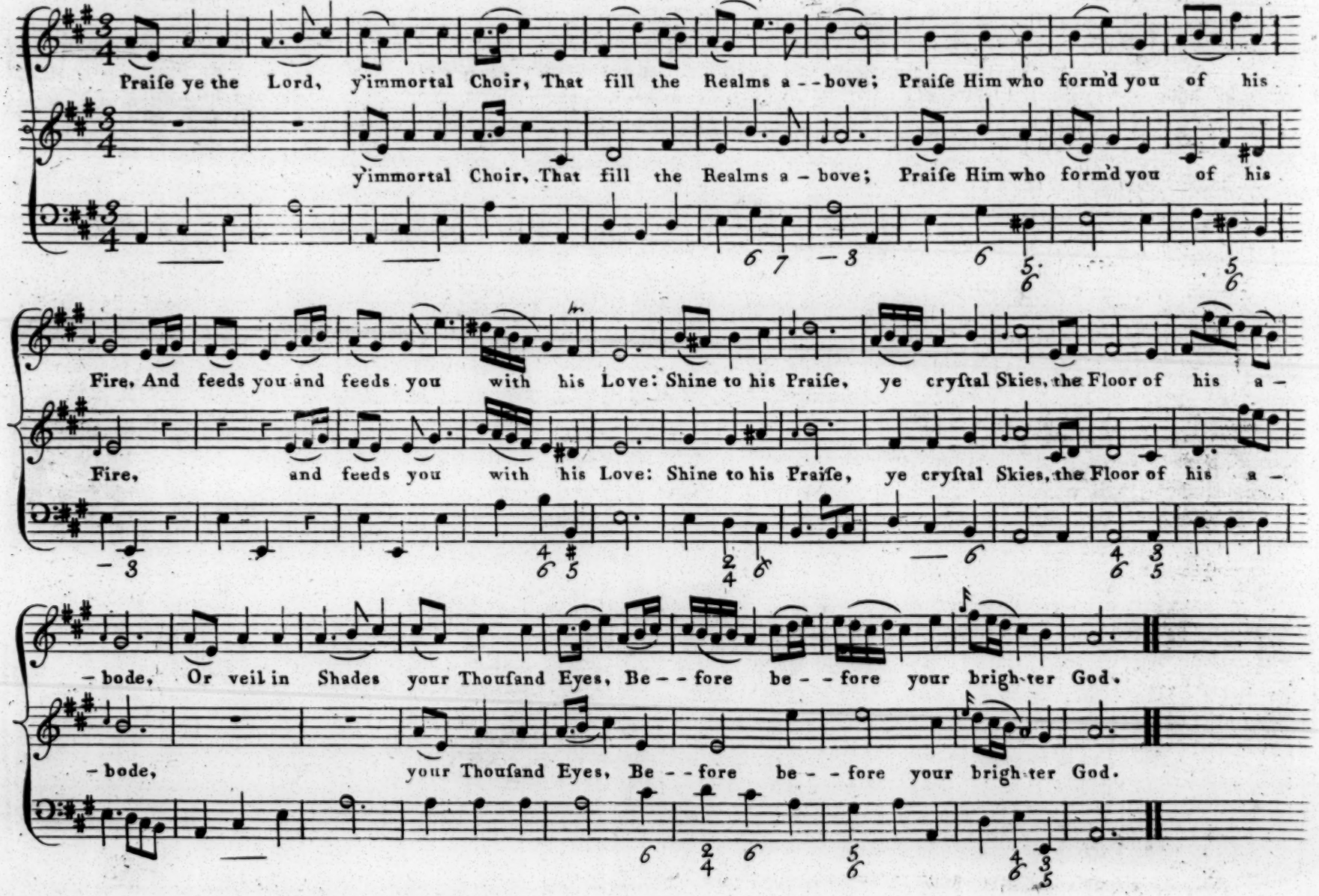
Publiſh, ſpread to All around,
The great Immanuel's Name,
Let Trumpets martial Sound
Him Lord of Hoſts proclaim:
Praiſe Him ev'ry tuneful String,
All the Reach of heav'nly Art,
All the Powers of Muſic bring,
The Muſic of the Heart.

3

Him, in whom they move, and live,
Let every Creature ſing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And Homage to their King:
Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
As in Heaven on Earth ador'd,
Praiſe the Lord in every Breath;
Let all Things praiſe the Lord.

Cirencester

Set by C. B.



2

Thou reſtleſs Globe of golden Light,
Whoſe Beams create our Day,
Join with the Silver Queen of Night.
To own your borrow'd Rays:
Winds, ye ſhall bear his Name aloud,
Thro' the etherial Blue;
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,
He makes his Wheels of you.

3

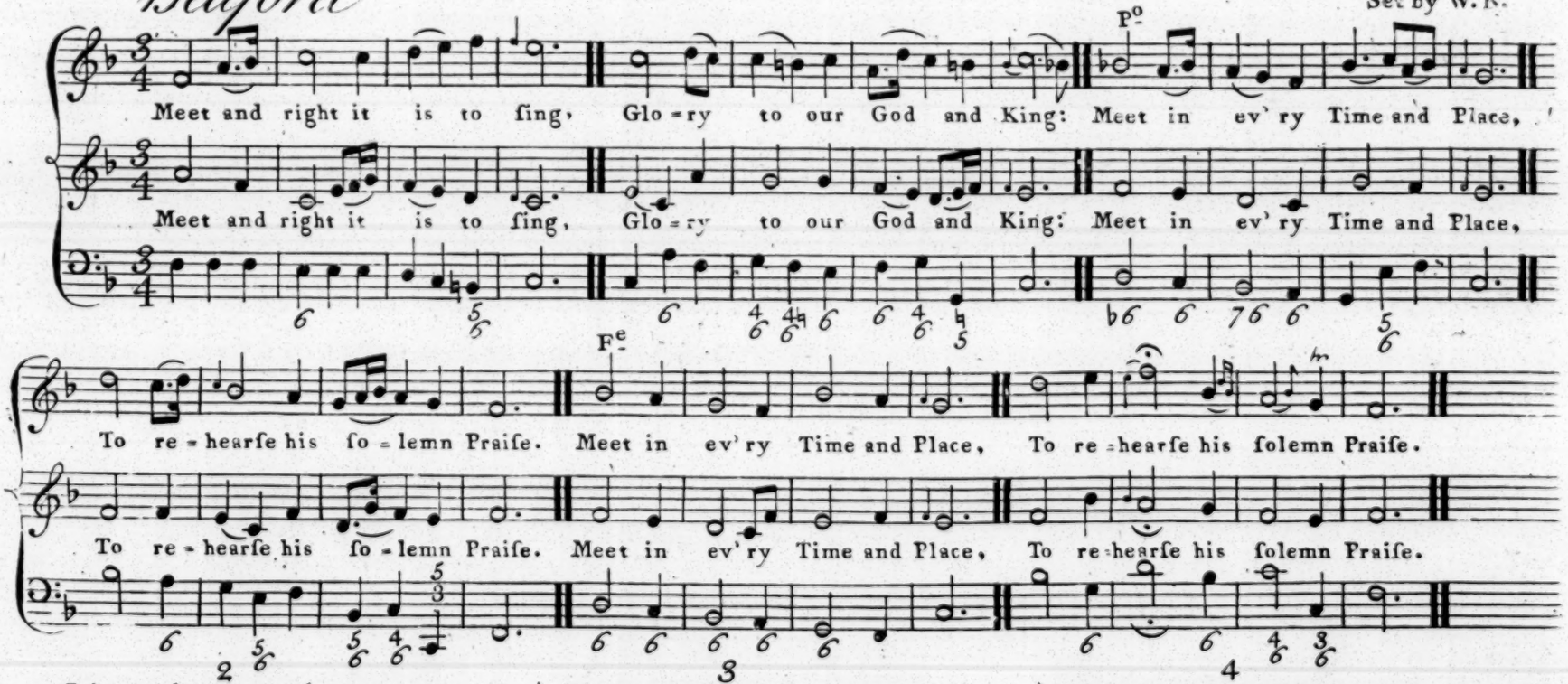
Thunder and Hail and Fire and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And ſpeak his aweful Hand:
Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging Seas,
In your eternal Roar;
Let Wave to Wave reſound his Praiſe,
And Shore reply to Shore.

4

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet Cluſters bend the fruitful Vines
On ev'ry thankful Bough:
Thus while the meaner Creatures ſing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound:
Echo the Glories of your King,
Thro' all the Nation round.

Bedford

Set by W. F.



2

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
Angels help the chearful Sound;
Publiſh thro' the World abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

3

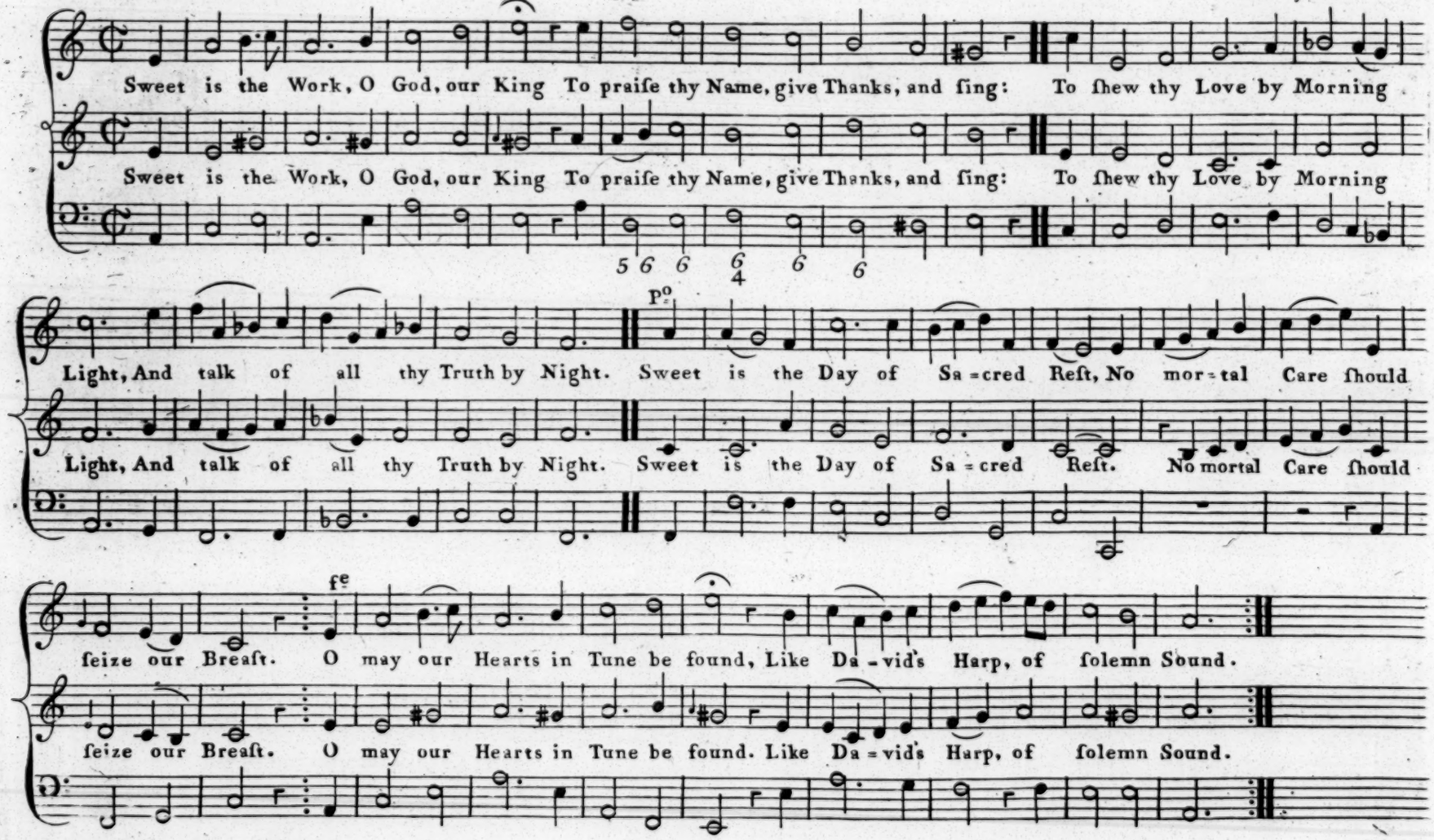
Praiſes here to Thee we give,
Gracious Thou our Thanks receive;
Holy Father, Sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd!

4

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we ſtill in Jeſu's Name;
Saviour, Thee we ever bleſs,
Thee our Lord and God confeſs.

Leicester

Set by M.M.



2

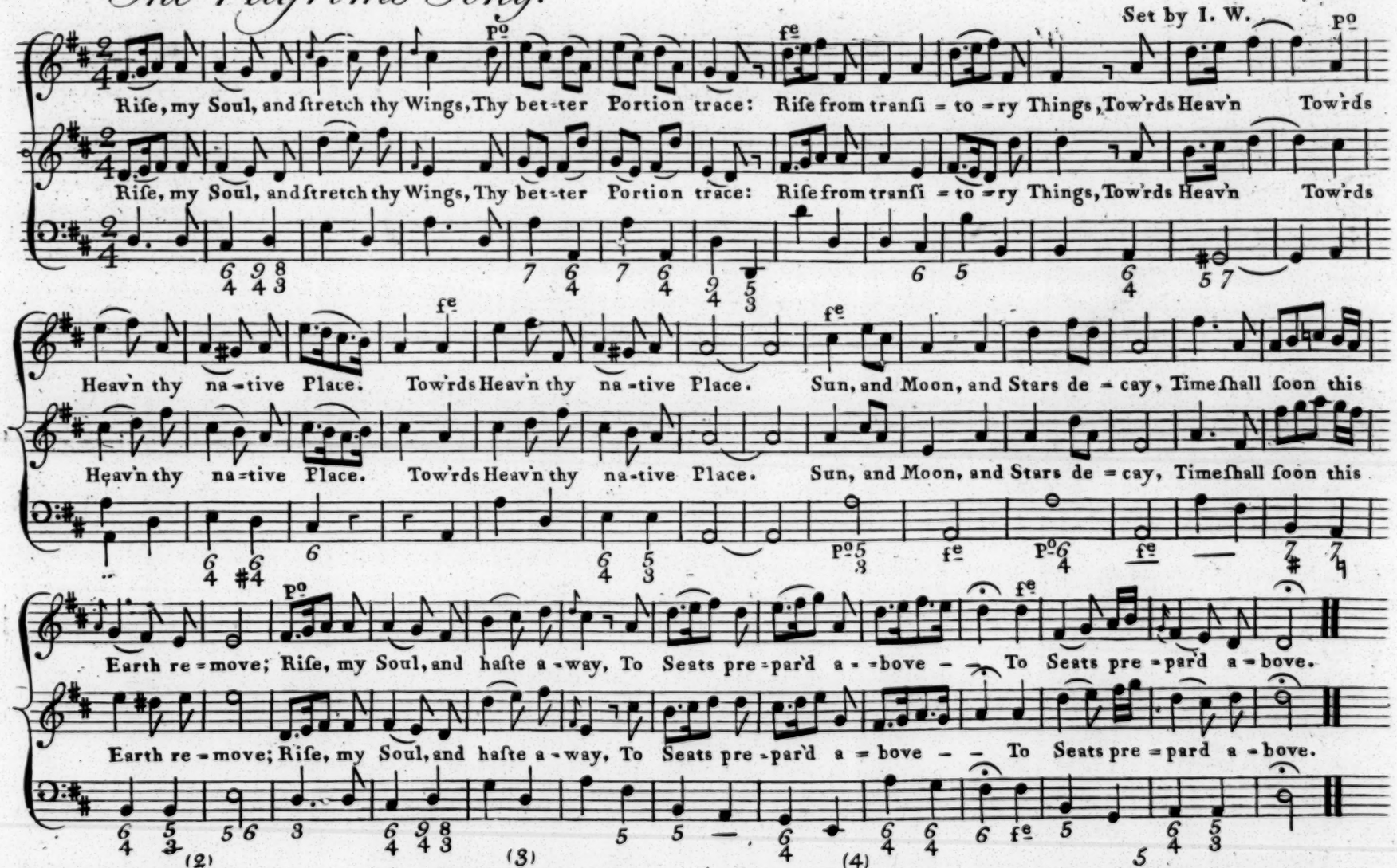
Our Hearts ſhould triumph in Thee, Lord,
And bleſs thy Works, and bleſs thy Word;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they ſhine.
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!

3

O may we ſee, and hear, and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below:
May all our Pow'rs find ſweet Employ
In Chriſt's eternal World of Joy!

The Pilgrim's Song.

Set by I. W.



(2)

Rivers to the Ocean run.
Nor ſtay in all their Courſe:
Fire aſcending ſeeks the Sun.
Both ſpeed them to their Source:

(3)

So a Soul that's born of God.
Pants to view his glorious Face.
Upwards tends to his Abode.
To reſt in his Embrace.

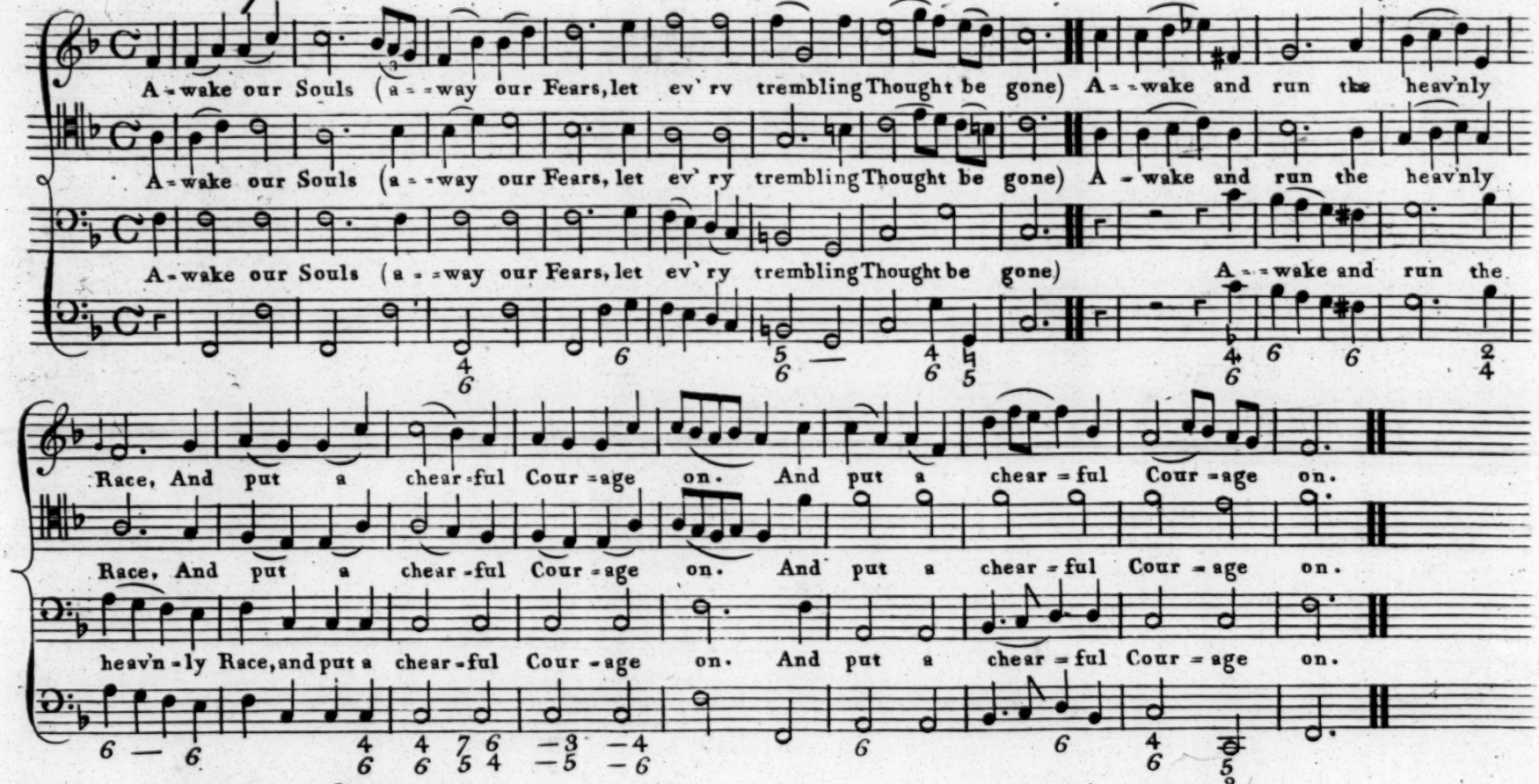
(4)

Ceaſe, ye Pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the Prize:
Soon our Saviour will return.
Triumphant in the Skies:

Yet a Seaſon and you know
Happy Entrance will be given,
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

Mansfield

Set by C. B.



2

True 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint:
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

3

O mighty God, thy matchleſs Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young:
And firm endures, while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.

4

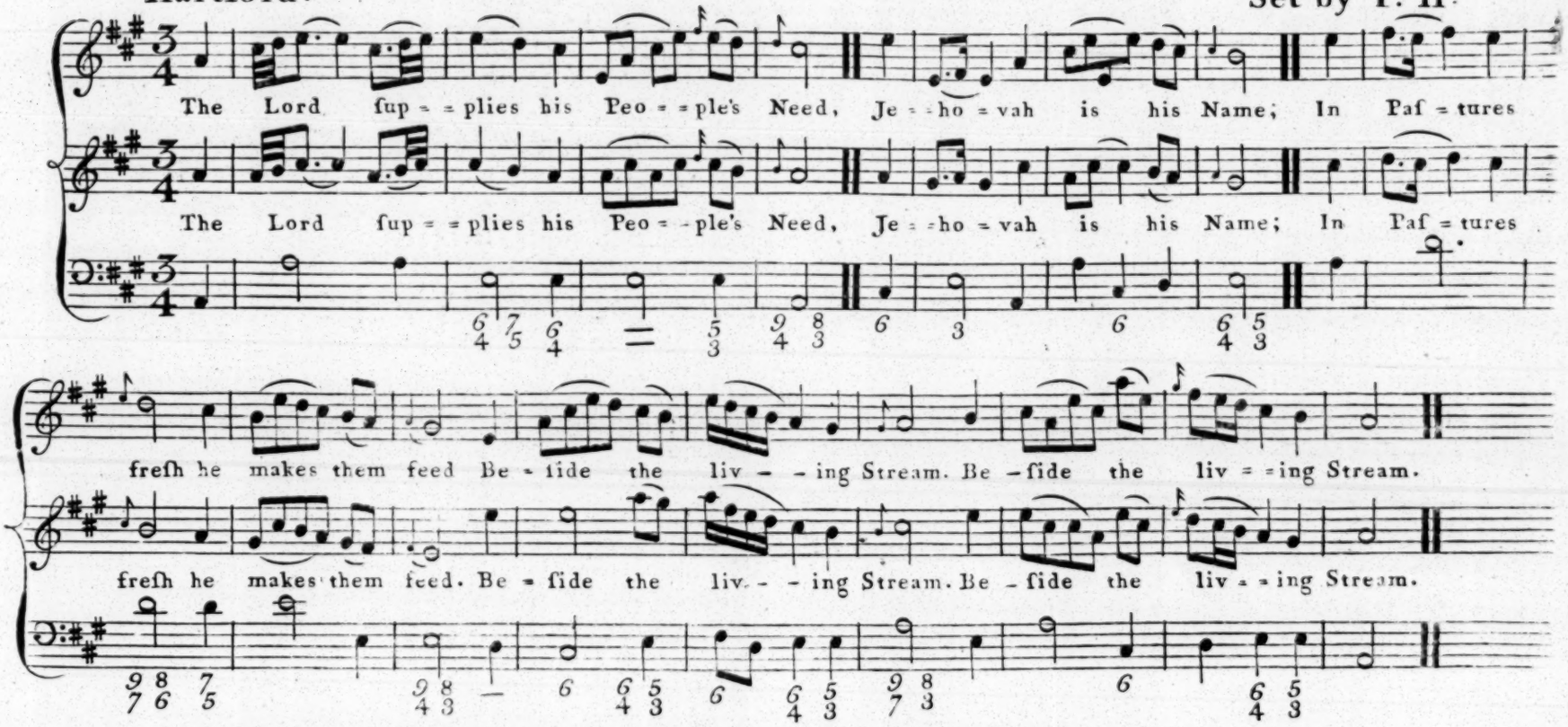
From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a freſh Supply,
While ſuch as truſt their native Strength,
Shall fade away, and droop, and die.

5

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
Oh may we mount to thine Abode,
On Wings of Love, to Jeſus fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly Road.

Hartford.

Set by T. H.



2

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
When they forſake his Ways,
And leads them, for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

3

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
His Preſence is their Stay:
A Word of his ſupporting Breath
Drives all their Fears away.

4

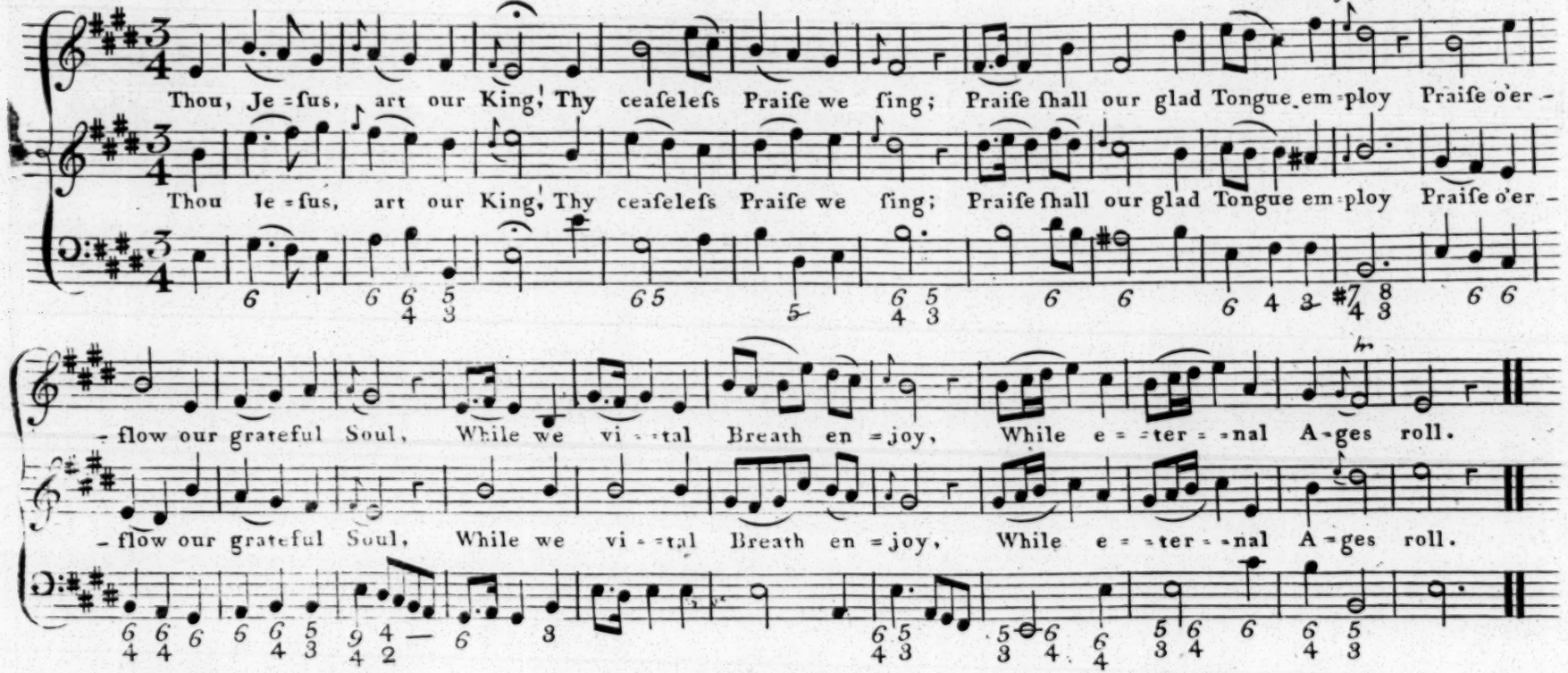
His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
Doth ſtill their Table ſpread,
Their Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
His Oil anoints their Head.

5

The ſure Proviſions of our God,
Attend us all our Days:
O may his Houſe be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praiſe.

Pewſey.

Set by M.M.



2

Thou art th' eternal Light,
That ſhin'ſt in deepeſt Night,
Wond'ring gaz'd th'angelic Train
While Thou bow'dſt the Heav'ns beneath;
God with God wert Man with Man,
Man to ſave from endleſs Death.

3

Thou with our Pain didſt mourn,
Thou haſt our Sickneſs born:
All our Sins on Thee were laid!
Thou with unexampled Grace
All the mighty Debt haſt paid,
Due from Adam's helpleſs Race!

4

Enthron'd above yon Sky,
Thou reign'ſt with God moſt high:
Proſtrate at thy Feet we fall!
Pow'r ſupreme to Thee is giv'n,
Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
Thee, the Lord of Earth and Heav'n!

5

Ariſe! ſtir up thy Pow'r,
Thou deathleſs Conqueror!
King of all! with pitying Eye
Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel!
'Midſt the Snares of Death we lie,
'Midſt the banded Pow'rs of Hell.

6

O Lord! O God of Love!
Let us thy Mercy prove!
Help us to obtain the Prize,
Help us well to cloſe our Race;
That with Thee, above the Skies.
Endleſs Joy we may poſſeſs.

Denbigh

Set by M.M.

P°

From all that dwell be-low the Skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's Praiſe a-riſe; Let the Re-deemer's Name be ſung, thro' e-v'ry

From all that dwell be-low the Skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's Praiſe a-riſe; Let the Re-deemer's Name be ſung, ev'ry

Tutti

P°

Land by e-v'ry Tongue. E-ternal are thy Mercies, Lord, E-ter-nal Truth at-tends thy Word; Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from

Land by e-v'ry Tongue. E-ternal are thy Mercies, Lord, E-ter-nal Truth at-tends thy Word; Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from

Pianiſs.

F^e

P° dim.

F^e

Shore to Shore, Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

Shore to Shore, Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

Lambeth.

Set by C. L.

Pia.

Long have we ſat, be=neath the Sound Of thy Sal=va=tion, Lord, But ſtill how weak our Faith is found, And

Long have we ſat, be=neath the Sound Of thy Sal=va=tion, Lord, But ſtill how weak our Faith is found, And

For.

Sy.

Knowledge of thy Word! Oft we fre=quent thine ho=ly Place, Yet hear al=moſt in vain:

Sy.

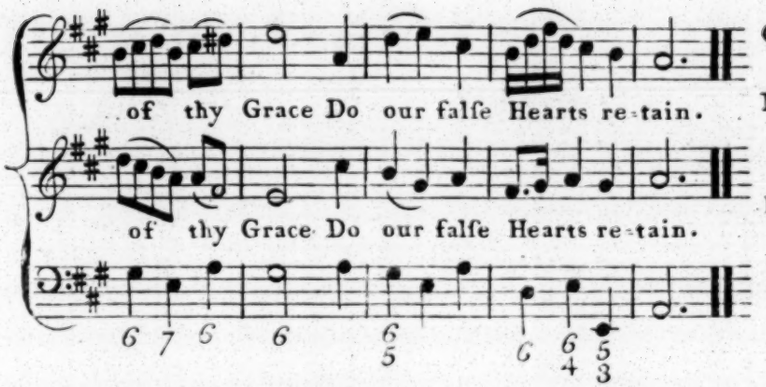
Sy.

Knowledge of thy Word. Oft we fre=quent thine ho=ly Place, Yet hear al=moſt in vain:

Pia.

How ſmall a Por=tion of thy Grace Do our falſe Hearts re=tain! How ſmall a Por=tion

How ſmall a Por=tion of thy Grace Do our falſe Hearts re=tain! How ſmall a Por=tion



3

Our gracious Saviour and our God
How little art Thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleſſings of thy Throne.

4

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fears!
How low our Hope of Joys above.
How few Affections there!

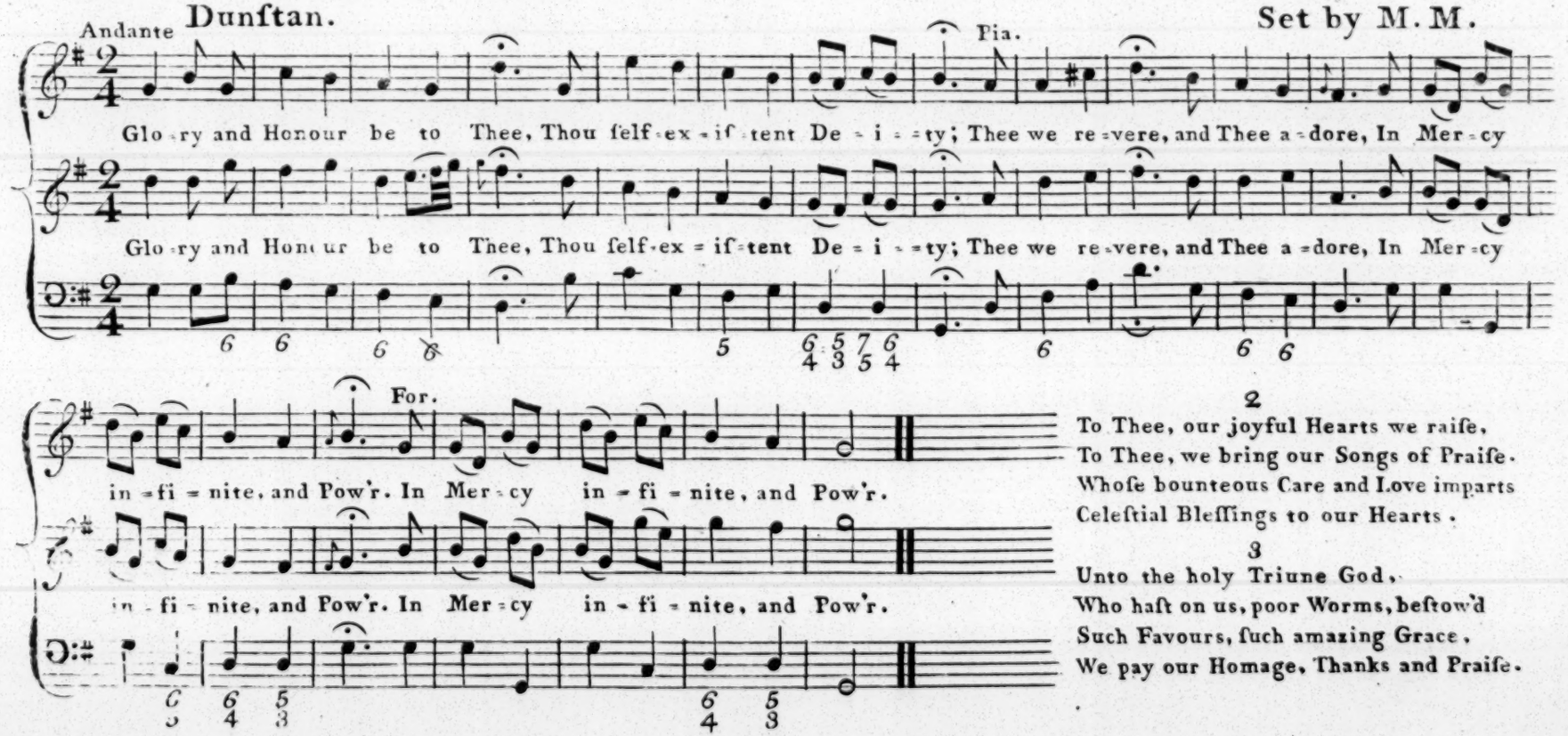
5

Great God, thy ſov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Succeſs;
Write thy Salvation on our Heart,
And makes us learn thy Grace.

6

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way,
That leads to Joys on high;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay.
And Love ſhall never die.

Andante **Dunſtan.** **Set by M. M.**



2

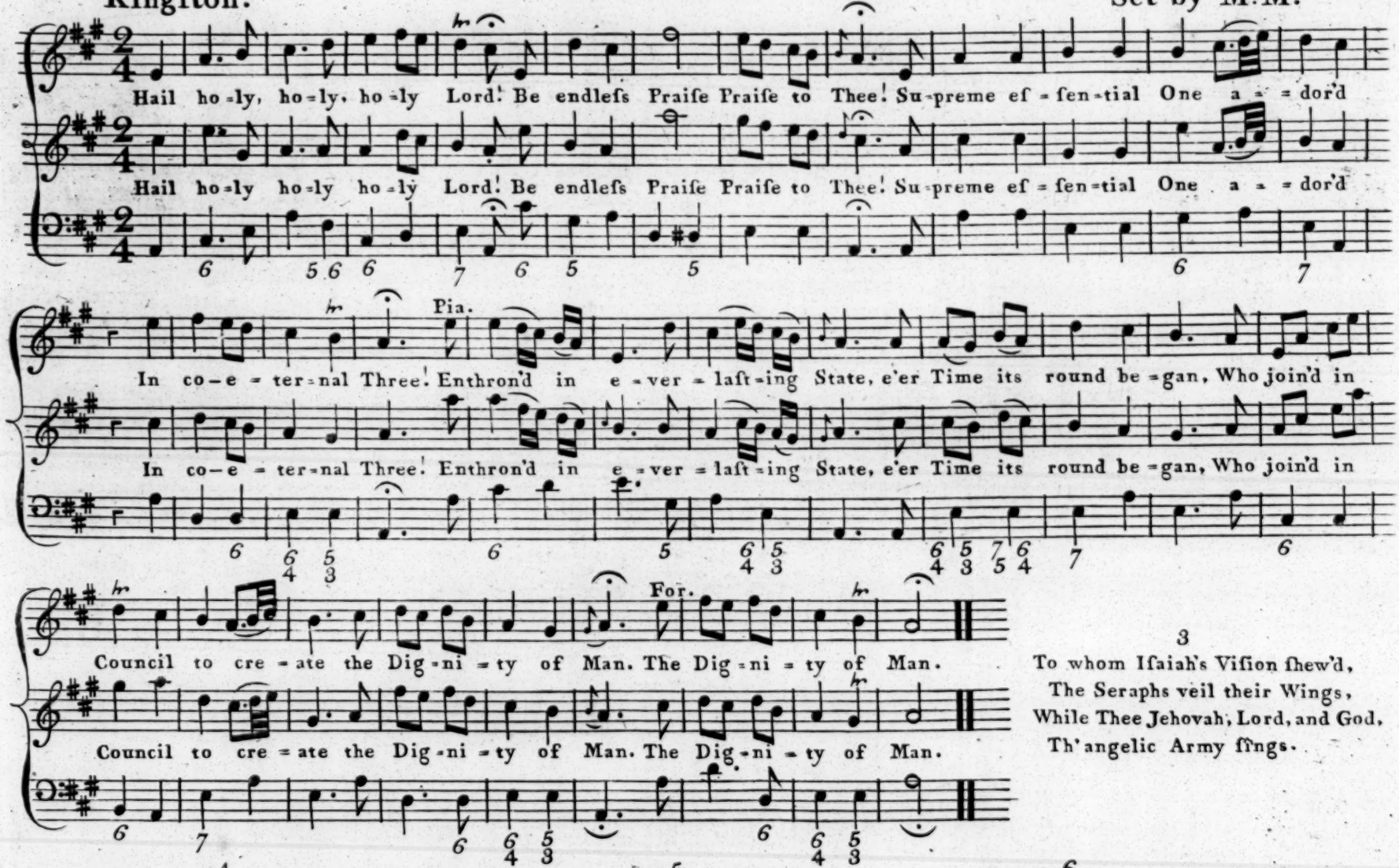
To Thee, our joyful Hearts we raiſe,
To Thee, we bring our Songs of Praiſe.
Whoſe bounteous Care and Love imparts
Celeſtial Bleſſings to our Hearts.

3

Unto the holy Triune God,
Who haſt on us, poor Worms, beſtow'd
Such Favours, ſuch amazing Grace,
We pay our Homage, Thanks and Praiſe.

Kingſton.

Set by M.M.



3

To whom Iſaiah's Viſion ſhew'd,
The Seraphs veil their Wings,
While Thee Jehovah, Lord, and God,
Th' angelic Army ſings.

4

To Thee by myſtic Pow'rs on high
Were humble Praiſes given,
When Iohn beheld with favour'd Eye
Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

5

All that the Name of Creature owns.
To Thee in Hymns aſpire;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir!

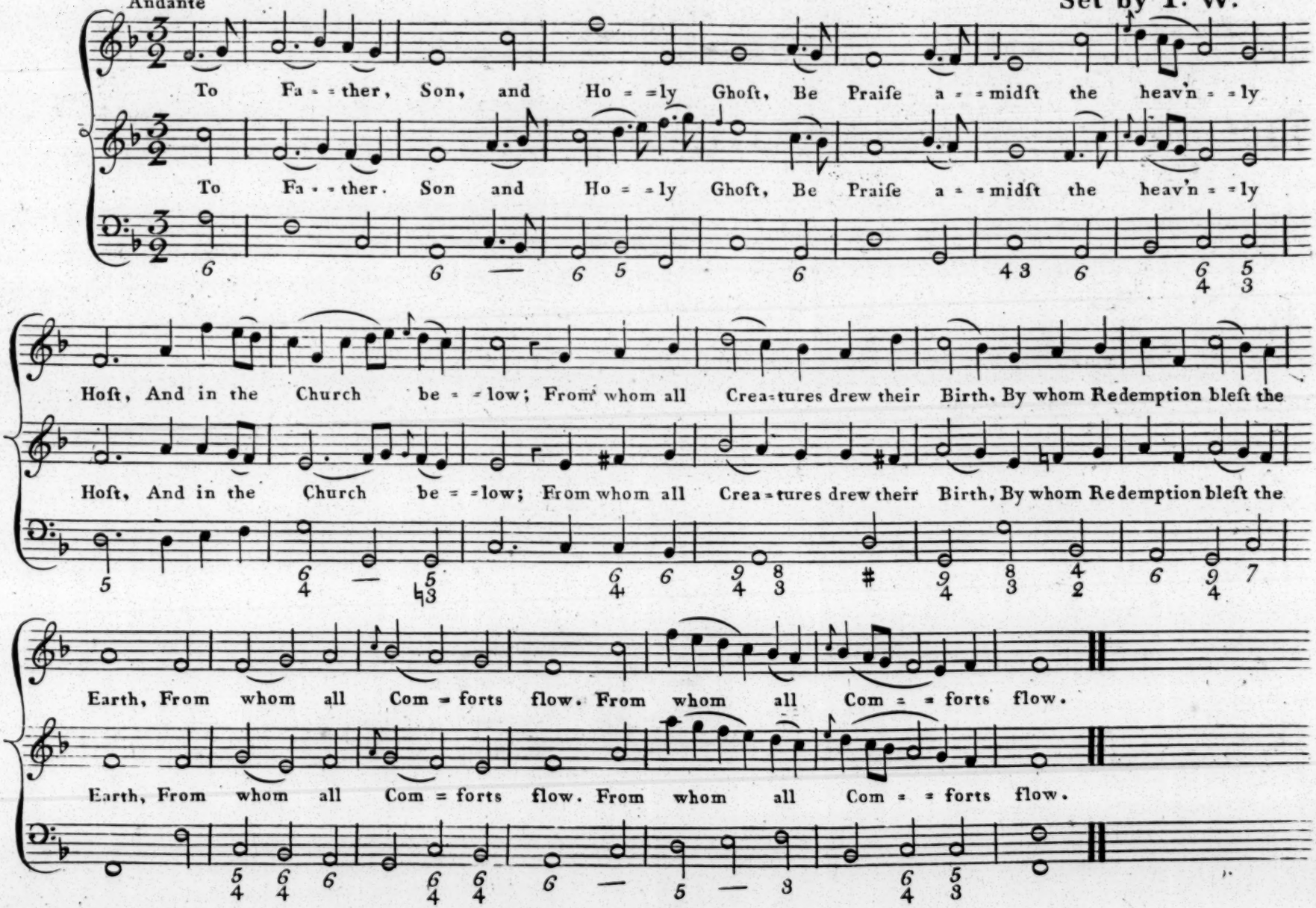
6

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs Praiſe to Thee;
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd,
In co-eternal Three.

Norwich.

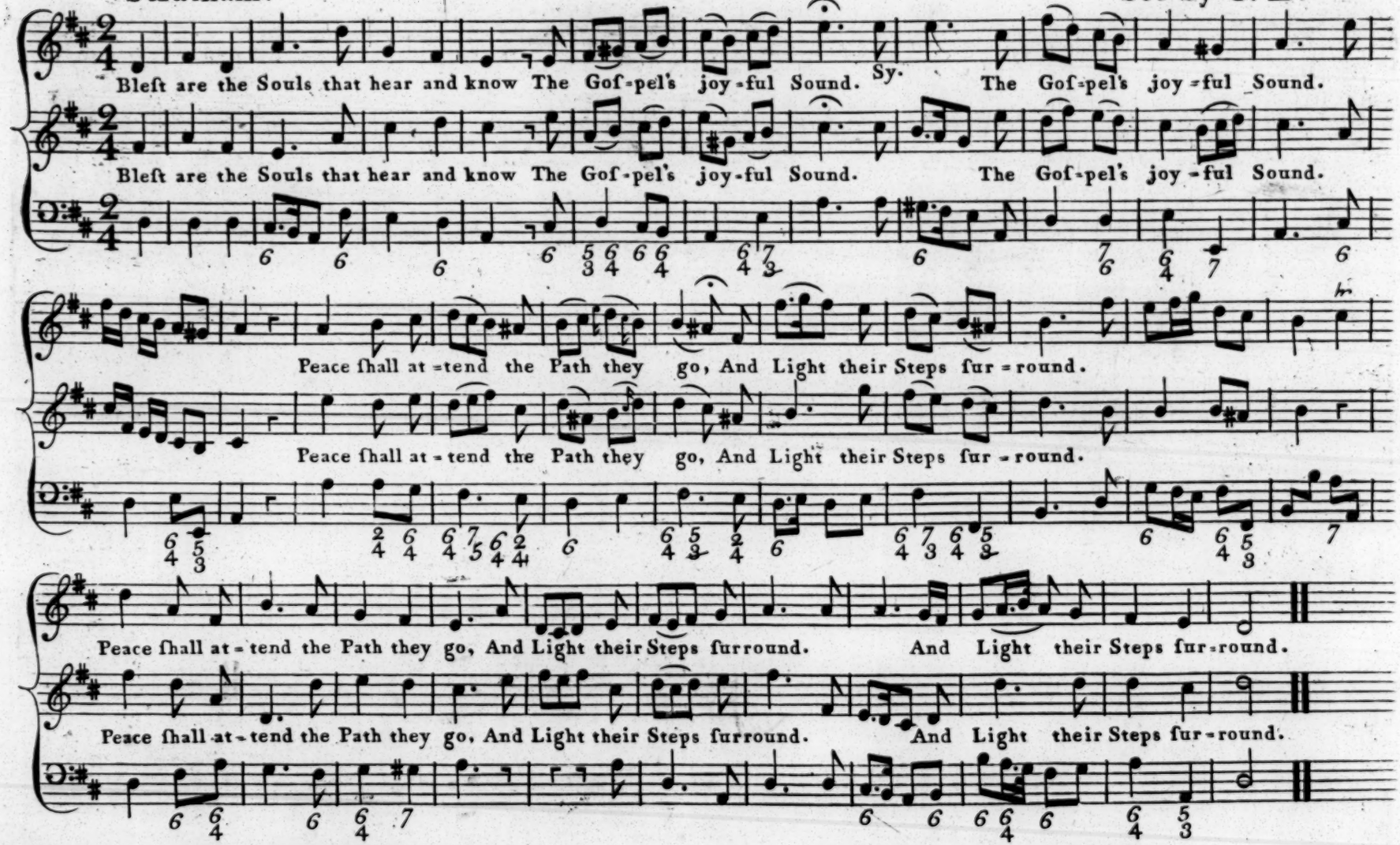
Andante

Set by I. W.



Stratham.

Set by C. L.



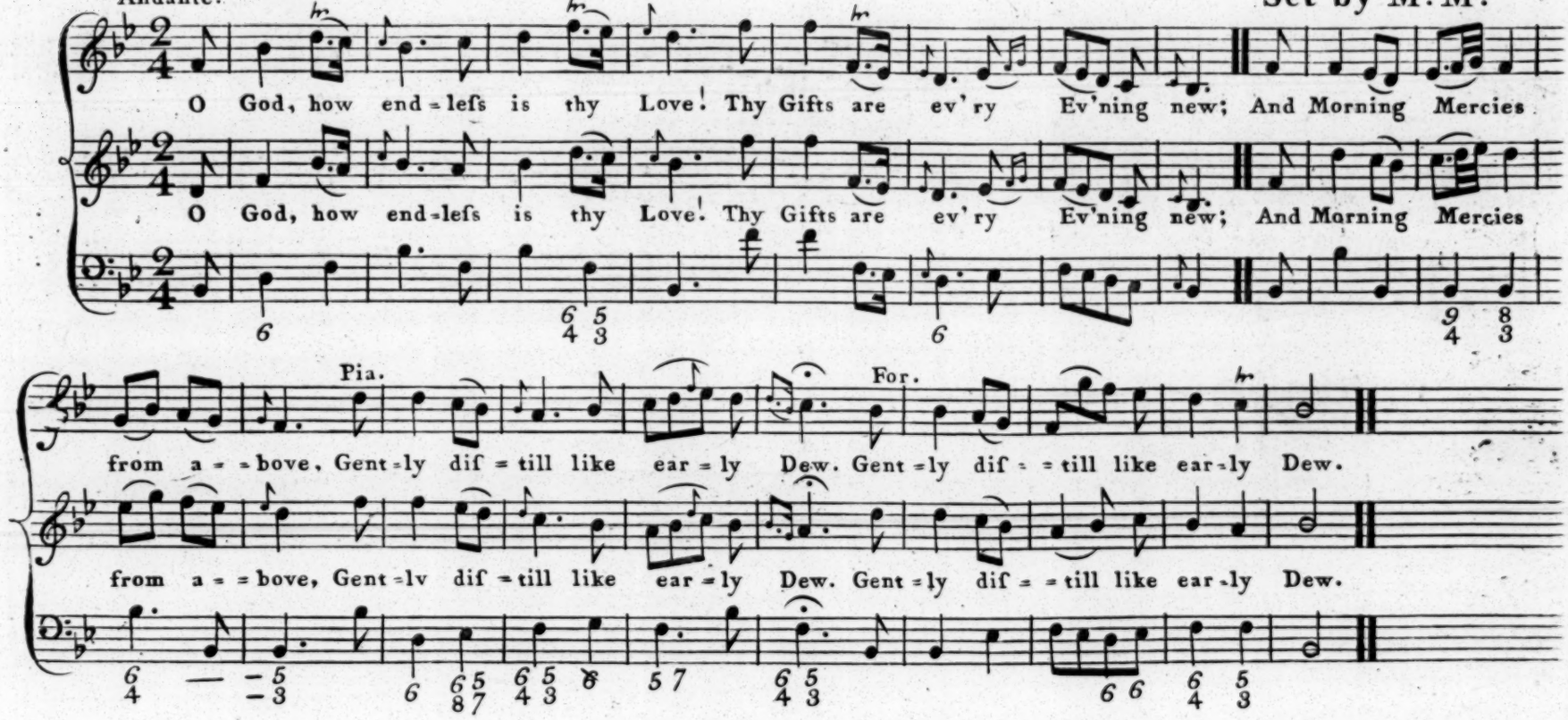
Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name:
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns.
Thy God for ever lives.

Nantwich.

Andante.

Set by M. M.



2

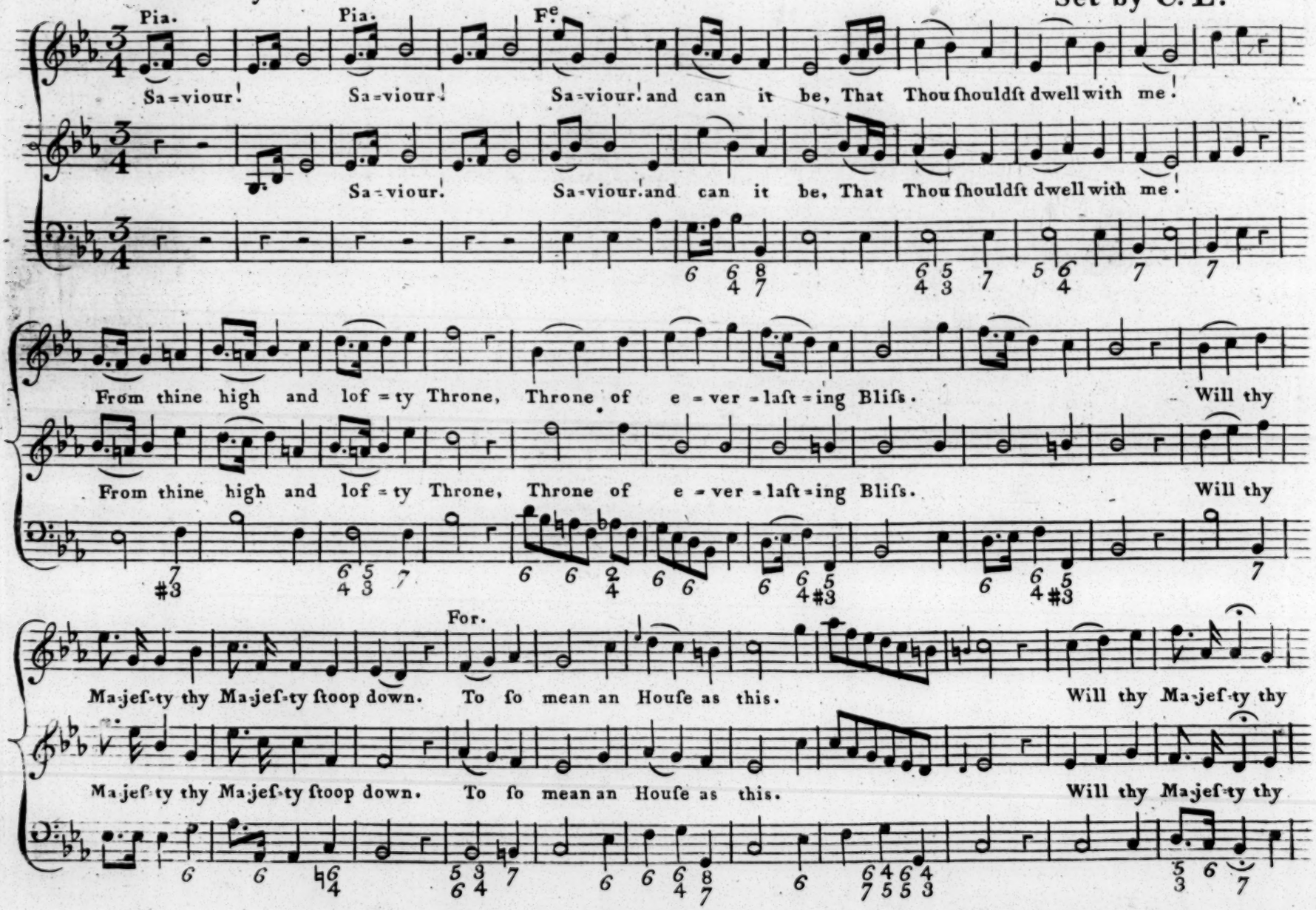
Thou ſpread'ſt the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our ſleeping Hours;
Thy Sov'reign Word reſtores the Light,
And quickens all our drowſy Pow'rs.

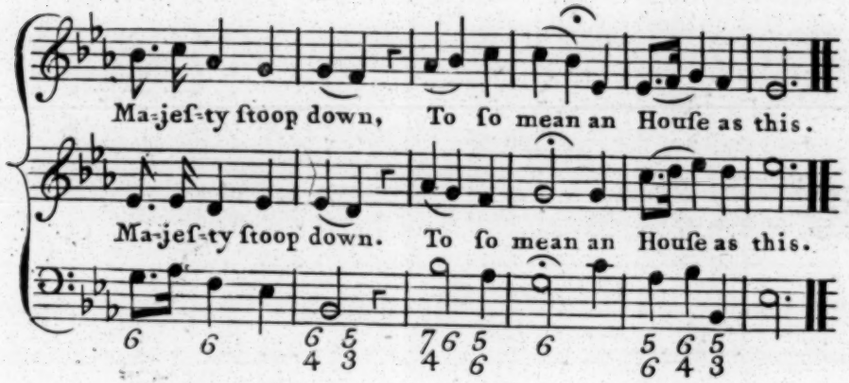
3

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
To Thee we conſecrate our Days,
Perpetual Bleſſings from thine Hand,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praiſe.

Lothbury.

Set by C. L.



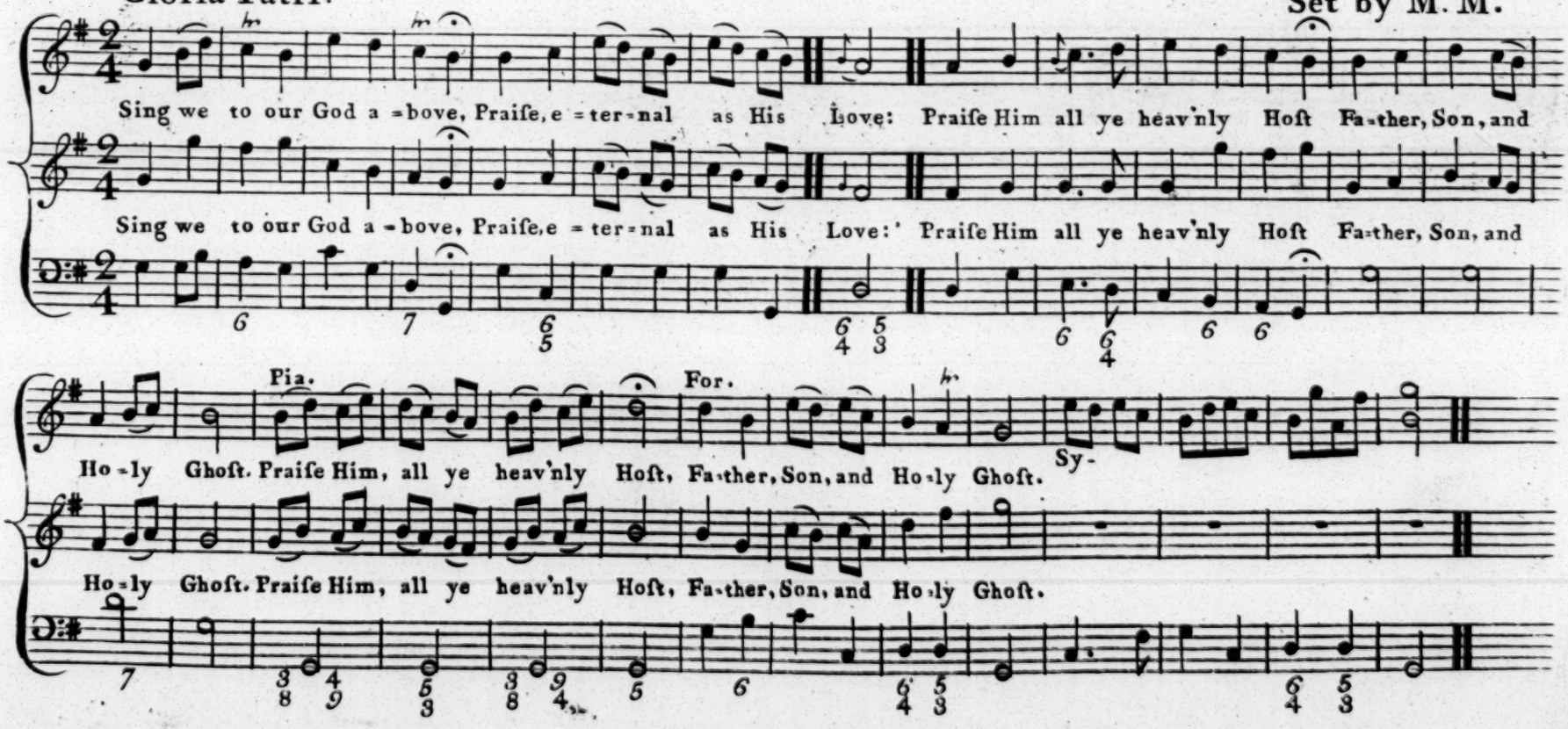


I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
Thee, my God, to entertain,
In this poor polluted Heart;
I am a frail ſinful Man.
All my Nature cries Depart.

Yet come! thou Heav'nly Gueſt,
And purify my Breaſt!
Come! thou great and glorious King,
While before thy Croſs I bow,
With Thyſelf Salvation bring,
Cleanſe the Houſe by entring now.

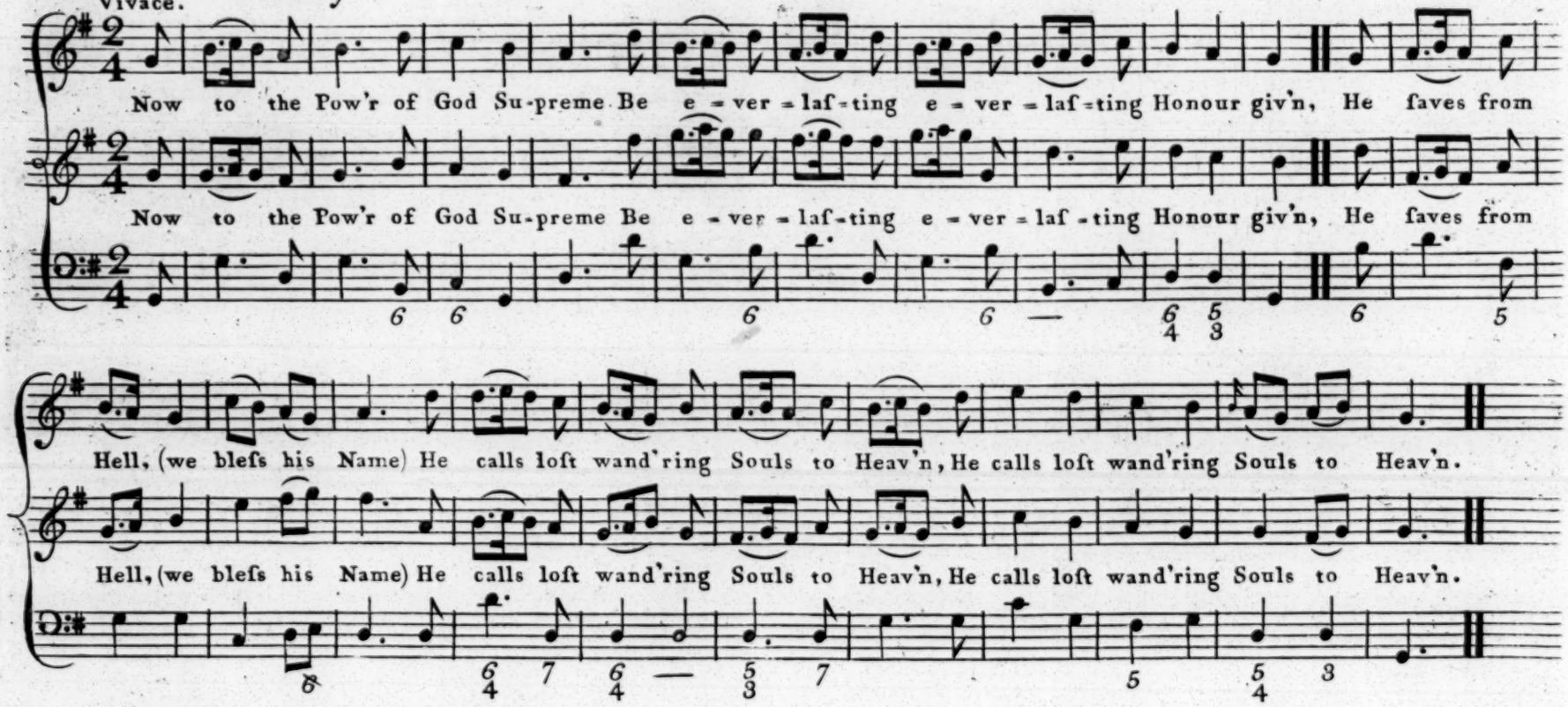
Gloria Patri.

Set by M. M.



Bredby.

Vivace.



2

Not for our Duties or Deſerts
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praiſe.

3

'Twas his own Purpoſe that begun
To reſcue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in Chriſt his Son.
Before he ſpread the ſtarry Sky.

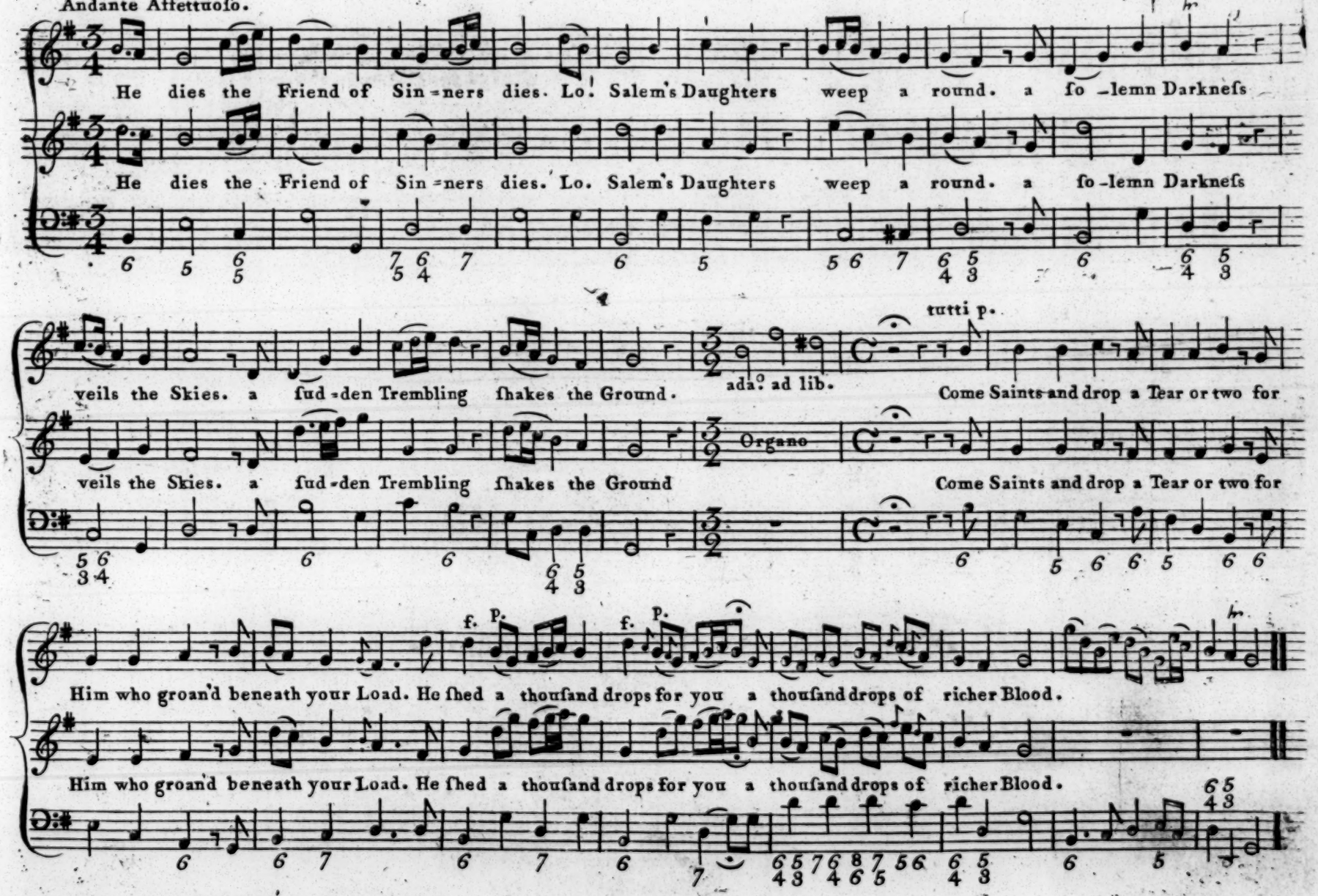
4

Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's Councils known,
Declares the great Tranſaction's paſt,
And brings immortal Bleſſings down

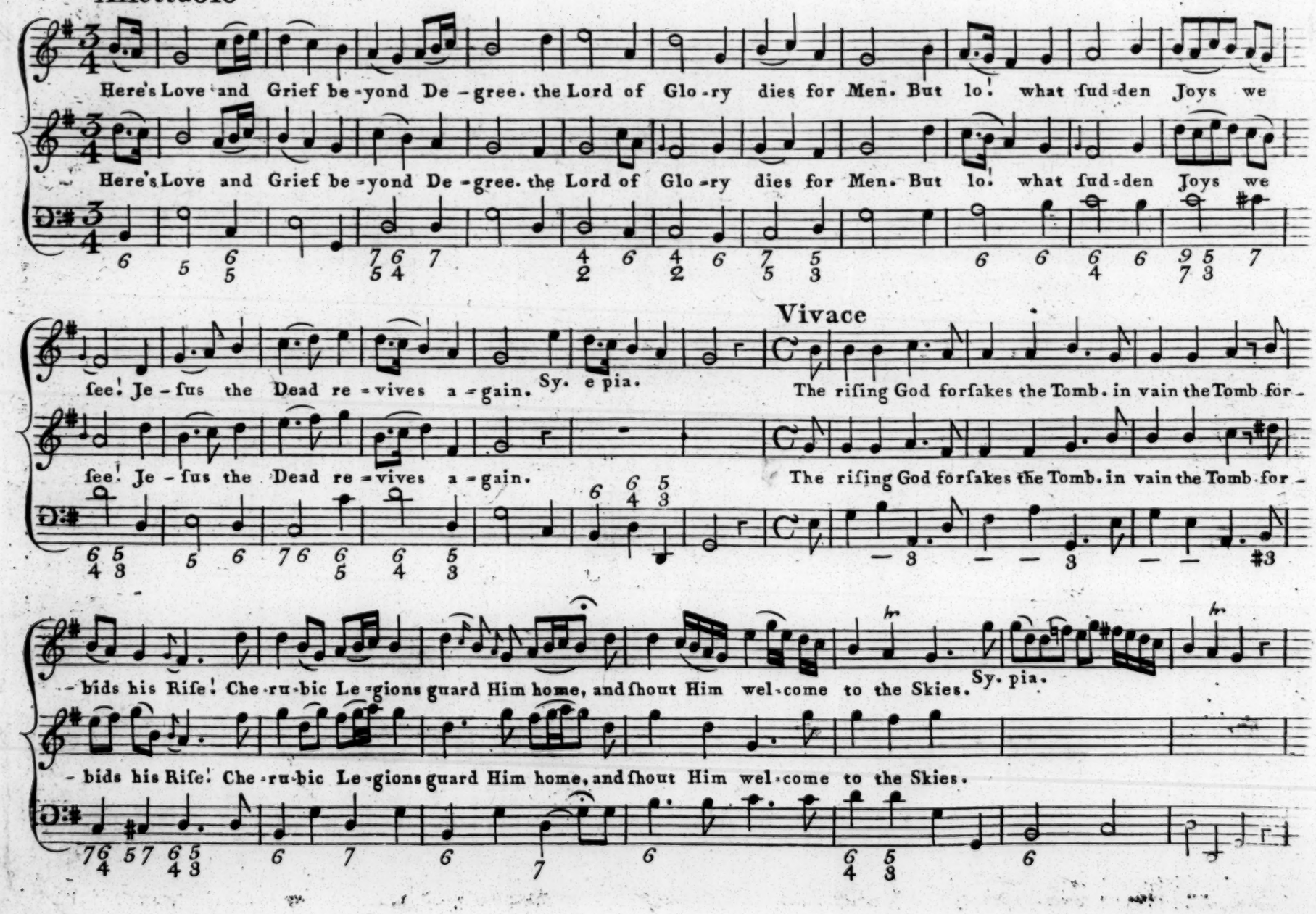
Eaſter.

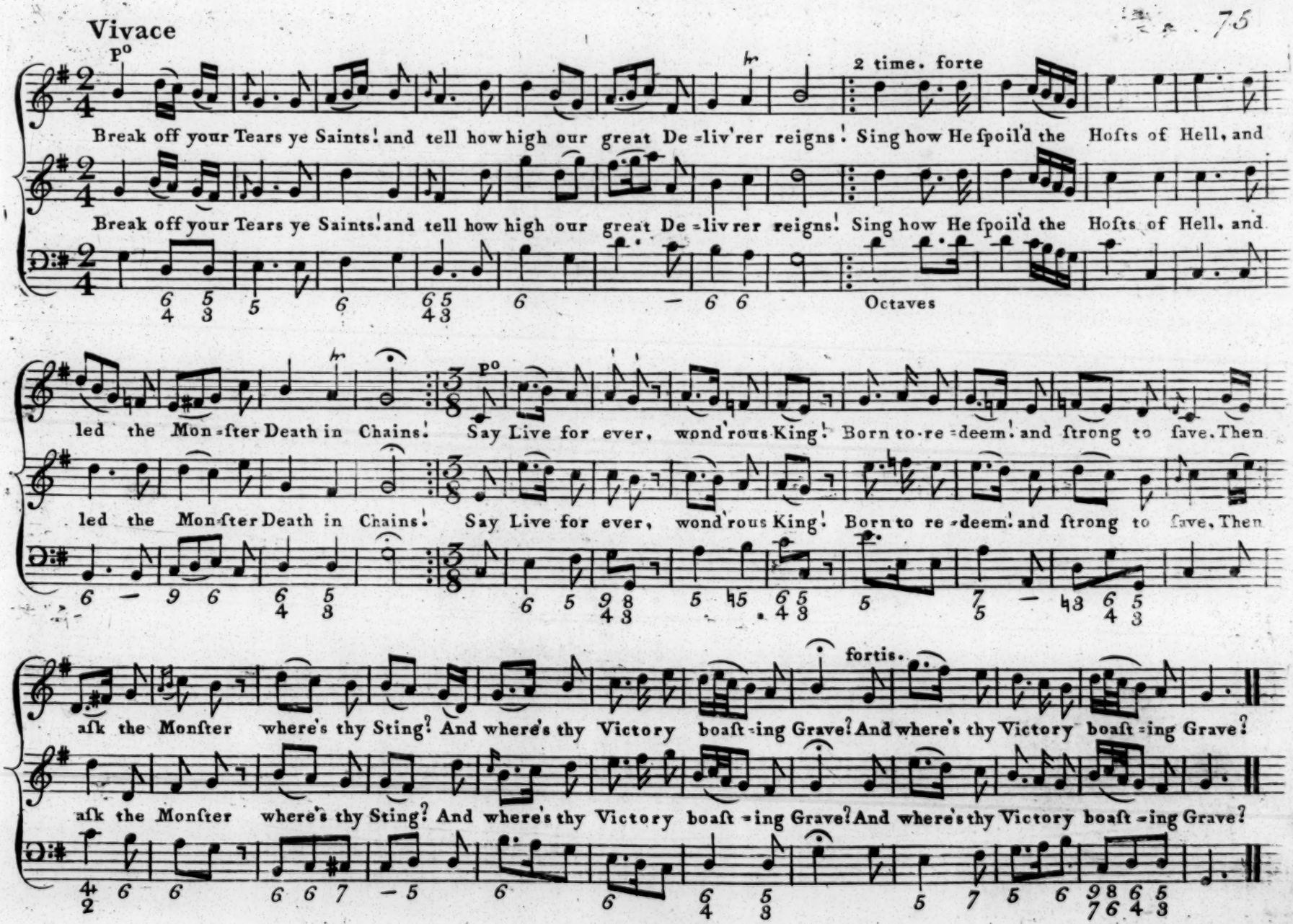
Set by M. M. 78

Andante Affettuoſo.



Affettuoso


Here's Love and Grief be-yond De-gree. the Lord of Glo-ry dies for Men. But lo! what ſud-den Joys we
Here's Love and Grief be-yond De-gree. the Lord of Glo-ry dies for Men. But lo! what ſud-den Joys we
ſee! Je-ſus the Dead re-vives a-gain.
Sy. e pia.
Vivace
The riſing God forſakes the Tomb. in vain the Tomb for-
ſee! Je-ſus the Dead re-vives a-gain.
The riſing God forſakes the Tomb. in vain the Tomb for-
-bids his Riſe! Che-ru-bic Le-gions guard Him home, and ſhout Him wel-come to the Skies.
Sy. pia.
-bids his Riſe! Che-ru-bic Le-gions guard Him home, and ſhout Him wel-come to the Skies.


Vivace
P°
2 time. forte
Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell how high our great De=liv'rer reigns! Sing how He ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell, and
Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell how high our great De=liv'rer reigns! Sing how He ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell, and
Octaves
led the Mon=ſter Death in Chains! Say Live for ever, wond'rous King! Born to re=deem! and ſtrong to ſave. Then
led the Mon=ſter Death in Chains! Say Live for ever, wond'rous King! Born to re=deem! and ſtrong to ſave. Then
fortis.
aſk the Monſter where's thy Sting? And where's thy Victory boaſt=ing Grave? And where's thy Victory boaſt=ing Grave?
aſk the Monſter where's thy Sting? And where's thy Victory boaſt=ing Grave? And where's thy Victory boaſt=ing Grave?

Roehampton.

Set by C. L.

Raiſe your triumphant Songs To an immortal Tune; Let the wide Earth re-ſound the Deeds, Ce-

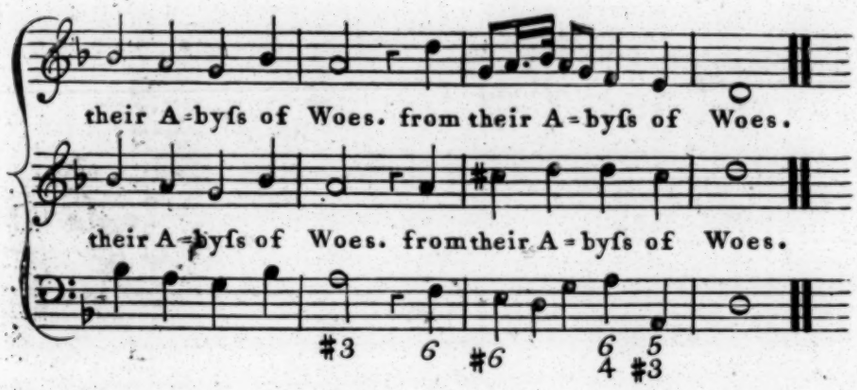
Raiſe your triumphant Songs To an immortal Tune; Let the wide Earth re-ſound the Deeds, Ce-

-leſ--tial Grace has done. Ce-leſ-tial Grace has done. Sing how e--ter-nal Love Its chief Be-lo-ved

-leſ--tial Grace has done. Ce-leſ-tial Grace has done. Sing how e--ter-nal Love Its chief Be-lo-ved

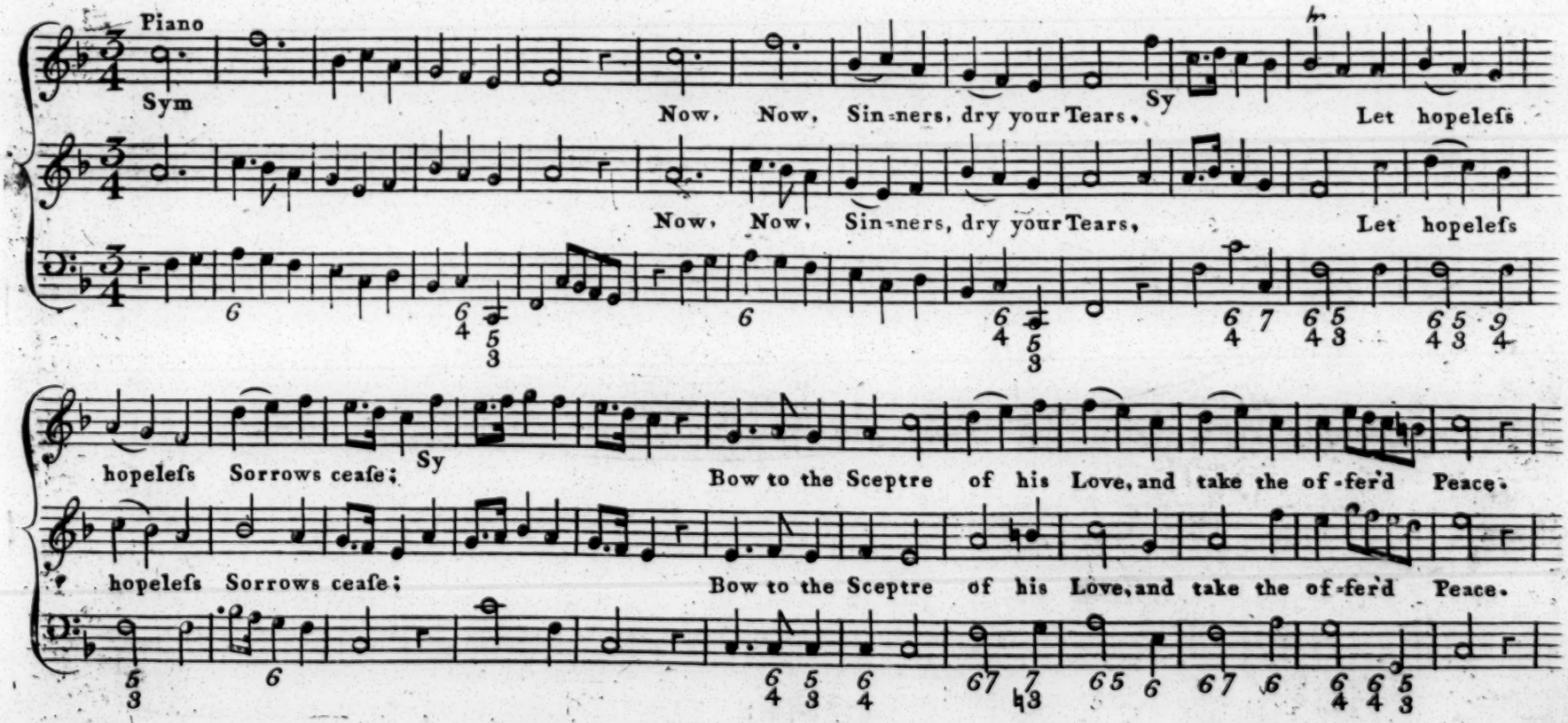
choſe, and bid Him raiſe our wretched Race from their A-byſs of Woes. and bid Him raiſe our wretched Race from

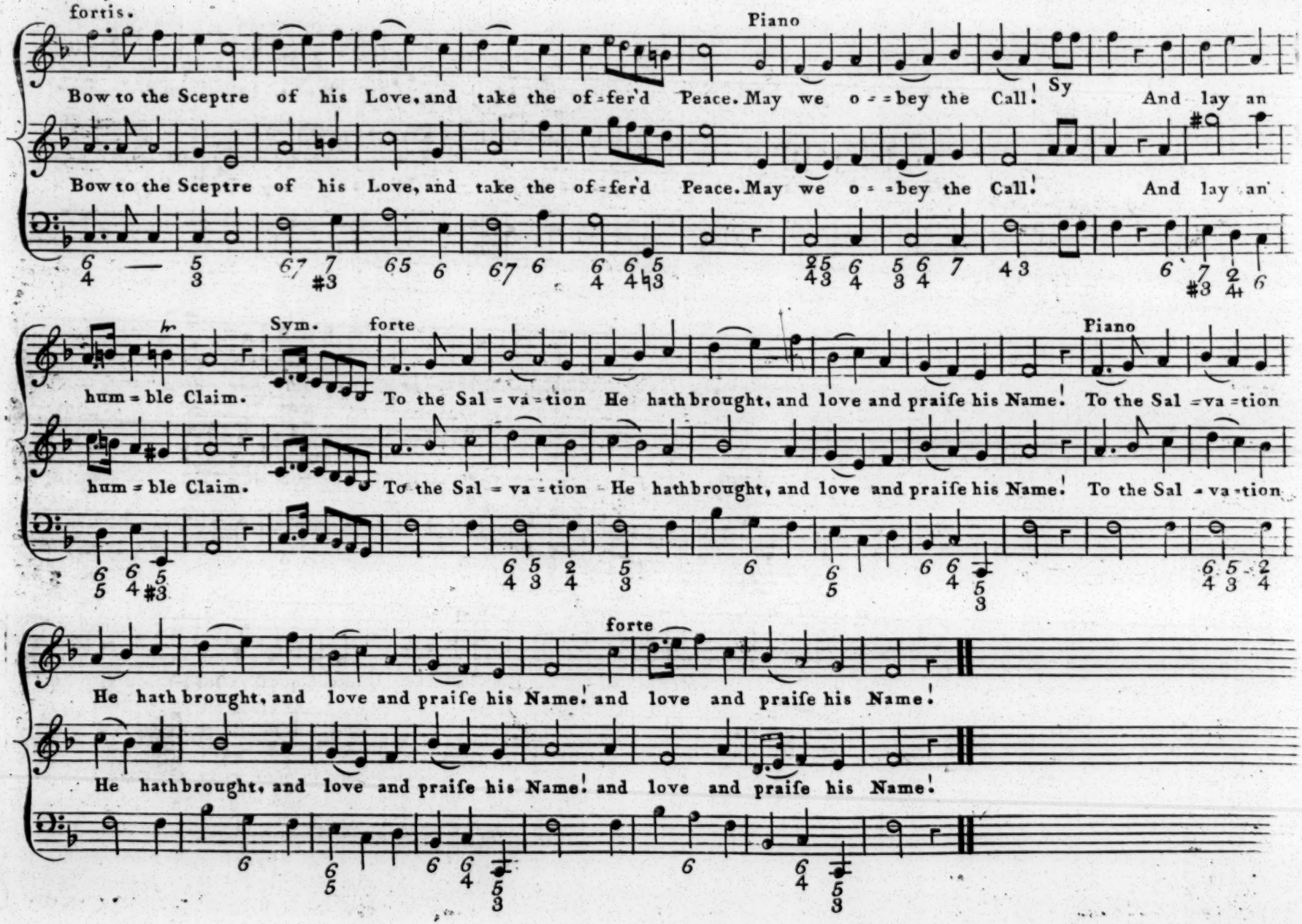
choſe, and bid Him raiſe our wretched Race from their A-byſs of Woes. and bid Him raiſe our wretched Race from



3
His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror cloaths his Brow;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

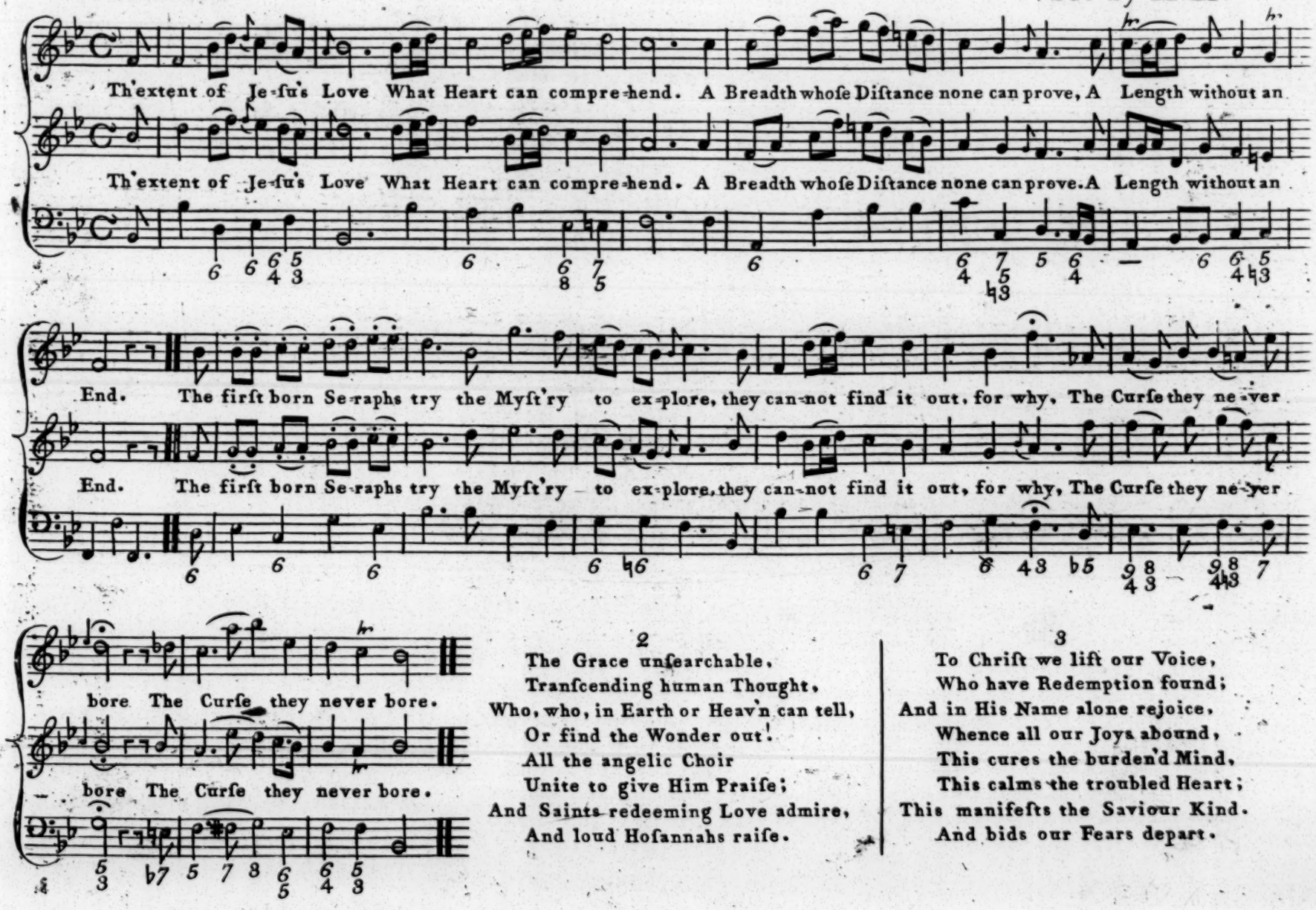
4
'Twas Mercy filld the Throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.




fortis.
Piano
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the of=fer'd Peace. May we o=bey the Call! Sy And lay an
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the of=fer'd Peace. May we o=bey the Call! And lay an
Sym. forte
Piano
hum=ble Claim. To the Sal=va=tion He hath brought, and love and praiſe his Name! To the Sal=va=tion
hum=ble Claim. To the Sal=va=tion He hath brought, and love and praiſe his Name! To the Sal=va=tion
forte
He hath brought, and love and praiſe his Name! and love and praiſe his Name!
He hath brought, and love and praiſe his Name! and love and praiſe his Name!

Colcheſter.

Set by M.M.



2

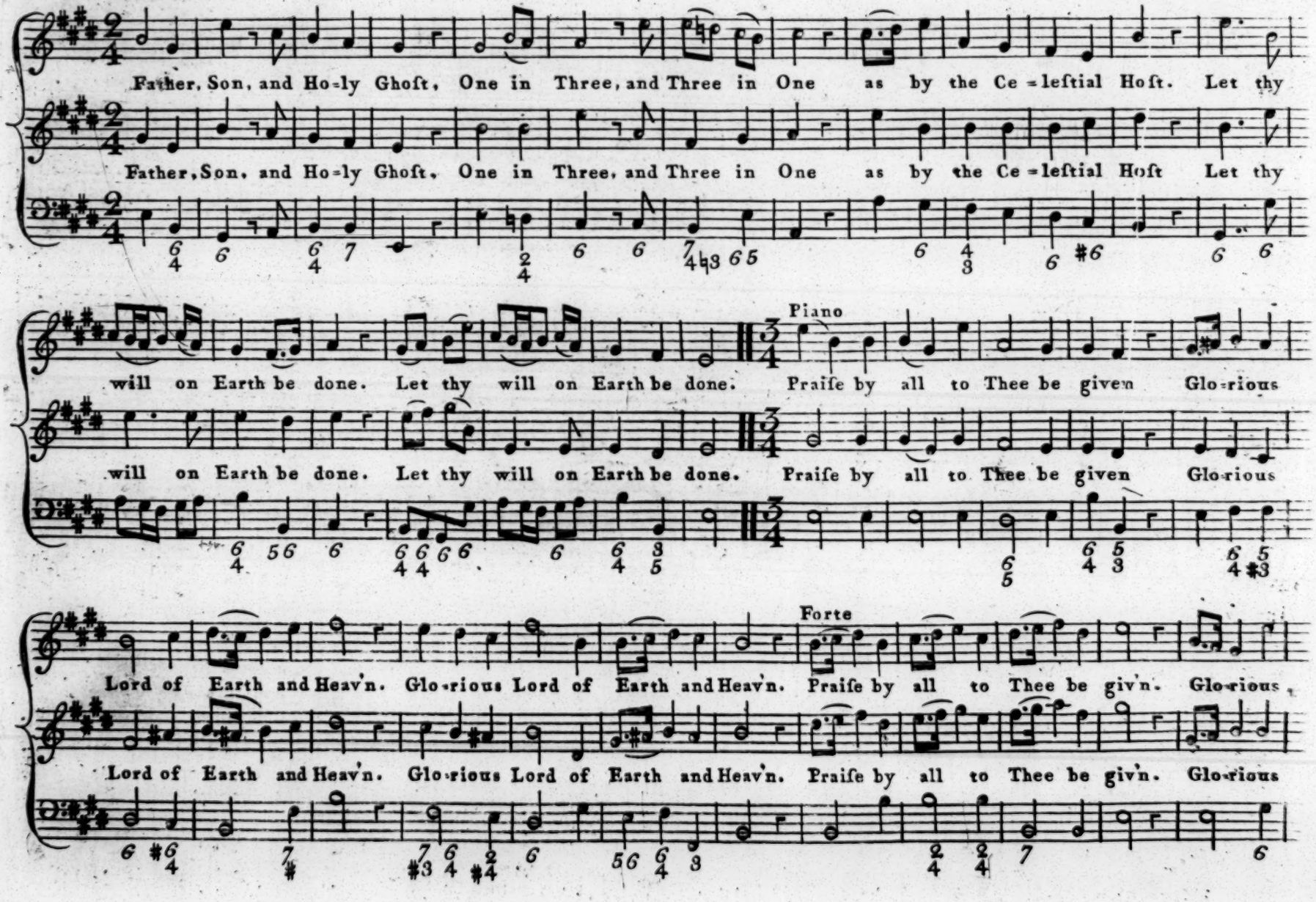
The Grace unſearchable,
Tranſcending human Thought,
Who, who, in Earth or Heav'n can tell,
Or find the Wonder out!
All the angelic Choir
Unite to give Him Praiſe;
And Saints redeeming Love admire,
And loud Hoſannahs raiſe.

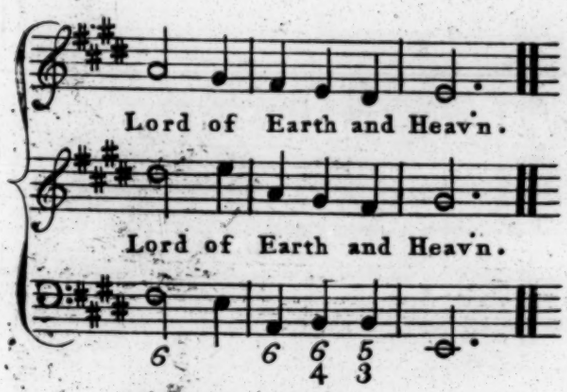
3

To Chriſt we lift our Voice,
Who have Redemption found;
And in His Name alone rejoice,
Whence all our Joys abound,
This cures the burden'd Mind,
This calms the troubled Heart;
This manifeſts the Saviour Kind.
And bids our Fears depart.

Deptford.

Set by C. L.





2

If ſo poor a Worm as I
May to thy great Glory live,
All mine Actions ſanctify,
All my Thoughts and Words receive.
Claim me for thy Service—claim
All I have, and all I am.

3

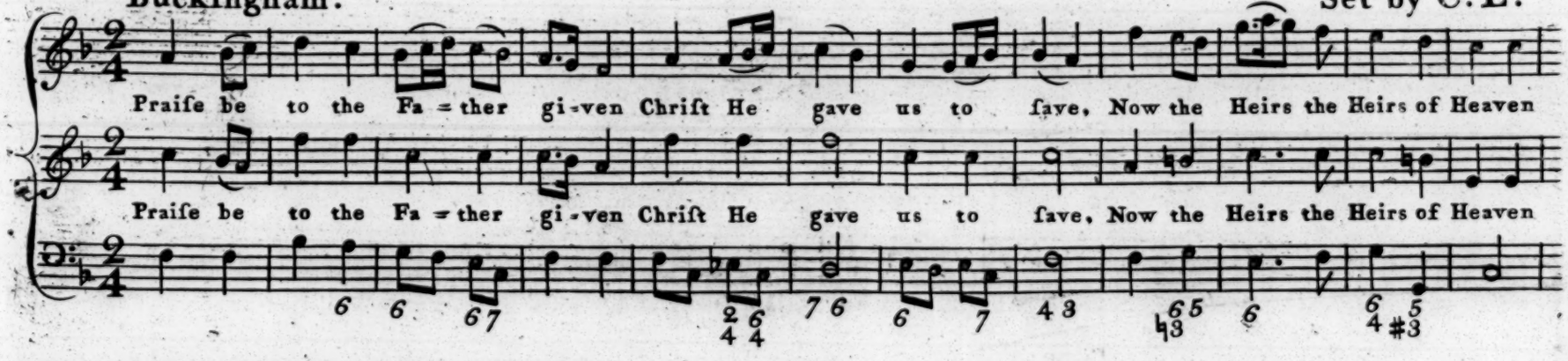
Take my Soul and Body's Pow'rs,
Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will,
All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and ſpeak, and do,
Take mine Heart—but make it new.

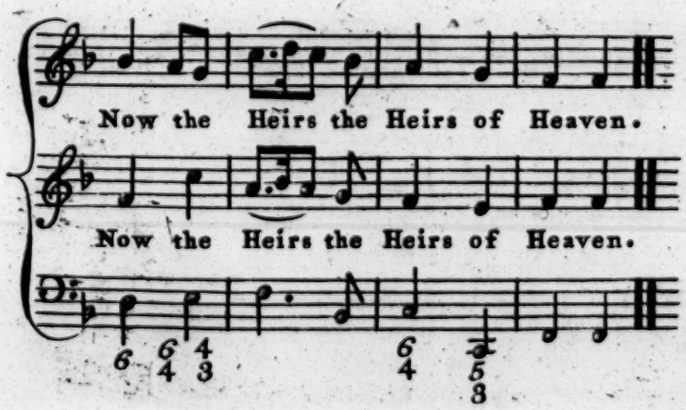
4

Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the Cœleſtial Hoſt
Let thy Will on Earth be done!
Praiſe by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav'n.

Buckingham.

Set by C. L.





2

Pay we equal Adoration
To the Son
He alone
Wrought out our Salvation.

3

Glory to th' Eternal Spirit,
Us He ſeals,
Chriſt reveals
And applies his Merit.

4

Worſhip, Honour, Thanks and Bleſſing.
One in Three,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

Clapham.

Set by C. L.

Let Earth and Heav'n a - - gree. Sy- An - gels and Men be join'd Piano Sy- To

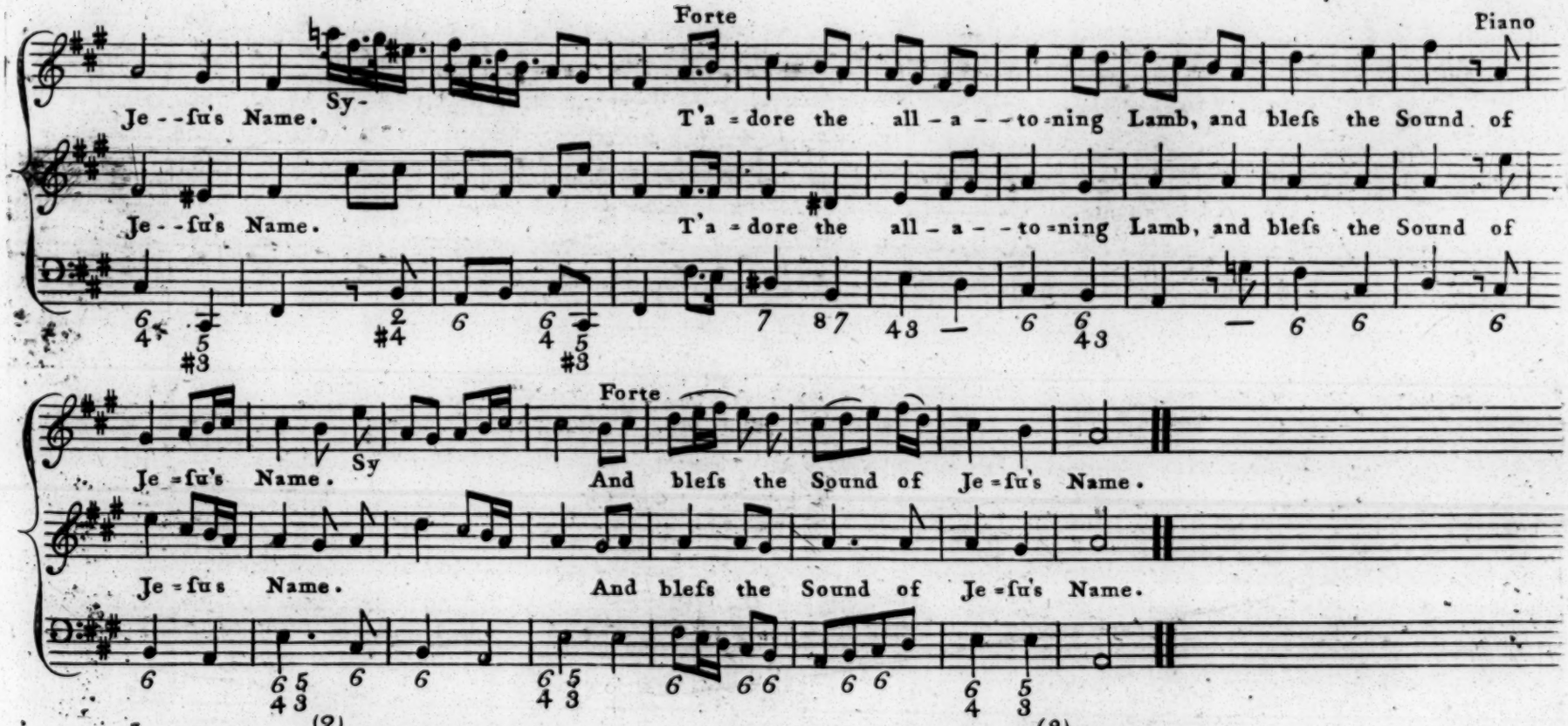
Let Earth and Heav'n a - - gree. An - gels and Men be join'd To

ce - - le - - brate with me The Sa - viour of Man - kind; Forte Sy The Sa - viour

ce - - le - - brate with me The Sa - viour of Man kind; The Sa - viour

of Man - kind. Piano Sy T'a - - dore the all a - - to - - ning Lamb, And bleſs the Sound of

of Man - kind. T'a - - dore the all a - - to - - ning Lamb, And bleſs the Sound of



(2)

Jeſus! tranſporting Sound;
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n!
No other Help is found,
No other Name is giv'n,
By which we can Salvation have —
But Jeſus came the World to ſave.

(3)

Jeſus! harmonious Name!
It charms the Hoſts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his Love!
'Tis all their Happineſs to gaze,
'Tis Heav'n to ſee, our Jeſu's Face.

4

His Name the Sinner hears,
And is from Sin ſet free;
'Tis Muſic in his Ears,
'Tis Life and Victory:
New Songs do now his Lips employ,
And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

Tadcaſter

Set by C L

Come thou Fount of e=v=ry Bleſſing, Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace.

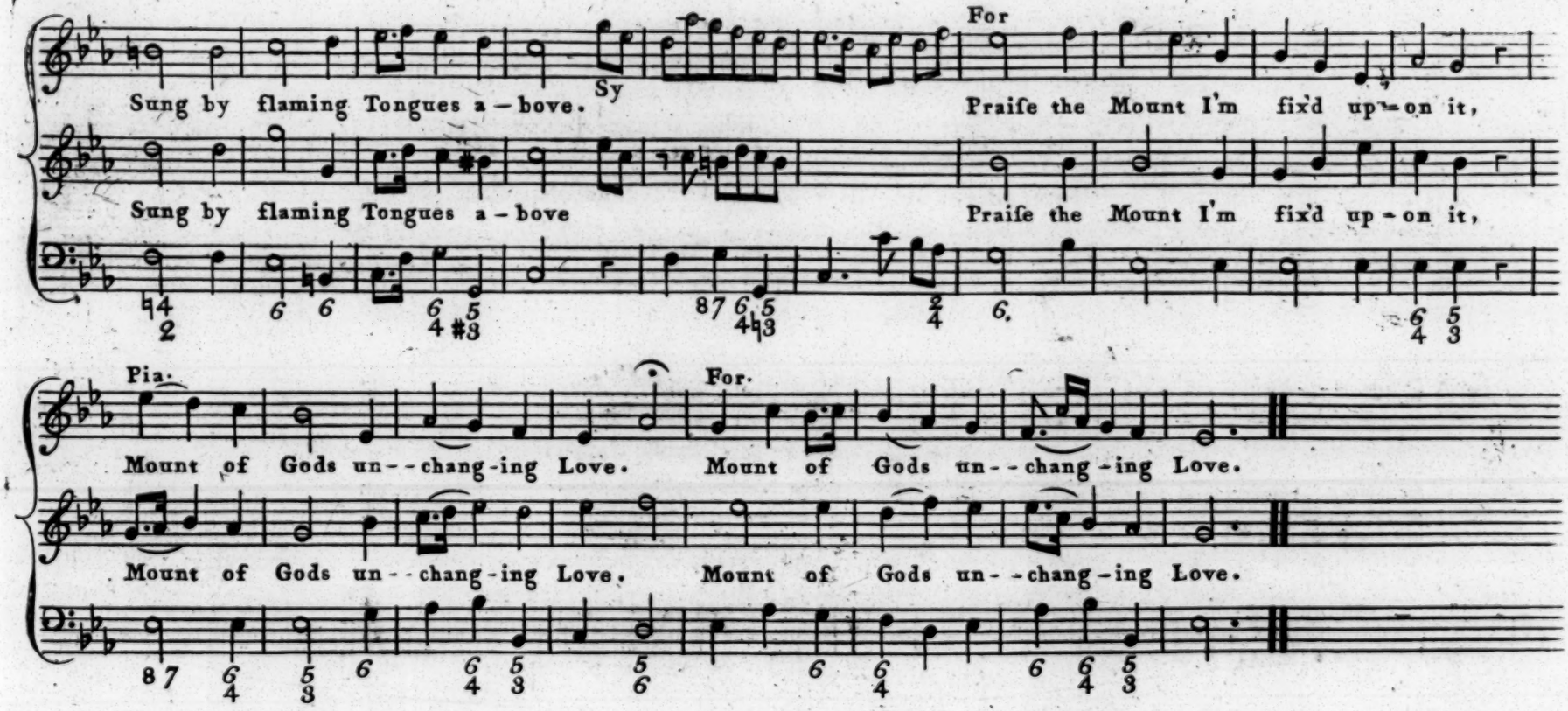
Come thou Fount of e=v=ry Bleſſing, Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace.

Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace Streams of Mer=cy ne=ver ceaſing. Call for Songs of

Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace Streams of Mer=cy ne=ver ceaſing. Call for Songs of

loud=eſt Praiſe. Call for Songs of loud--eſt Praiſe. Teach me ſome me--lo-dious Sonnet.

loud-eſt Praiſe Call for Songs of loud--eſt Praiſe. Teach me ſome me--lo-dious Sonnet.



2

Here I raiſe my Eben-ezer,
Hither by thine Help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good Pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at Home:
Jeſus ſought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God.
He, to reſcue me from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

3

O! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that Grace now, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it.
Prone to leave the God I Love –
Here's mine Heart – O take, and ſeal it!
Seal it from thy Courts above!

Harborough.

Set by C. B.

Vivace. Chorus.

Lift up your Heads in joy-ful Hope, Sa-lute the hap-py the hap-py Morn; each Heav'nly Pow'r, pro-

Lift up your Heads in joy-ful Hope, Sa--lute the hap-py the hap-py Morn; each Heav'nly Pow'r, pro-

-claims the glad Hour, Lo Je-ſus the Saviour is born! Lo Je-ſus the Sa---viour is born!

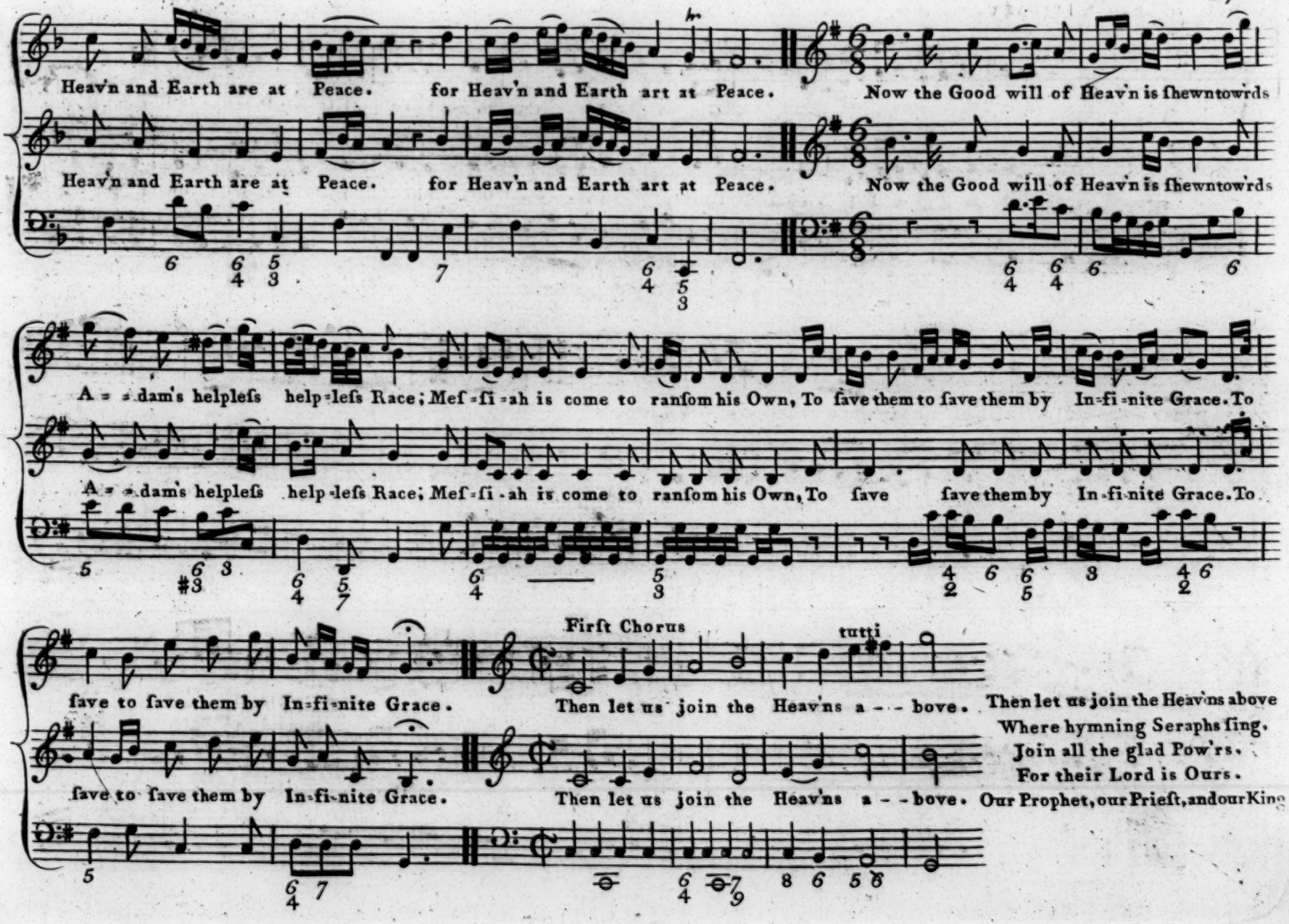
All Glory be to God on high,
To Him all Praiſe is due;
The Promiſe is ſeal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that ye Record is true

-claims the glad Hour, Lo Je-ſus the Saviour is born! Lo Je-ſus the Sa---viour is born!

Grazioſo e pia.

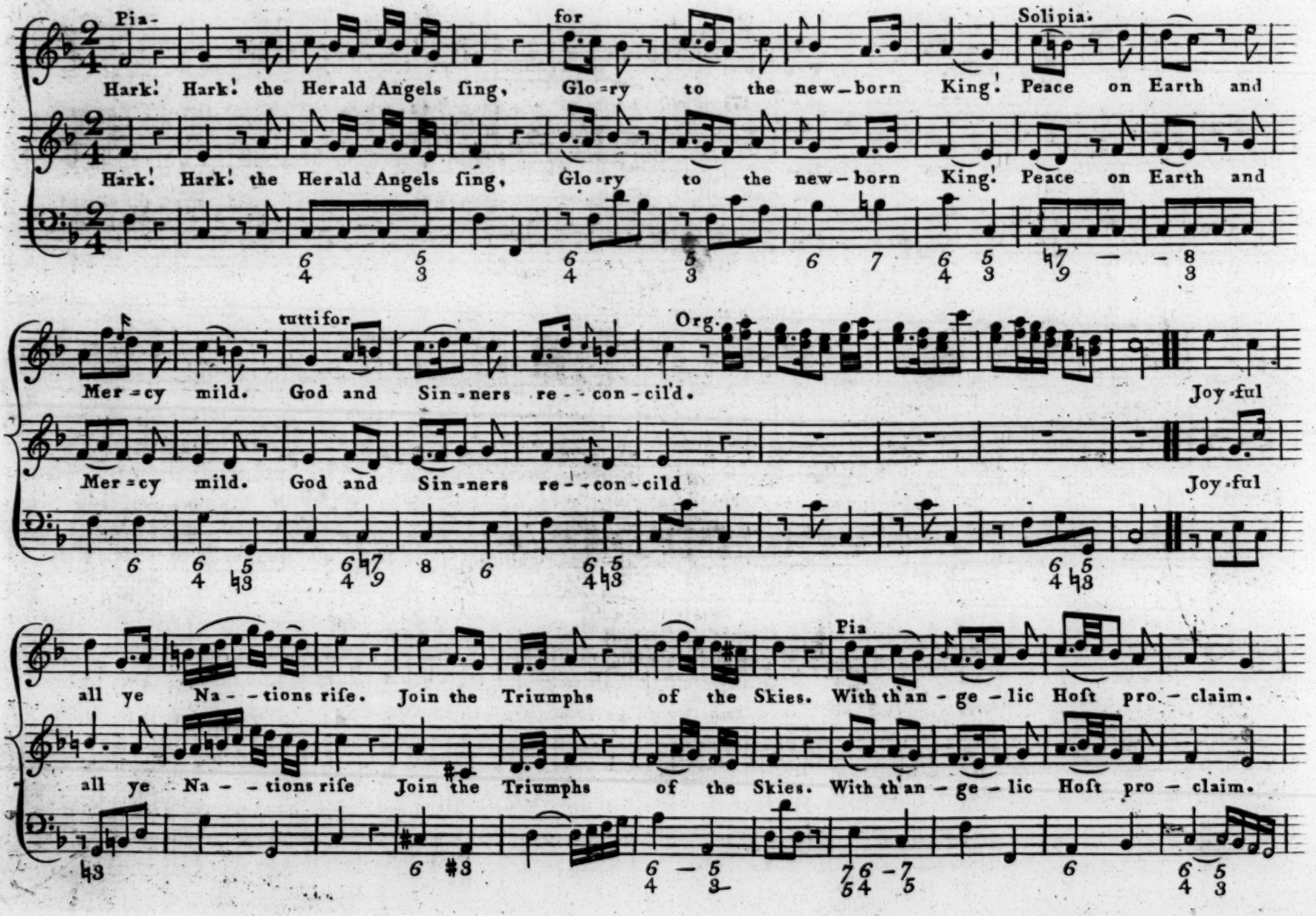
Let Joy around like Rivers flow, flow on. and ſtill in creaſe; Spread o'er the glad Earth at Je-ſus his Birth, for

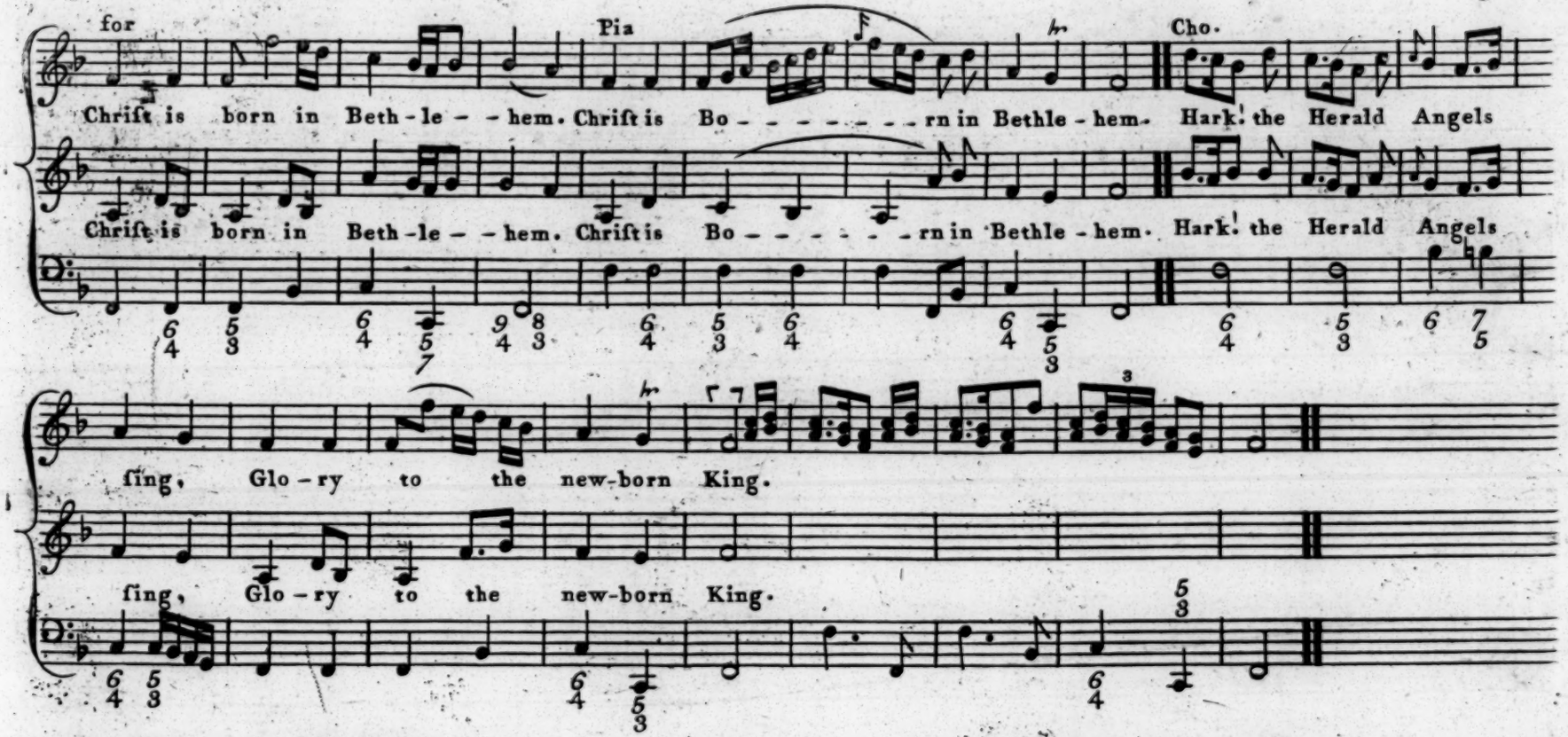
Let Joy around like Rivers flow, flow on. and ſtill in creaſe; Spread o'er the glad Earth at Je-ſus his Birth, for


Heav'n and Earth are at Peace. for Heav'n and Earth art at Peace. Now the Good will of Heav'n is ſhewntowrds
Heav'n and Earth are at Peace. for Heav'n and Earth art at Peace. Now the Good will of Heav'n is ſhewntowrds
A = = dam's helpleſs help-leſs Race; Meſ-ſi-ah is come to ranſom his Own, To ſave them to ſave them by In-fi-nite Grace. To
A = = dam's helpleſs help-leſs Race; Meſ-ſi-ah is come to ranſom his Own, To ſave ſave them by In-fi-nite Grace. To
First Chorus
tutti
ſave to ſave them by In-fi-nite Grace. Then let us join the Heav'ns a - - bove. Then let us join the Heav'ns above
Where hymning Seraphs ſing.
Join all the glad Pow'rs.
For their Lord is Ours.
ſave to ſave them by In-fi-nite Grace. Then let us join the Heav'ns a - - bove. Our Prophet, our Prieſt, and our King

The Nativity.

Set by C. B.





3

Chriſt, by higheſt Heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offſpring of a Virgins Womb.

4

Veil'd in Fleſh the Godhead ſee.
Hail th' Incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear.
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

5

Hail the Heav'n born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Light and Life to all he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

6

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them ſecond Birth.

90

Stockwell

Set by C. L.

Pia-

How glorious the Lamb is ſeen on his Throne! His Labours are o'er, His Conqueſts put on: A Kingdom is giv'n in to the Lambs

How glorious the Lamb is ſeen on his Throne! His Labours are o'er, His Conqueſts put on: A Kingdom is giv'n in to the Lambs

for

Hand, in Earth and in Heav'n, for ever to ſtand. in Earth and in Heav'n, for e-ver to ſtand.

Hand, in Earth and in Heav'n, for ever to ſtand. in Earth and in Heav'n, for e-ver to ſtand.

Ye Sinners below
Then truſt in the Lord,
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word:
Athrſt for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And Joy evermore.

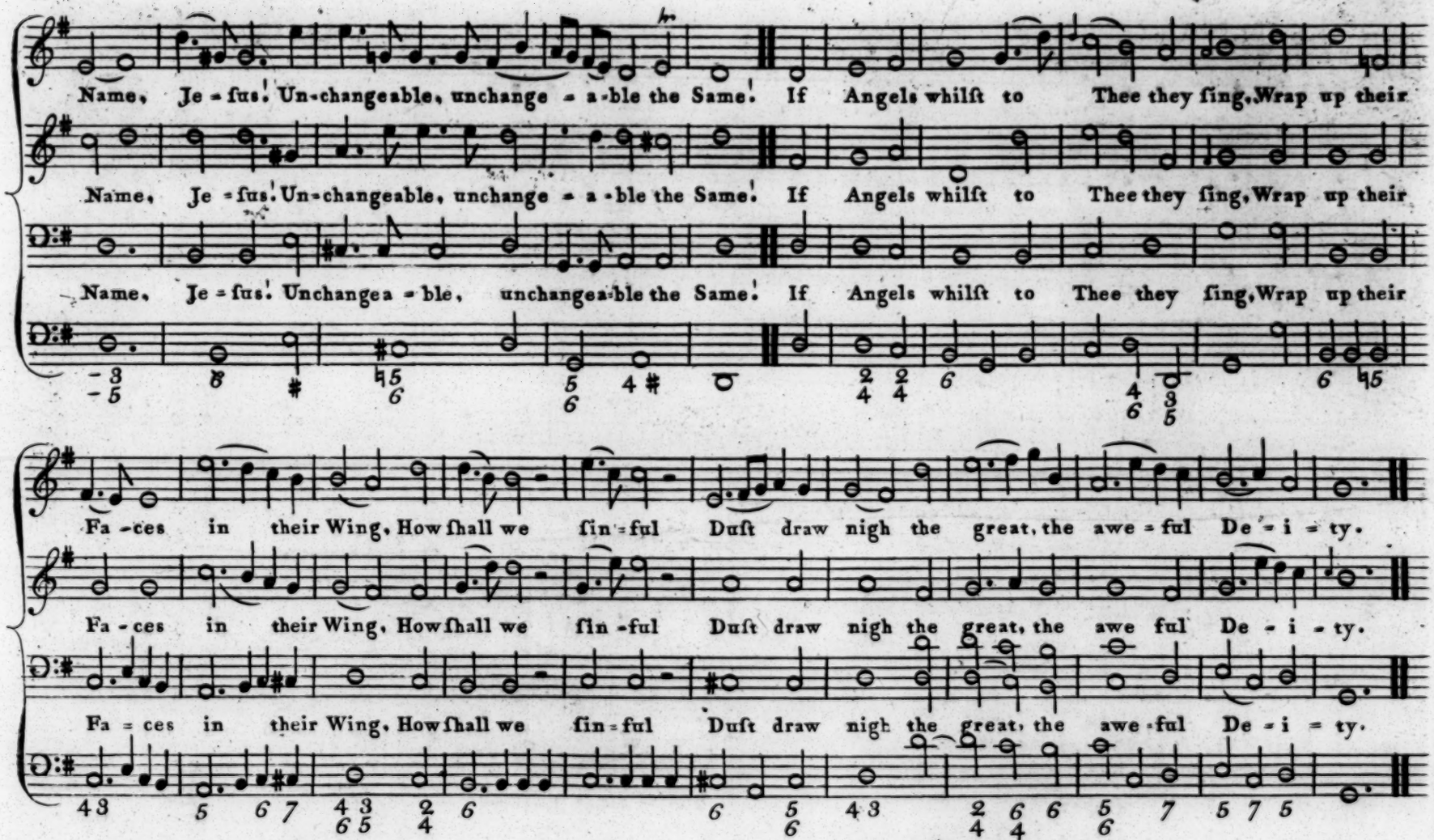
Wickham

Set by C. B.

O Thou in whom the Gen-tiles truſt, Thou on-ly holy, on - - ly juſt, Oh tune our Souls to praiſe thy

O Thou in whom the Gen - tiles truſt, Thou on-ly holy, on - - ly juſt, Oh tune our Souls to praiſe thy

O Thou in whom the Gen-tiles truſt, Thou on-ly on-ly only juſt, Oh tune our Souls to praiſe thy



(3)

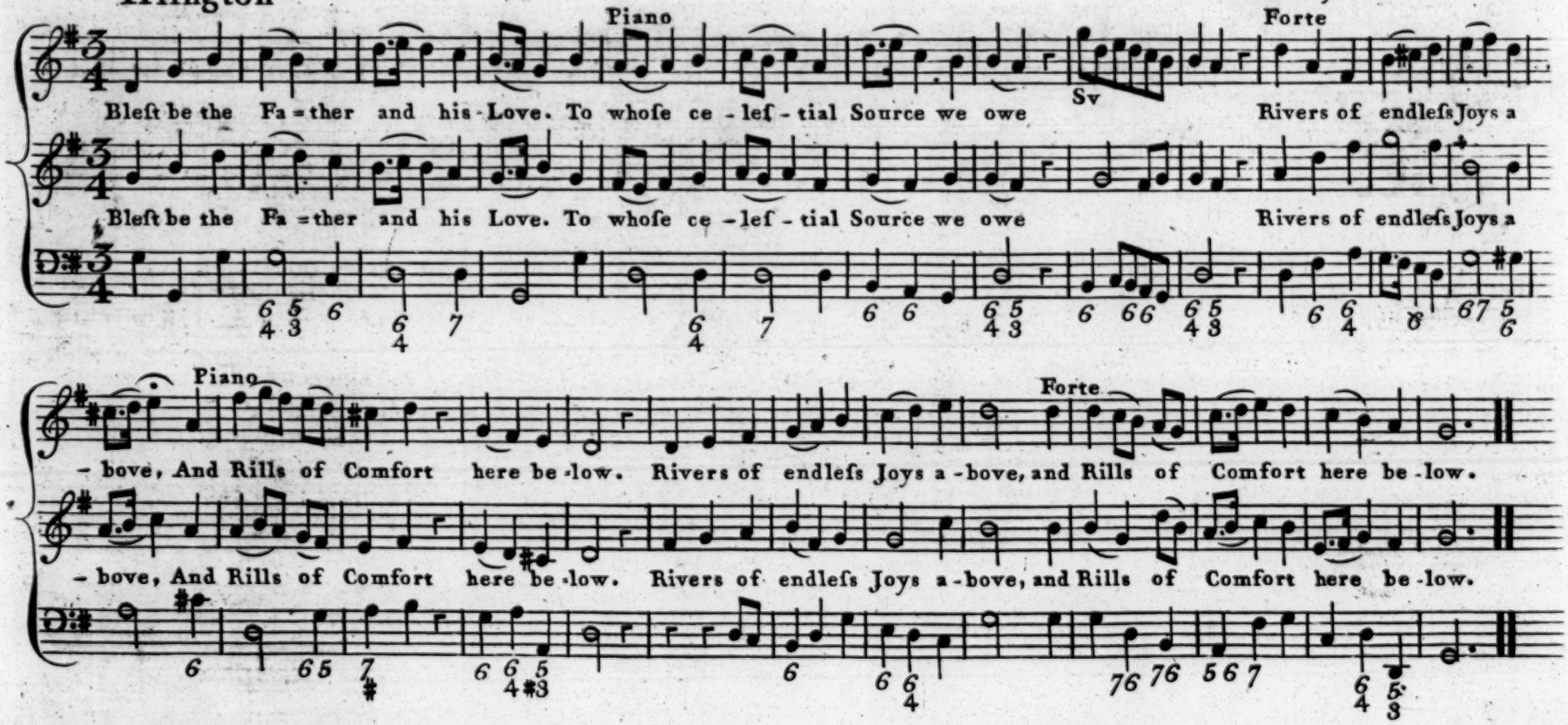
Glory to Thee, auſpicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, Thou great I am!
With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bleſs,
Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteouſneſs.

(4)

Live, ever glorious Jeſus! live,
Worthy all Bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit.
With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

Iflington

Set by C. L.



2

Glory to Thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls.
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

(3)

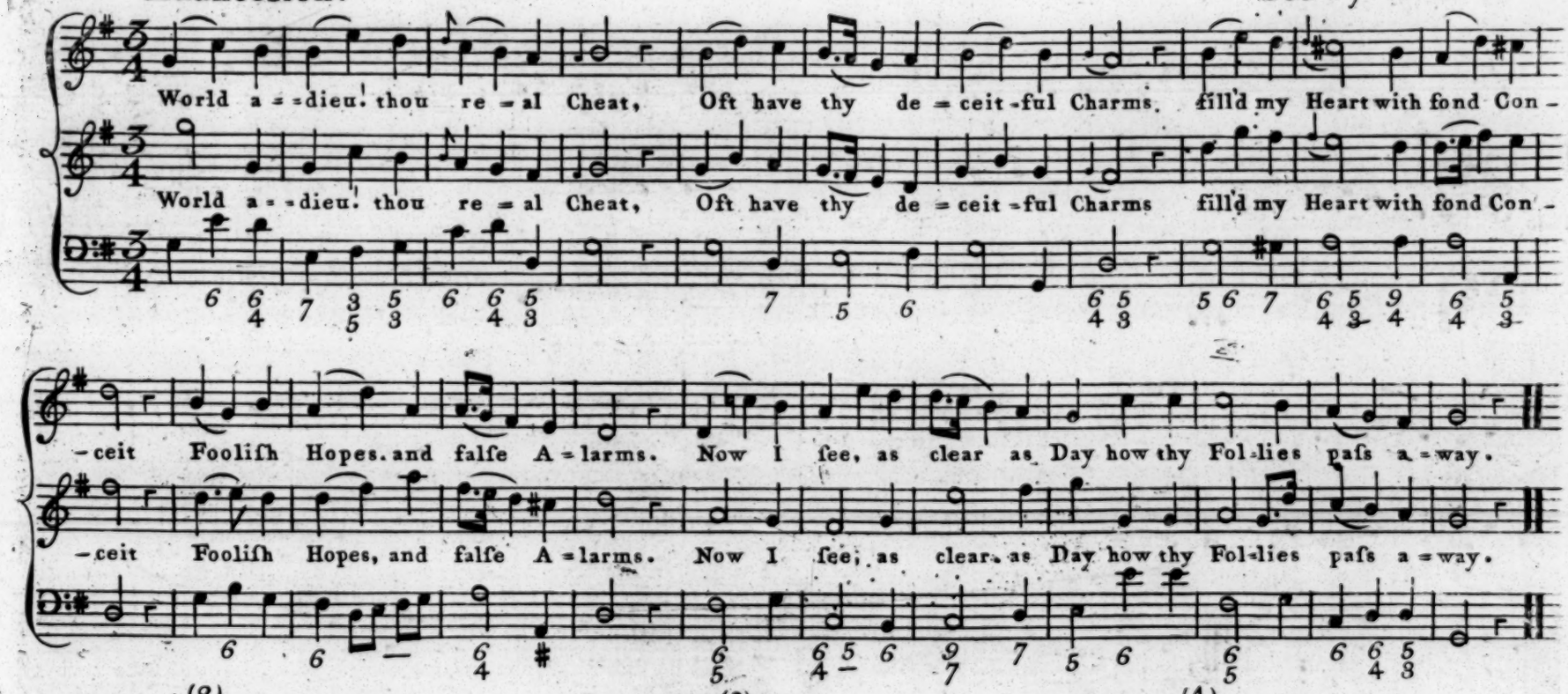
We give the Sacred Spirit Praiſe,
Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace ariſe.
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

(4)

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

Launceſton.

Set by W. I.



(2)

Vain thy entertaining Sights,
Falſe thy Promiſes renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights,
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit, for Heav'n above,
Object of the nobleſt Love.

(3)

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
Thy own nice, uncertain Guſt,
If the leaſt Miſchance betide
Lays thee lower than the Duſt:
Wordly Honours end in Gall,
Riſe To-day - To-morow fall.

(4)

Fooliſh Vanity — Farewel —
More inconſtant than the Wave,
Where thy ſoothing Fancies dwell,
Pureſt Tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jeſus Chriſt ſhall ſet me free.

(5)

Let not, Lord! my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys,
Since, in Thee alone, I find
Solid and ſubſtantial Joys:
Joys that never overpaſt,
Thro' Eternity ſhall laſt.

(6)

Lord! how happy is a Heart
After Thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou ſhalt anſwer its Deſires:
It ſhall ſee the glorious Scene
Of thine everlaſting Reign.

Denmark.

Set by M. M.

Andante Maeſtoſo

Before Jehovah's awfull Throne, Ye Nations bow with ſacred Joy; Know that the Lord is God a – lone. He can cre–ate, and he deſtroy.

Before Jehovah's awfull Throne, Ye Nations bow with ſacred Joy; Know that the Lord is God a – lone. He can cre–ate, and he deſtroy.

Pia

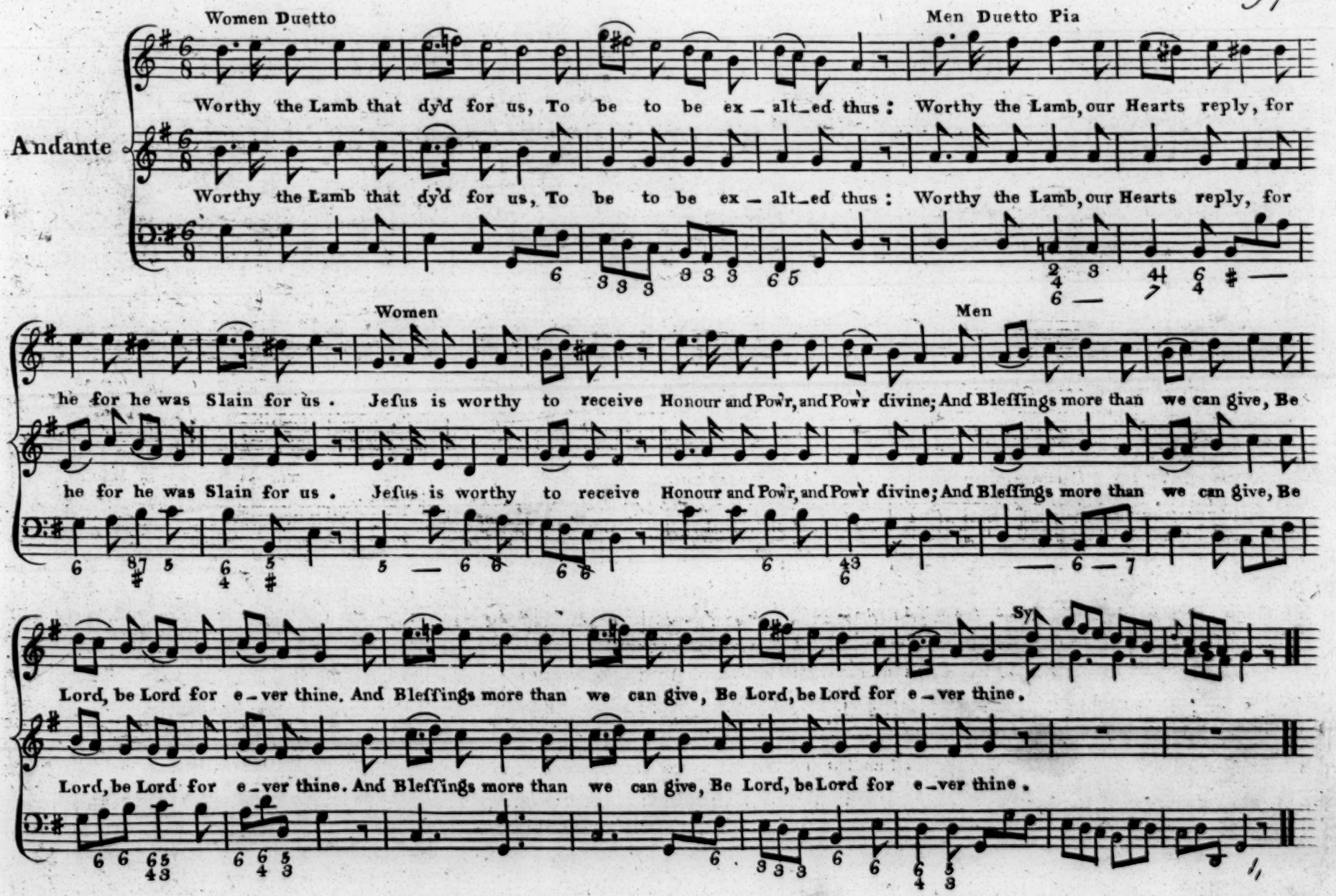
He can cre–ate, and he deſtroy. His ſovreign Powr, without our aid, Made us of Clay and formd us Men; And when like wandring Sheep we ſtrayd, He

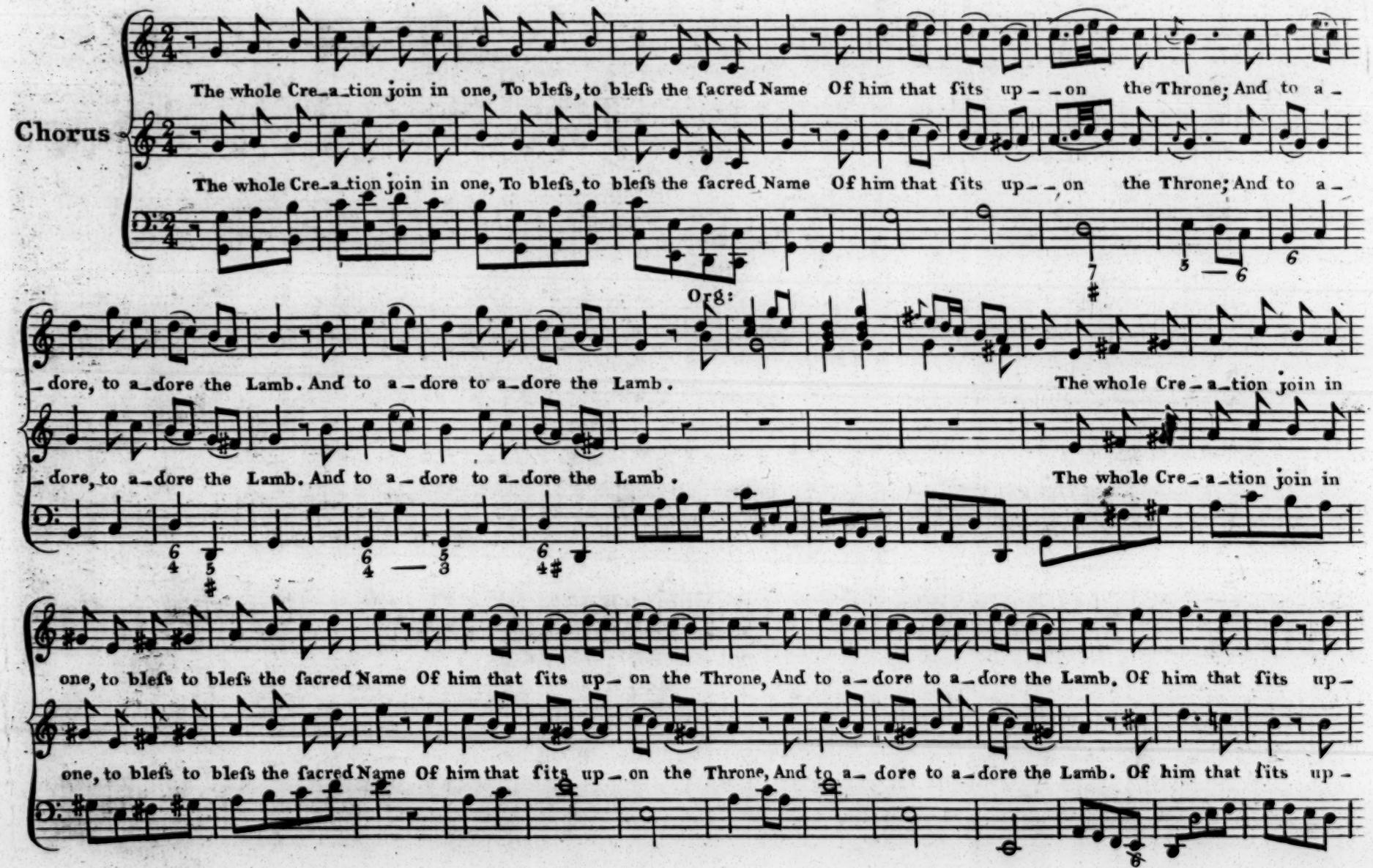
He can cre–ate, and he deſtroy. His ſovreign Powr, without our aid, Made us of Clay and formd us Men; And when like wandring Sheep we ſtrayd, He

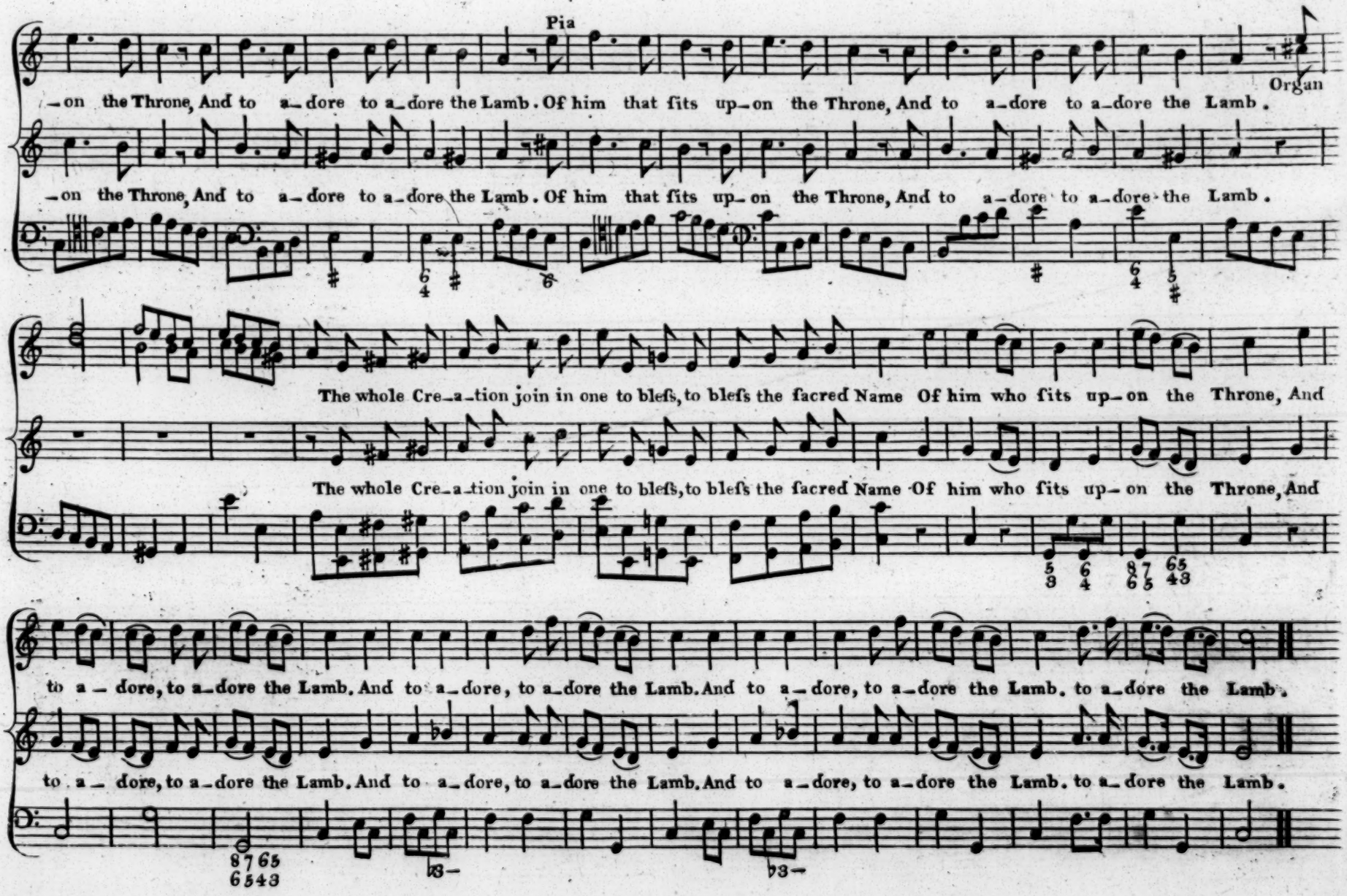
For. Pia

brought us to his fold a–gain. He brought us to his fold a–gain. Well crowd thy Gates with thank – – ful Songs, High as the Heavns our

brought us to his fold a–gain. He brought us to his fold a–gain. Well crowd thy Gates with thank – – ful Songs, High as the Heavns our

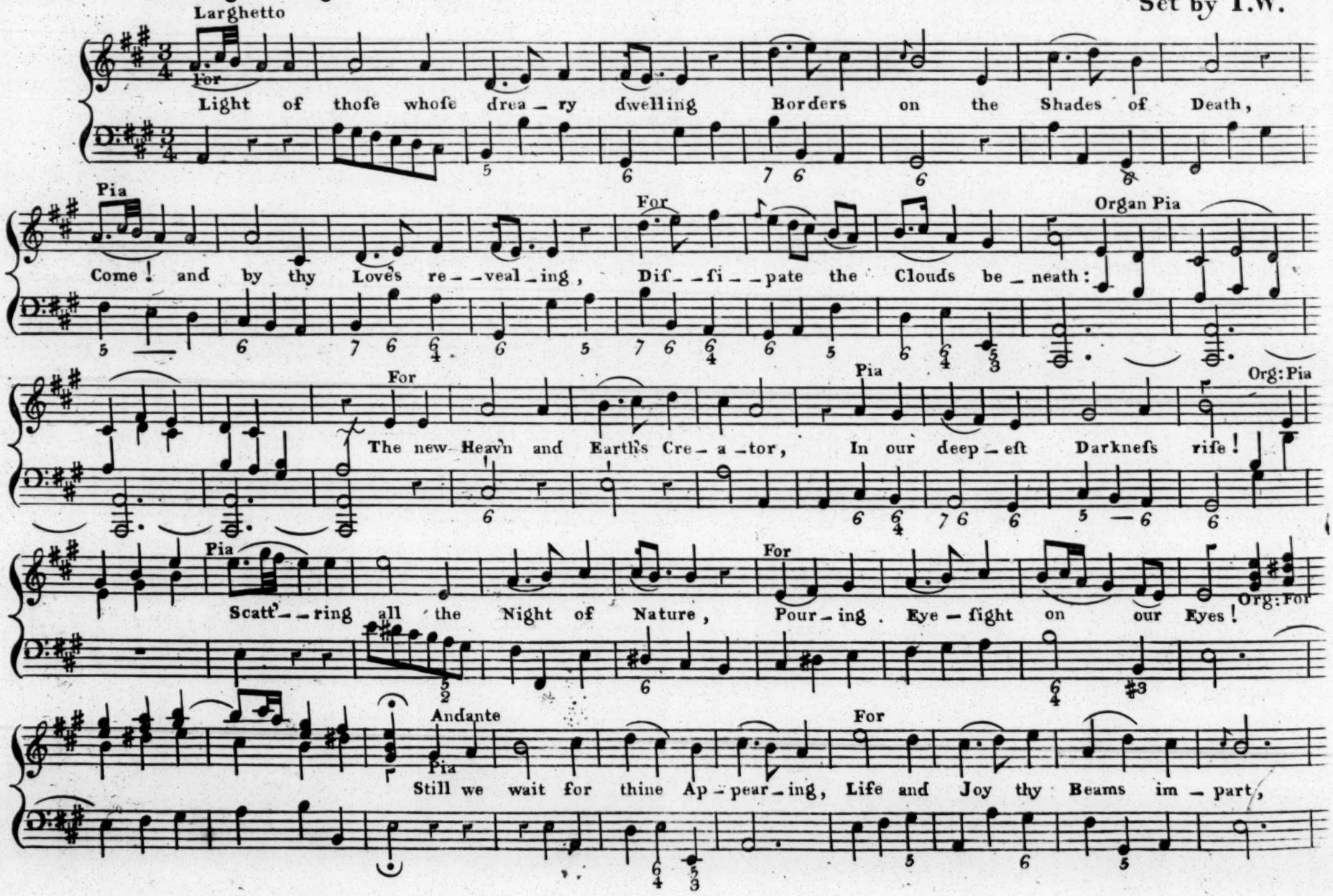

Women Duetto
Men Duetto Pia
Andante
Worthy the Lamb that dy'd for us, To be to be ex – alt–ed thus: Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply, for
Worthy the Lamb that dy'd for us, To be to be ex – alt–ed thus: Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply, for
Women
Men
he for he was Slain for us. Jesus is worthy to receive Honour and Pow'r, and Pow'r divine; And Blessings more than we can give, Be
he for he was Slain for us. Jesus is worthy to receive Honour and Pow'r, and Pow'r divine; And Blessings more than we can give, Be
Sy
Lord, be Lord for e–ver thine. And Blessings more than we can give, Be Lord, be Lord for e–ver thine.
Lord, be Lord for e–ver thine. And Blessings more than we can give, Be Lord, be Lord for e–ver thine.

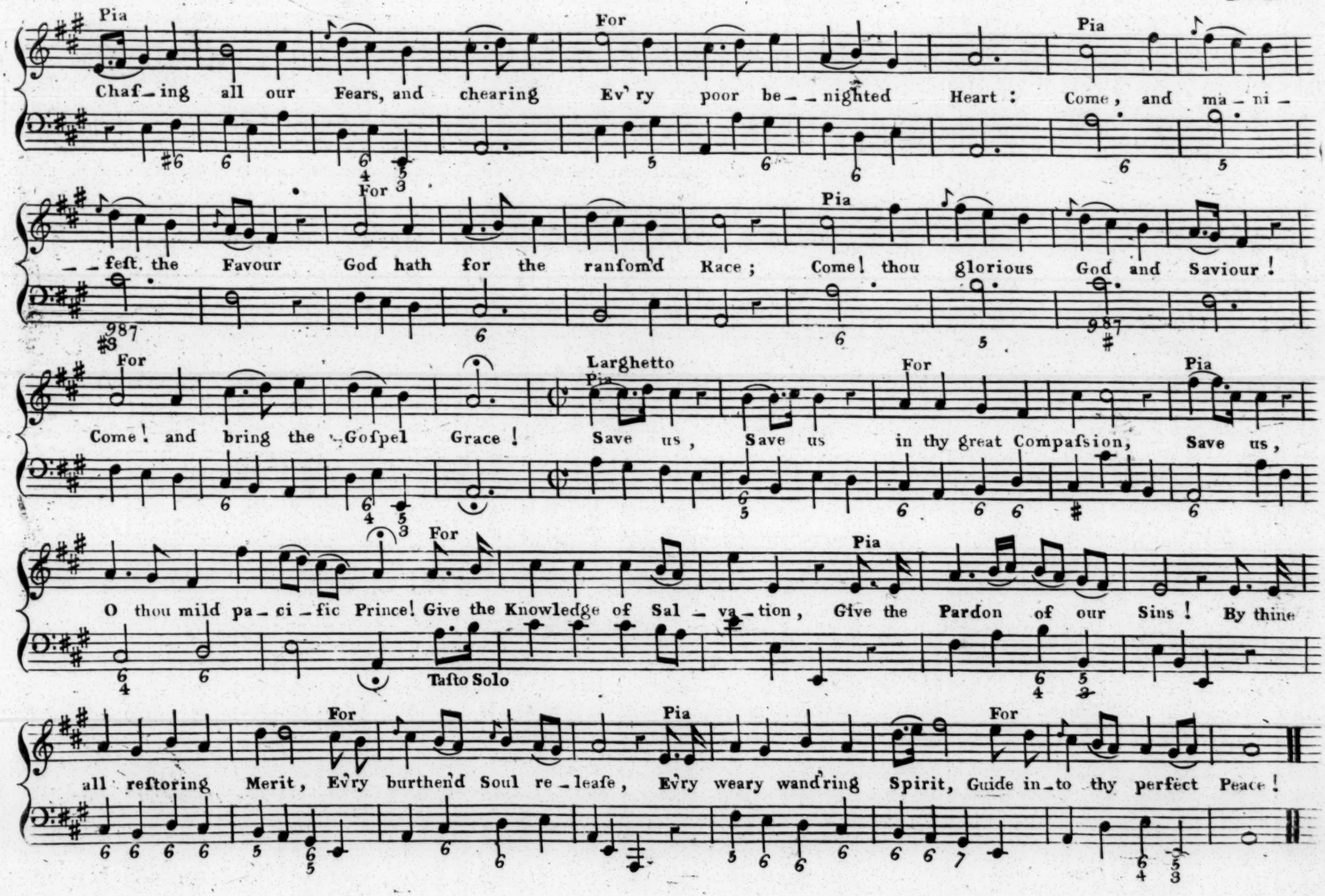

Chorus
The whole Cre_a_tion join in one, To bleſs, to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him that ſits up_ _on the Throne; And to a_
The whole Cre_a_tion join in one, To bleſs, to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him that ſits up_ _on the Throne; And to a_
Org:
_dore, to a_dore the Lamb. And to a_dore to a_dore the Lamb.
The whole Cre_a_tion join in
_dore, to a_dore the Lamb. And to a_dore to a_dore the Lamb.
The whole Cre_a_tion join in
one, to bleſs to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him that ſits up_on the Throne, And to a_dore to a_dore the Lamb. Of him that ſits up_
one, to bleſs to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him that ſits up_on the Throne, And to a_dore to a_dore the Lamb. Of him that ſits up_


Pia
Organ
-on the Throne, And to a-dore to a-dore the Lamb. Of him that ſits up-on the Throne, And to a-dore to a-dore the Lamb.
-on the Throne, And to a-dore to a-dore the Lamb. Of him that ſits up-on the Throne, And to a-dore to a-dore the Lamb.
The whole Cre-a-tion join in one to bleſs, to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him who ſits up-on the Throne, And
The whole Cre-a-tion join in one to bleſs, to bleſs the ſacred Name Of him who ſits up-on the Throne, And
to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. And to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. And to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. to a-dore the Lamb.
to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. And to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. And to a-dore, to a-dore the Lamb. to a-dore the Lamb.

Wellingborough

Set by I.W.




Pia
For
Pia
Chaf_ing all our Fears, and chearing Ev'ry poor be__nighted Heart : Come, and ma_ni_
For
Pia
__feſt the Favour God hath for the ranſom'd Race ; Come! thou glorious God and Saviour !
For
Larghetto
Pia
For
Pia
Come! and bring the Goſpel Grace ! Save us, Save us in thy great Compaſsion, Save us,
For
Pia
O thou mild pa_ci_fic Prince! Give the Knowledge of Sal_va_tion, Give the Pardon of our Sins ! By thine
Taſto Solo
For
Pia
For
all reſtoring Merit, Ev'ry burthen'd Soul re_leaſe, Ev'ry weary wand'ring Spirit, Guide in_to thy perfect Peace !

Greenwich .

Set by M.M.

Andante

2° Volta For

Plung'd in a gulph of dark deſpair We wretched, wretched Sin – ners lay, With – out one chearful

Plung'd in a gulph of dark deſpair We wretched, wretched Sin–ners lay, With – out one chear–ful

Pia.

Beam of hope, Or Spark of glimm'ring Day. With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace Be–held our

Beam of hope, Or Spark of glimm'ring Day. With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace Be–held our

helpleſs, help – leſs Grief; He ſaw, and O a – mazing Love! He came, he came to our re–lief. Down from the

helpleſs, help – leſs Grief; He ſaw, and O a – mazing Love! He came, he came to our re–lief. Down from the

ſhining Seats a - - bove, With joyful, joy - ful haſte he fled, Enter'd the Grave in mor-tal Fleſh, And dwelt, and

ſhining Seats a - - bove, With joyful, joy - ful haſte he fled, Enter'd the Grave in mor-tal Fleſh, And dwelt, and

Chorus. Vivace

dwelt, and dwelt among the Dead. Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their laſting Silence

dwelt, and dwelt among the Dead. Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their laſting Silence

Andante

break, Their laſting Silence break, their Silence break, And all Harmonious hu - man Tongues, The Sa - viour's Praiſes ſpeak.

break, Their laſting Silence break, their Silence break, And all Harmonious hu - man Tongues, The Sa - viour's Praiſes ſpeak.

Chorus

Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their lasting Silence break, Their lasting Silence break, their Silence break.

Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their lasting Silence break, Their lasting Silence break, their Silence break.

Pia Org: For

Angels af_sist our migh_ty Joys, Strike all your Harps, your Harps of Gold; But when you raise your high_est

Angels af_sist our migh_ty Joys, Strike all your Harps, your Harps of Gold; But when you raise your high_est

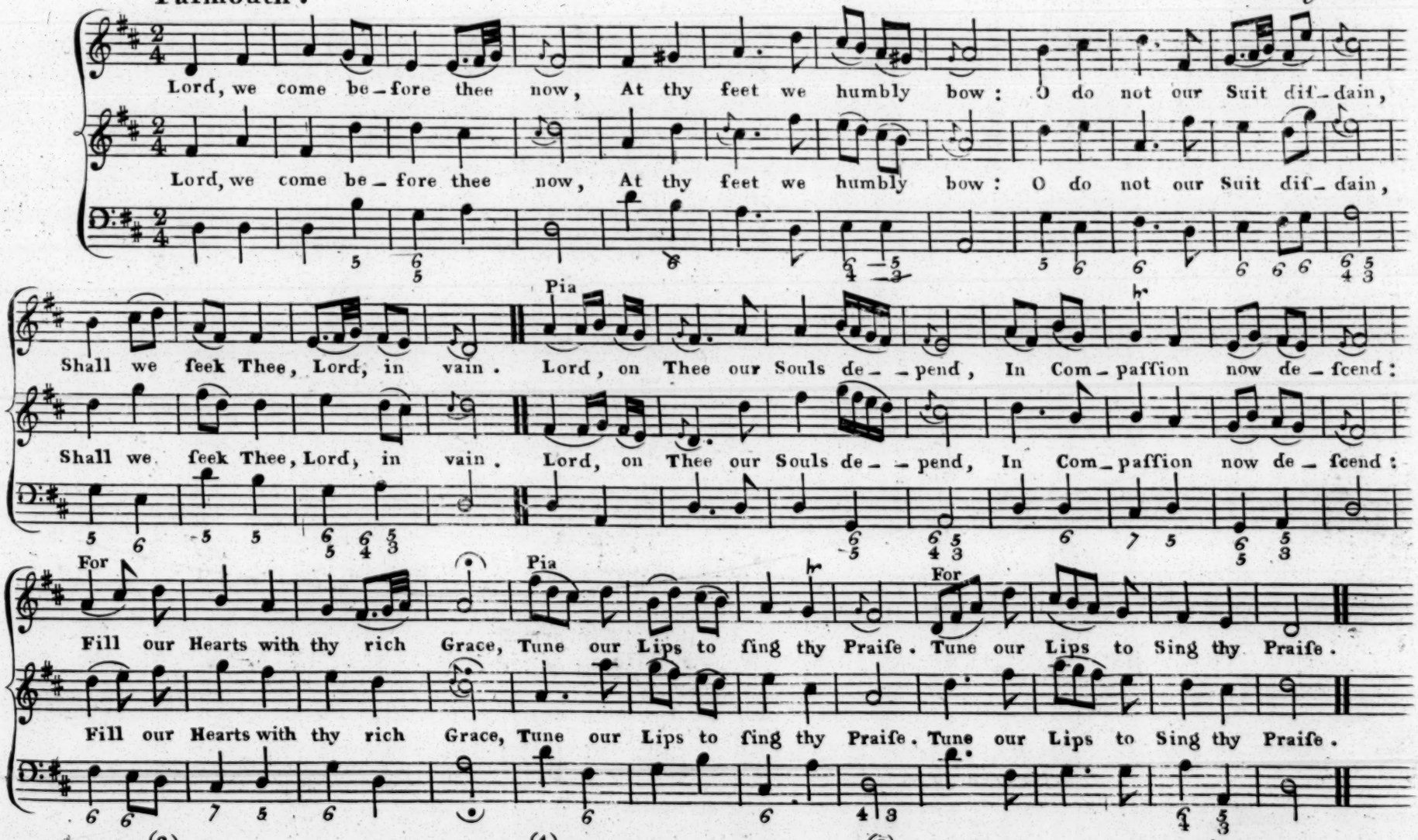
Pia For Adgº Ad Lib:

Notes, your highest Notes His Love, His Love, His Love can ne'er be told. His Love can ne'er be told.

Notes, your highest Notes His Love, His Love, His Love can ne'er be told. His Love can ne'er be told.

Falmouth.

Set by M.M.



(3)

In thine own appointed Way,
Now we ſeek Thee here we ſtay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a Bleſſing Thou beſtow.

(4)

Send ſome Meſſage from thy word,
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

(5)

Comfort thoſe who weep & mourn,
Let the time of Joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down lift up,
Make them ſtrong in Faith & Hope!

(6)

Grant that all may ſeek and find
Thee a God ſincere and kind;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee!

Upton

Set by S.A.

Allegro Mod.to

Tutti

Not all the Blood, Not all the Blood of Beasts On Jew – – ish Al – – tars, On

Not all the Blood, Not all the Blood of Beasts On Jewish Al – – tars, On

Jewish Altars Slain, Could give the guil – ty Con – science Peace, Or wash, Or wash a –

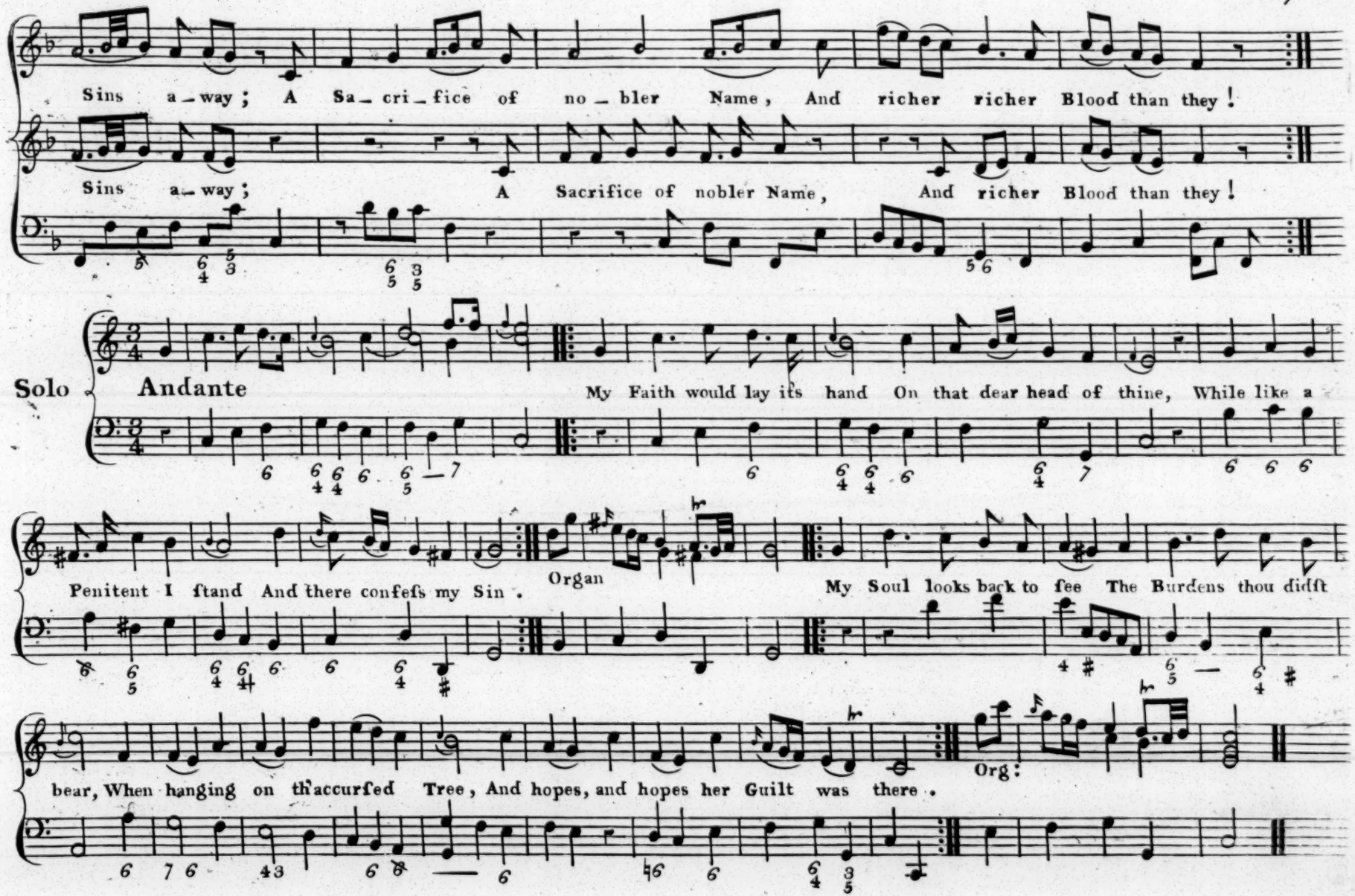
Jewish Altars Slain, Could give the guil – ty Con – science Peace, Or wash a –

1st time 2d time

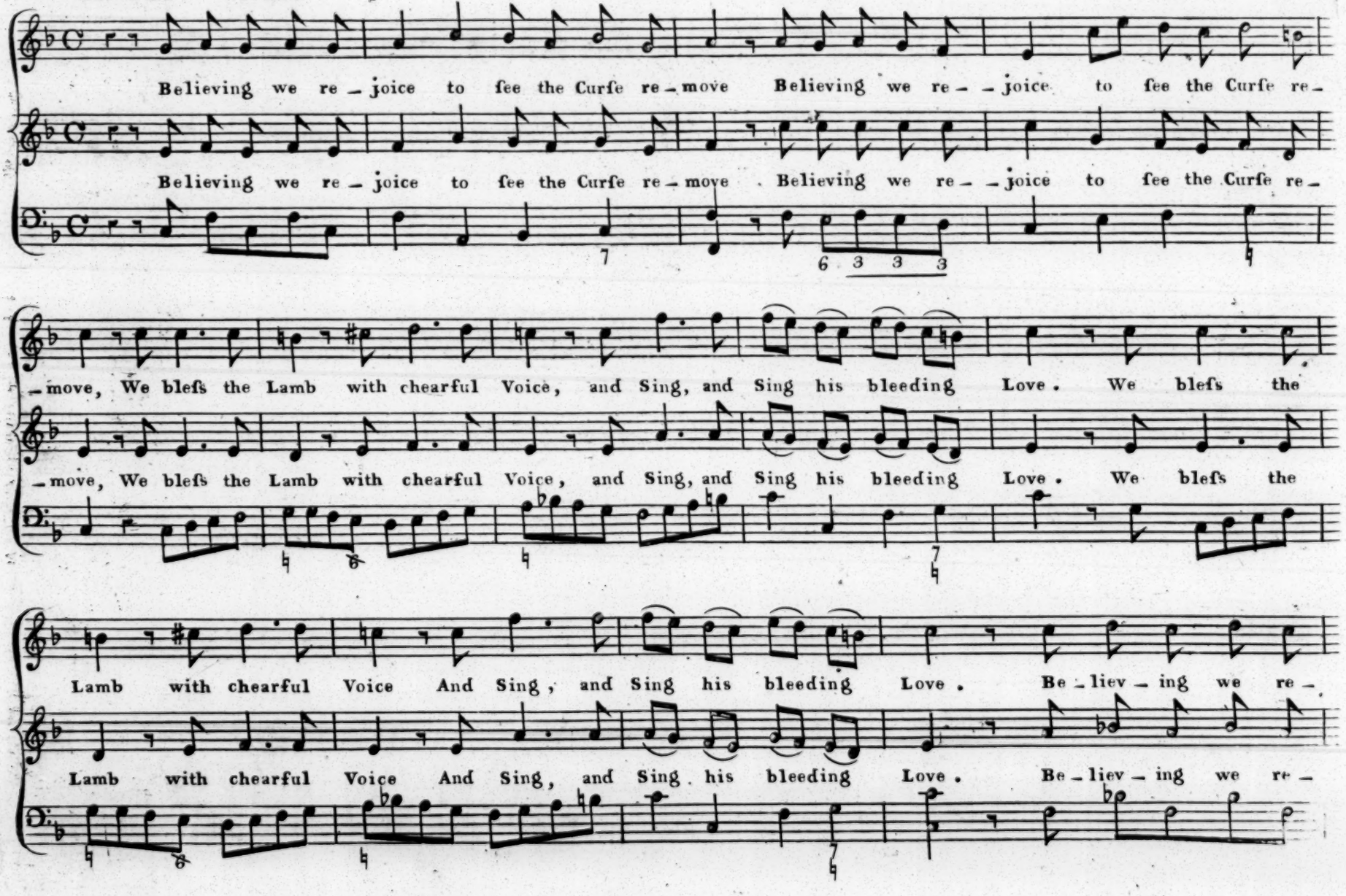
– way the Stain. – way the Stain. But Christ, but Christ the heavn – – ly Lamb, Takes all our Sins our

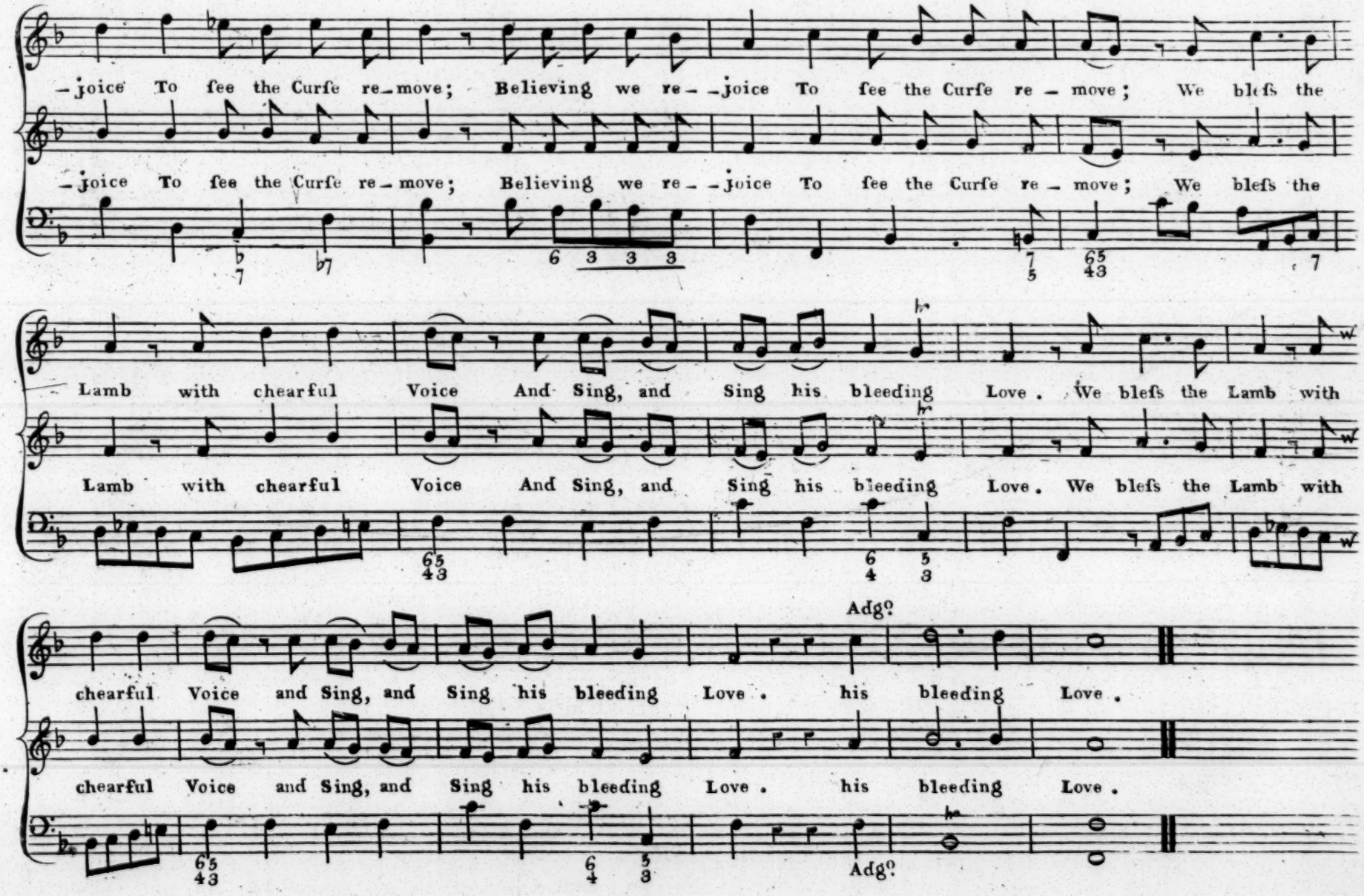
– way the Stain. – way the Stain. But Christ, but Christ the heavn – – ly Lamb, Takes all our Sins our

1st time 2d time


Sins a-way; A Sa-cri-fice of no-bler Name, And richer richer Blood than they!
Sins a-way; A Sacrifice of nobler Name, And richer Blood than they!
Solo
Andante
My Faith would lay its hand On that dear head of thine, While like a
Penitent I ſtand And there confeſs my Sin.
Organ
My Soul looks back to ſee The Burdens thou didſt
bear, When hanging on th'accurſed Tree, And hopes, and hopes her Guilt was there.
Org:

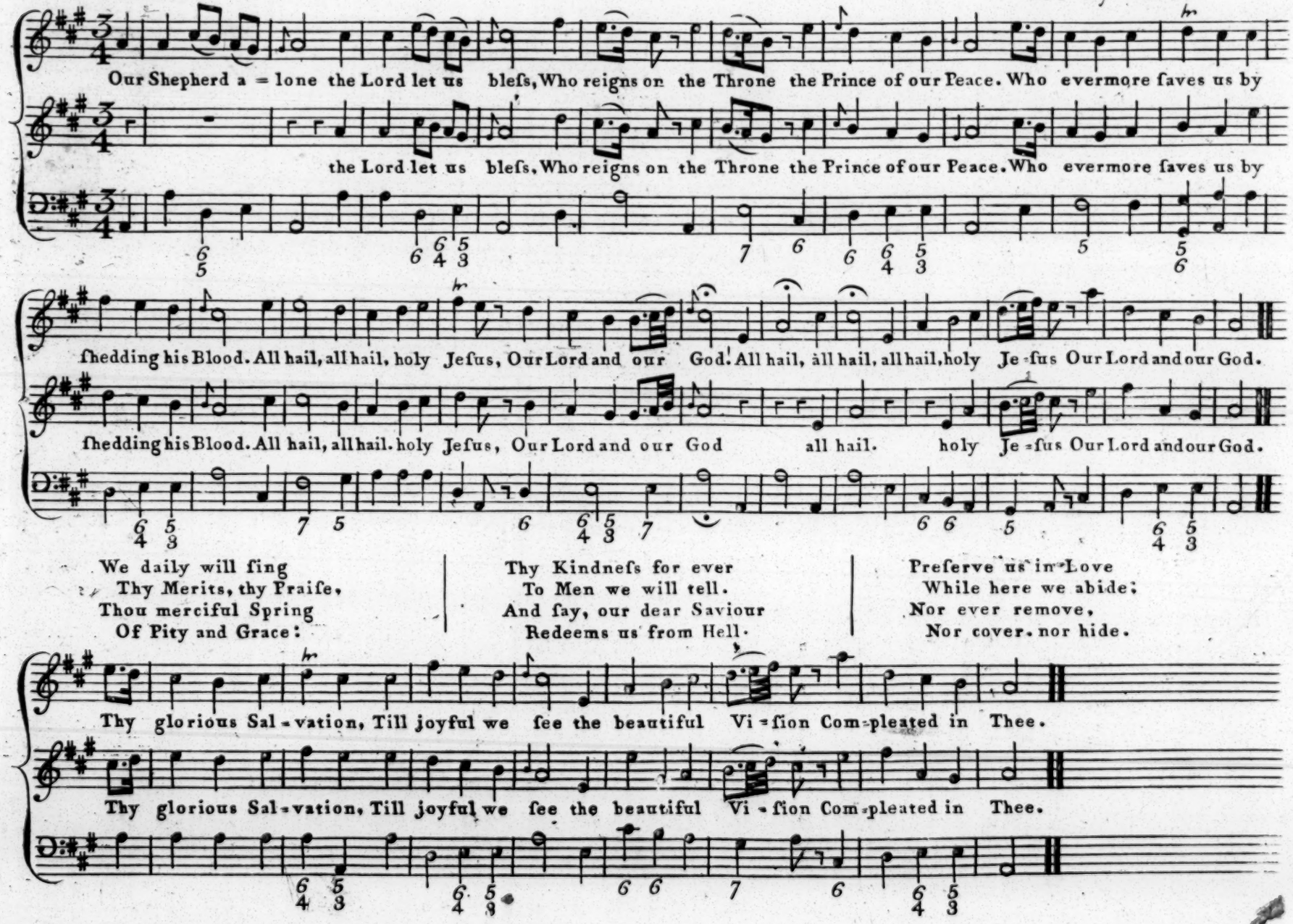
Chorus . Vivace




–joice To ſee the Curſe re–move; Believing we re– –joice To ſee the Curſe re – move; We bleſs the
–joice To ſee the Curſe re – move; Believing we re– –joice To ſee the Curſe re – move; We bleſs the
Lamb with chearful Voice And Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. We bleſs the Lamb with
Lamb with chearful Voice And Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. We bleſs the Lamb with
Adgo
chearful Voice and Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. his bleeding Love.
chearful Voice and Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. his bleeding Love.
Adgo

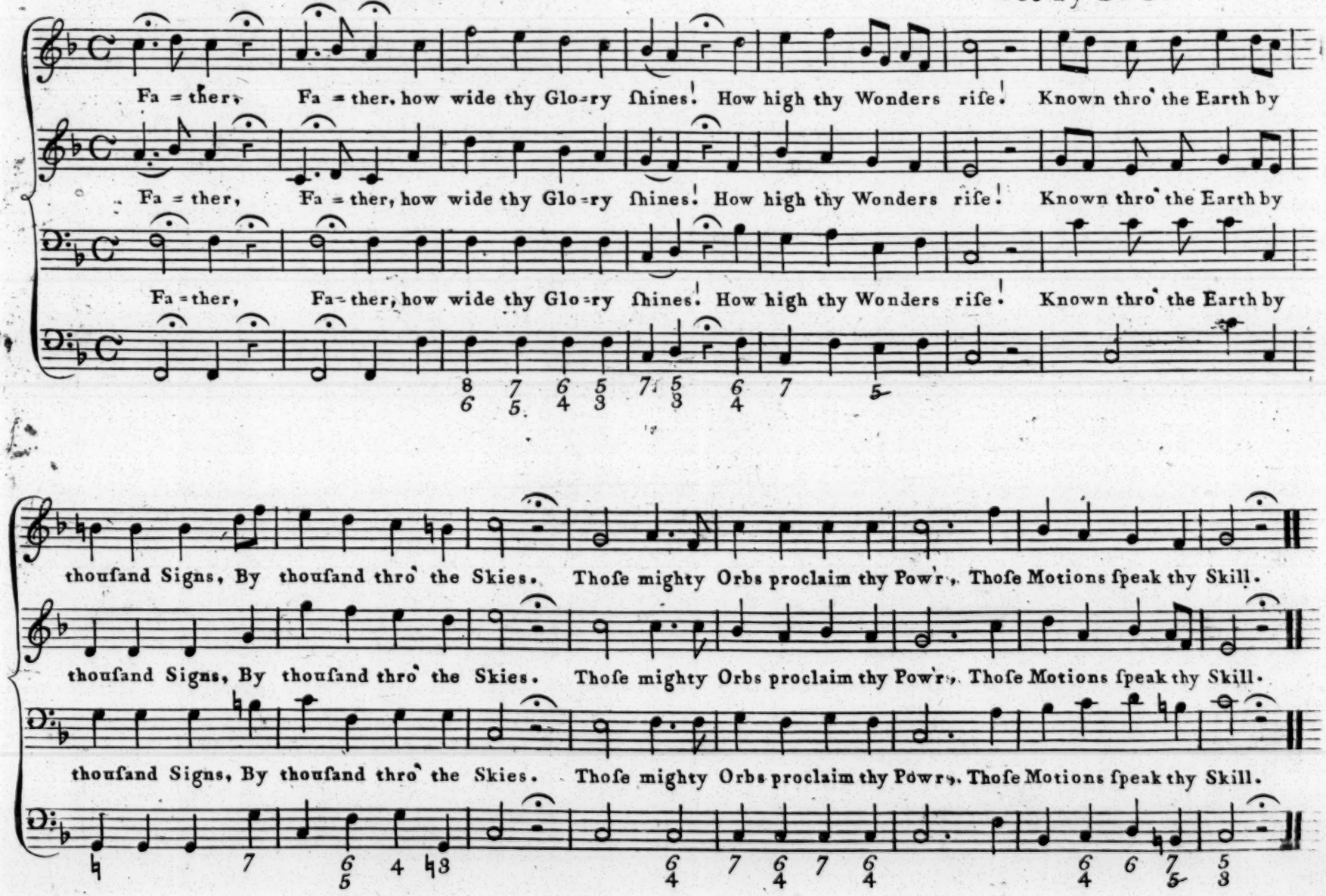
Suffex

Set by M. M.



Cambridge. Adagio maeſtoſo.

Set by F. G.



Pia.

Andante Grazioſo

And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour we read thy Patience ſtill. But when we view thy great De = ſign

And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour we read thy Patience ſtill. But when we view thy great De = ſign

And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour we read thy Patience ſtill. But when we view thy great De = ſign

Da Capo forte

to ſave re = bellious Worms, Where Vengeance and Com = paſ = ſion join in their di = = vin = eſt Forms.

to ſave re = bellious Worms, Where Vengeance and Com = paſ = ſion join in their di = = vin = eſt Forms.

to ſave re = bellious Worms, Where Vengeance and Com = paſ = ſion join in their di = = vin = eſt Forms.

Taſto ſolo

Pia. for.

Here the whole De-i-ty is known, Nor dares a Creature gueſs, Which of the Glo-ries bright-eſt

Here the whole De-i-ty is known, Nor dares a Creature gueſs, Which of the Glo-ries bright-eſt

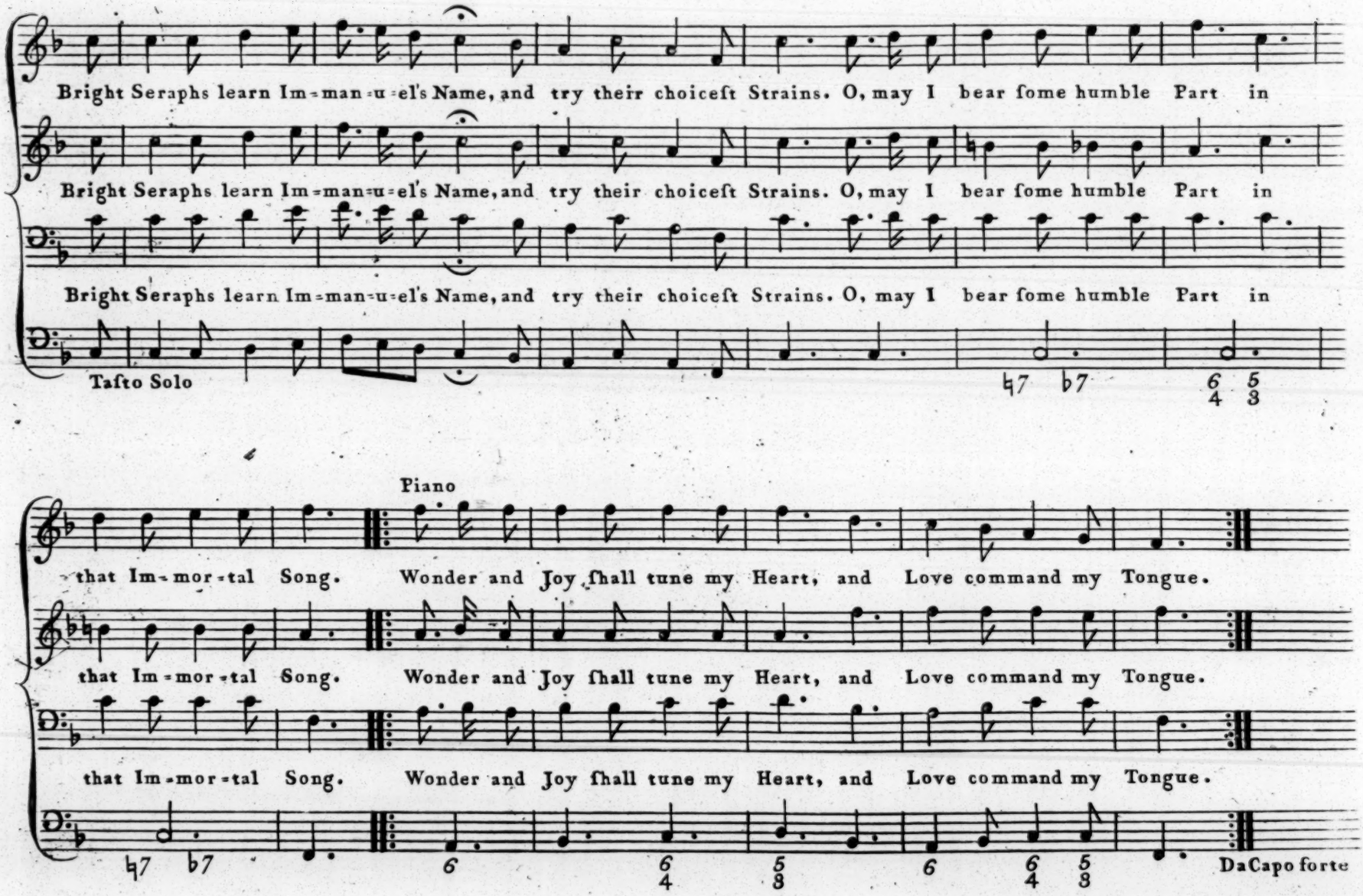
Here the whole De-i-ty is known, Nor dares a Creature gueſs, Which of the Glo-ries bright-eſt

Siciliana Andante.

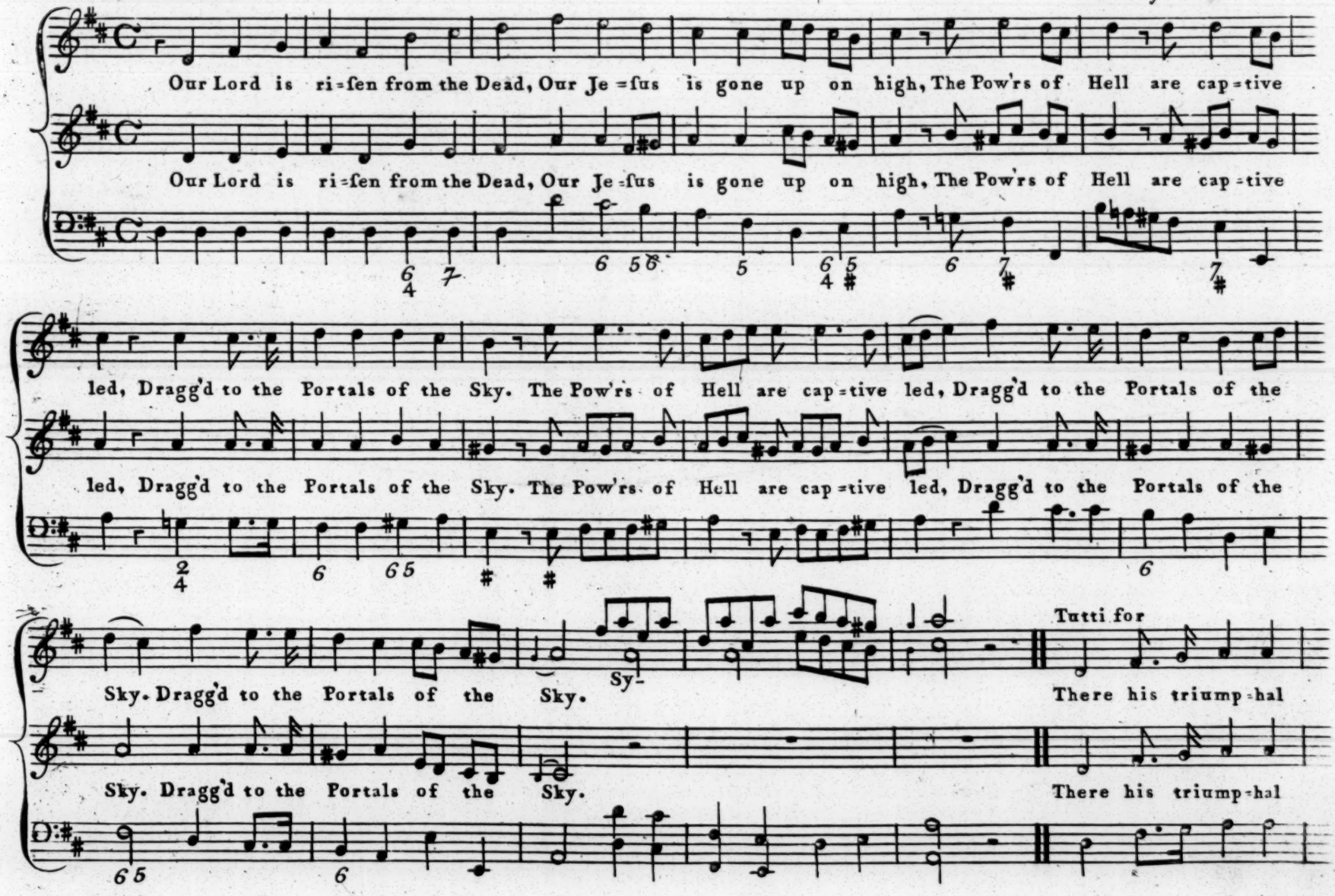
ſhone, The Juſtice or the Grace. Now the full Glories of the Lamb, A-dorn the heav'nly Plains,

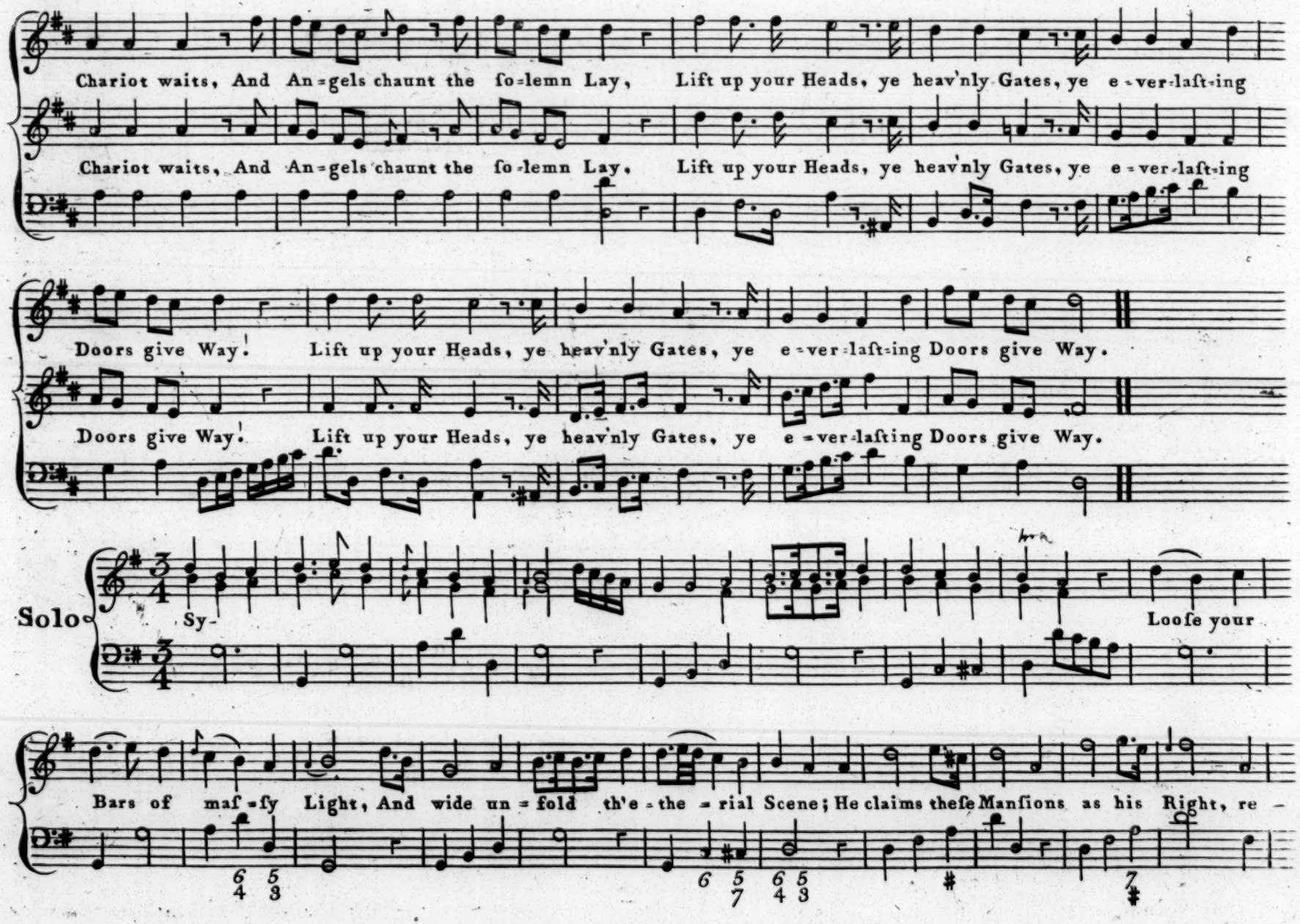
ſhone, The Juſtice or the Grace. Now the full Glories of the Lamb, A-dorn the heav'nly Plains,

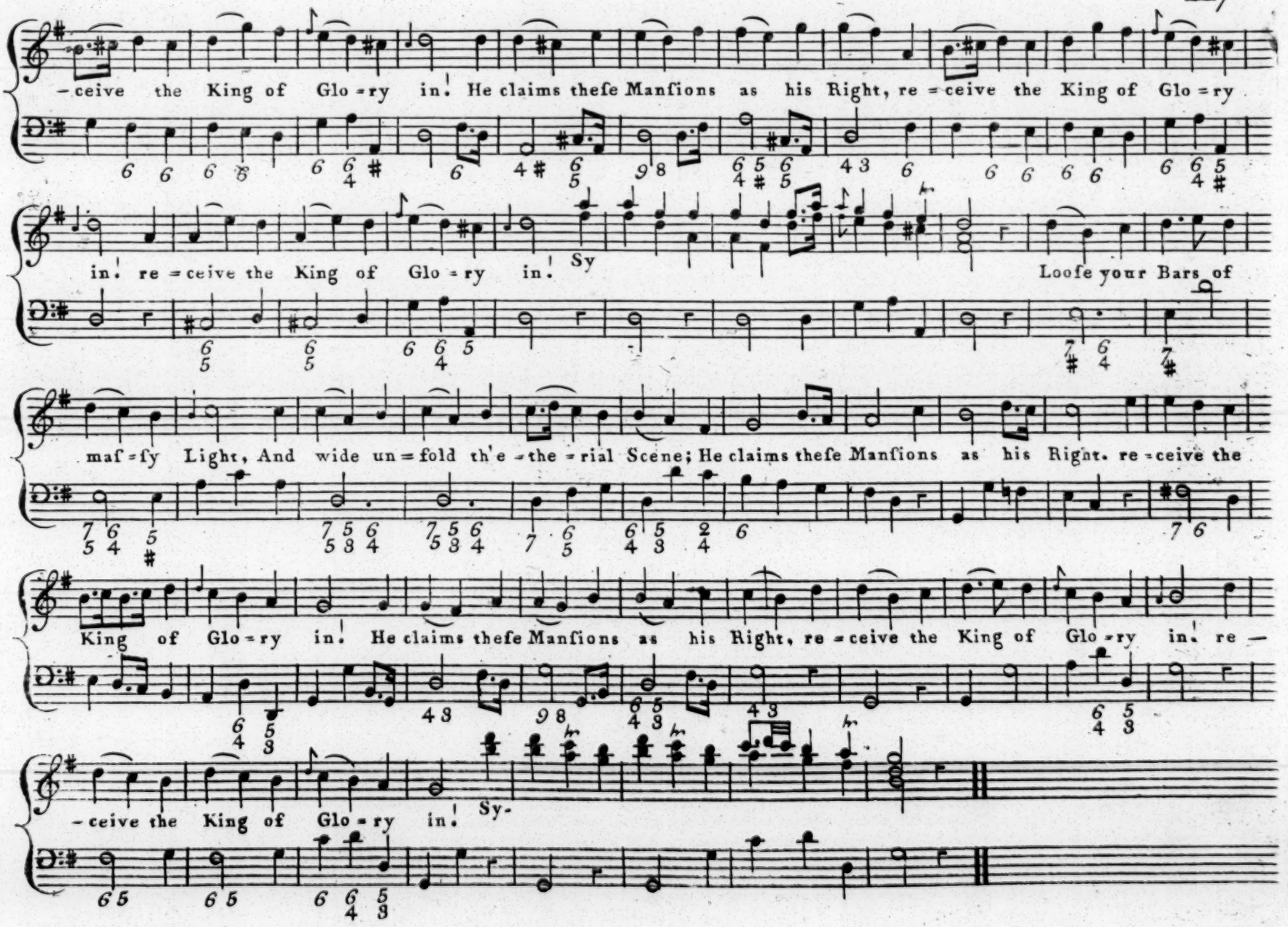
ſhone, The Juſtice or the Grace. Now the full Glories of the Lamb, A-dorn the heav'nly Plains,

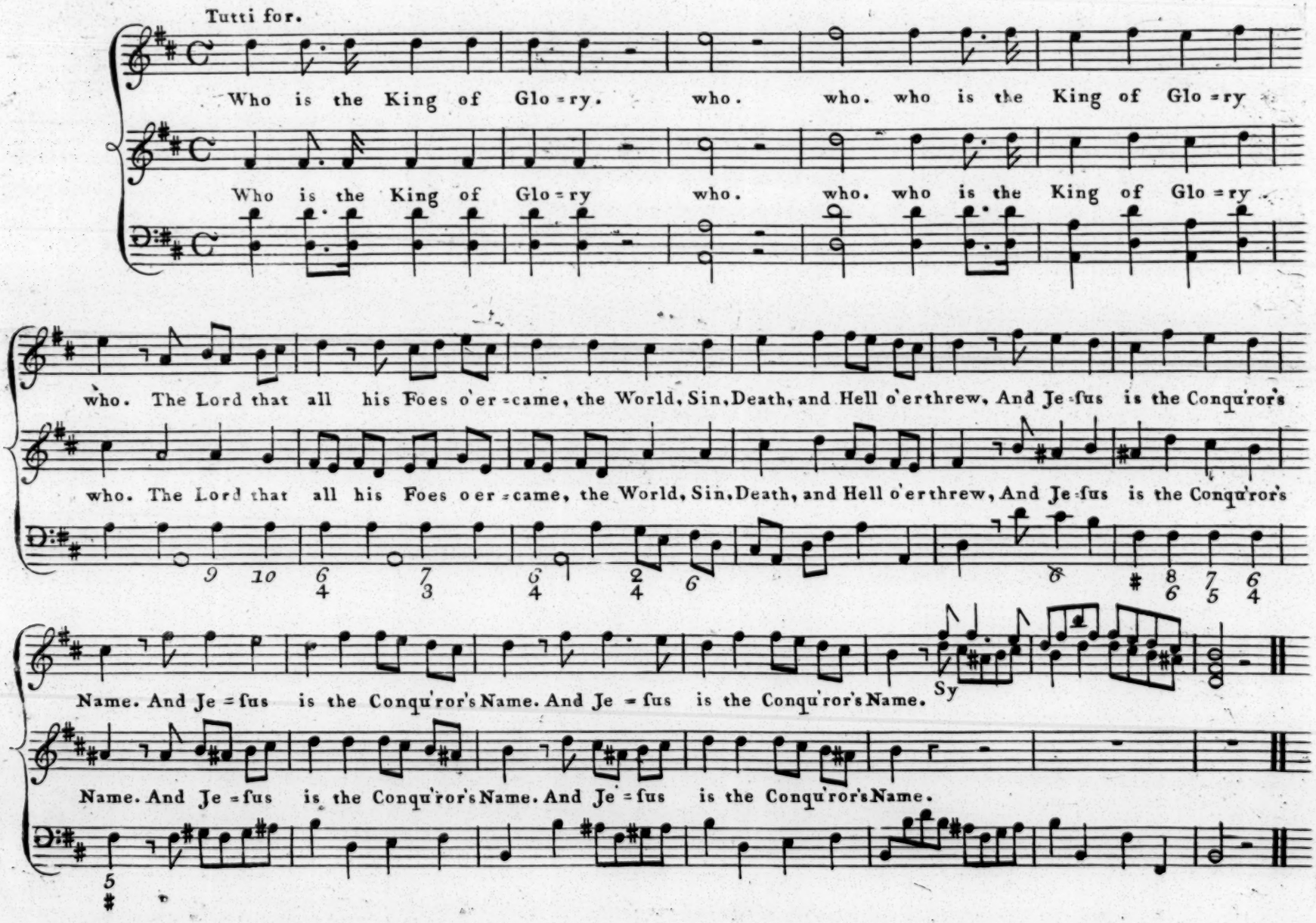

Bright Seraphs learn Im=man=u=el's Name, and try their choiceſt Strains. O, may I bear ſome humble Part in
Bright Seraphs learn Im=man=u=el's Name, and try their choiceſt Strains. O, may I bear ſome humble Part in
Bright Seraphs learn Im=man=u=el's Name, and try their choiceſt Strains. O, may I bear ſome humble Part in
Taſto Solo
Piano
that Im=mor=tal Song. Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart, and Love command my Tongue.
that Im=mor=tal Song. Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart, and Love command my Tongue.
that Im=mor=tal Song. Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart, and Love command my Tongue.
Da Capo forte

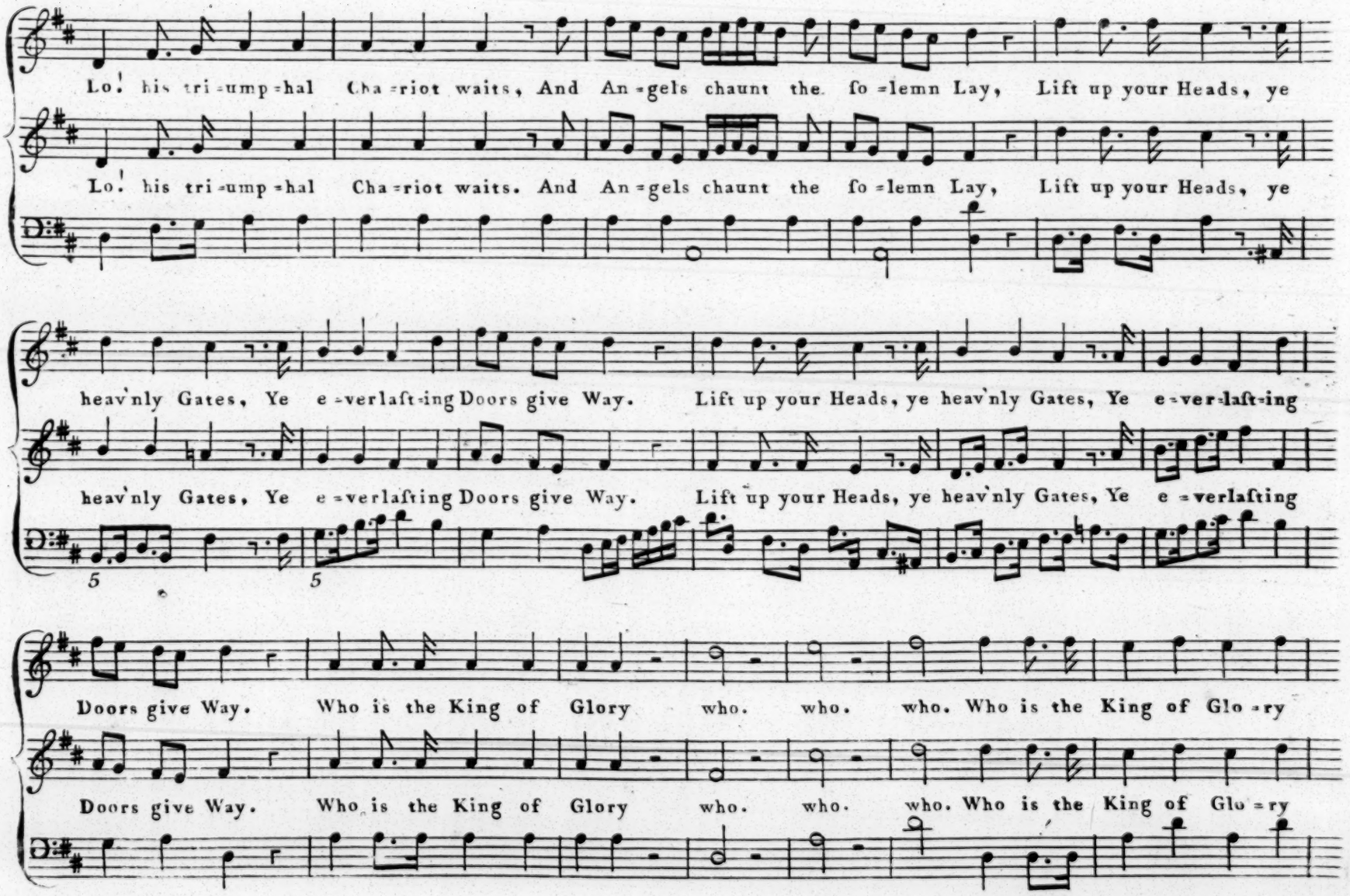
Cheſhunt. Set by S.A.

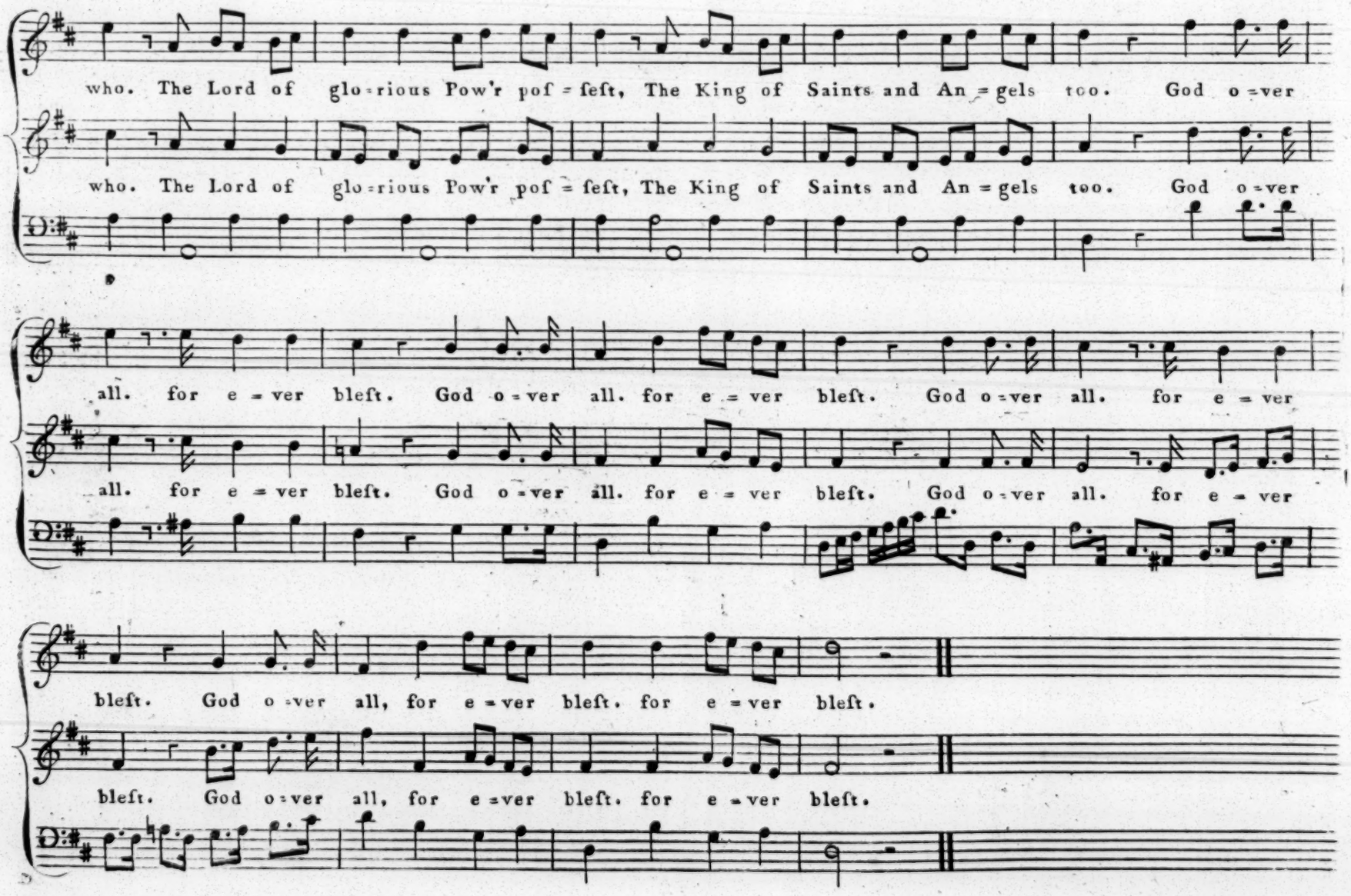



Chariot waits, And An=gels chaunt the ſo=lemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, ye e=ver=laſt=ing
Chariot waits, And An=gels chaunt the ſo=lemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, ye e=ver=laſt=ing
Doors give Way! Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, ye e=ver=laſt=ing Doors give Way.
Doors give Way! Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, ye e=ver=laſting Doors give Way.
Solo
Sy-
Looſe your
Bars of maſ=ſy Light, And wide un=fold th'e=the=rial Scene; He claims theſe Manſions as his Right, re -


-ceive the King of Glo-ry in! He claims theſe Manſions as his Right, re-ceive the King of Glo-ry
in! re-ceive the King of Glo-ry in! Sy
Looſe your Bars of
maſ-ſy Light, And wide un-fold th'e-the-rial Scene; He claims theſe Manſions as his Right. re-ceive the
King of Glo-ry in! He claims theſe Manſions as his Right, re-ceive the King of Glo-ry in! re-
-ceive the King of Glo-ry in! Sy-

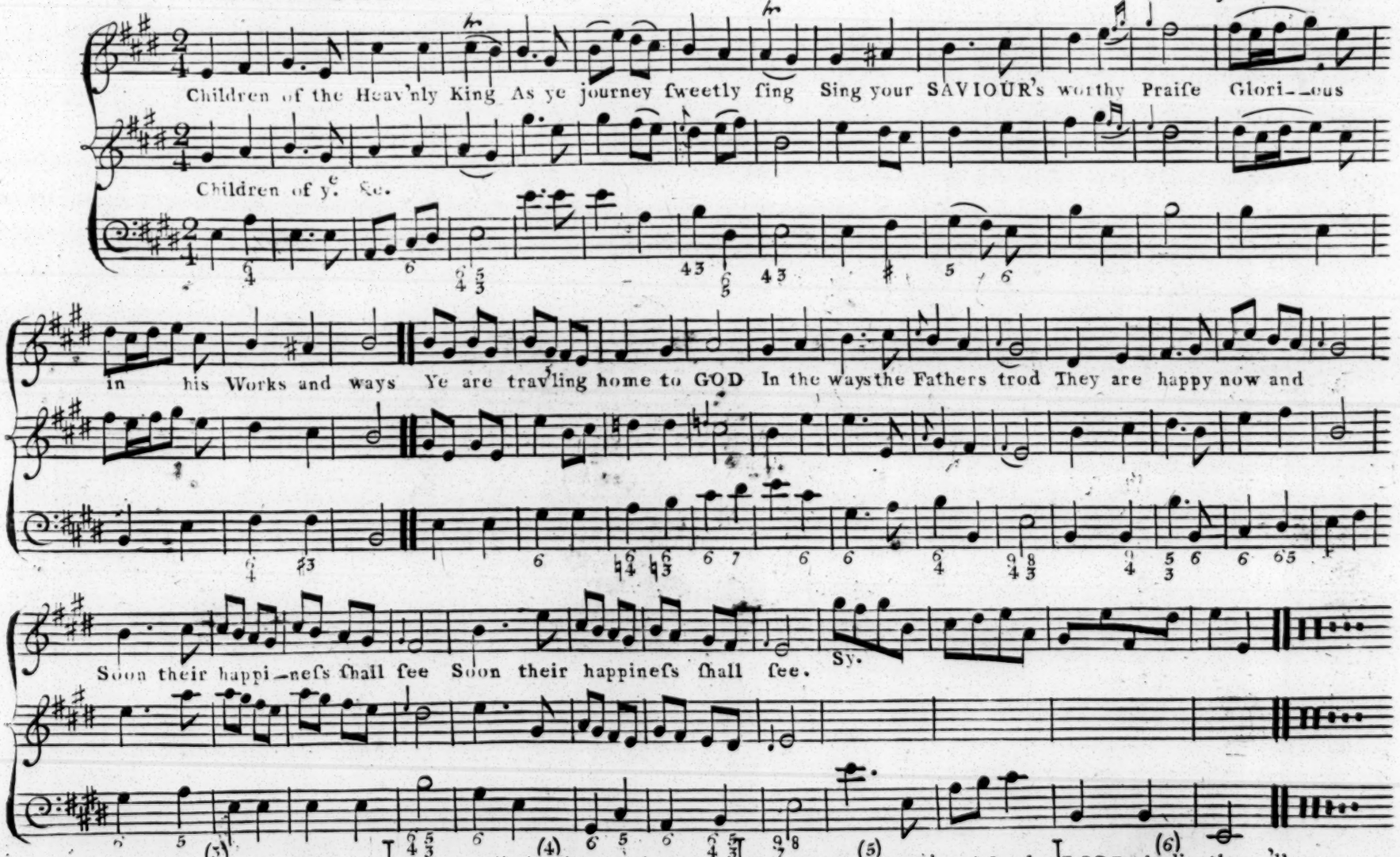

Tutti for.
Who is the King of Glo=ry. who. who. who is the King of Glo=ry
Who is the King of Glo=ry who. who. who is the King of Glo=ry
who. The Lord that all his Foes o'er=came, the World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew, And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's
who. The Lord that all his Foes o'er=came, the World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew, And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's
Name. And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's Name. And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's Name.
Sy
Name. And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's Name. And Je=ſus is the Conqu'ror's Name.


Lo! his tri=ump=hal Cha=riot waits, And An=gels chaunt the so=lemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye
Lo! his tri=ump=hal Cha=riot waits. And An=gels chaunt the so=lemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye
heav'nly Gates, Ye e=verlast=ing Doors give Way. Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, Ye e=ver=last=ing
heav'nly Gates, Ye e=verlasting Doors give Way. Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates, Ye e=verlasting
5
5
Doors give Way. Who is the King of Glory who. who. who. Who is the King of Glo=ry
Doors give Way. Who is the King of Glory who. who. who. Who is the King of Glo=ry


who. The Lord of glo=rious Pow'r pof=feſt, The King of Saints and An=gels too. God o=ver
who. The Lord of glo=rious Pow'r pof=feſt, The King of Saints and An=gels too. God o=ver
all. for e=ver bleſt. God o=ver all. for e=ver bleſt. God o=ver all. for e=ver
all. for e=ver bleſt. God o=ver all. for e=ver bleſt. God o=ver all. for e=ver
bleſt. God o=ver all, for e=ver bleſt. for e=ver bleſt.
bleſt. God o=ver all, for e=ver bleſt. for e=ver bleſt.

Somerſet

121
Set by M.M.



(3)
O, ye baniſh'd Seed, be glad
CHRIST our Advocate is made,
Us, to ſave, our Fleſh aſſumes
Brother to our Souls becomes.

(4)
Shout ye little Flock and bleſt,
You on JESU's Throne ſhall reſt,
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

(5)
Fear not Brethren, joyful ſtand
On the Borders of your Land,
JESUS CHRIST, y.r Father's SON,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

(6)
LORD obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below,
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we ſtill will follow Thee.

Croydon

Set by C. L.

pia. for: pia. Sy. Sy.

'Tis Finish'd 'tis finish'd 'Tis Finish'd the Redeemer said, And meekly meekly bow'd his dy----ing Head,

'Tis finish'd 'Tis Finish'd the Redeemer said, And meekly meekly bow'd his dy----ing Head,

for: Sy. Largo

Whilst we this Sentence scan, Whilst we this Sentence scan, Come Sinners and ob-serve the Word Behold the Conquests

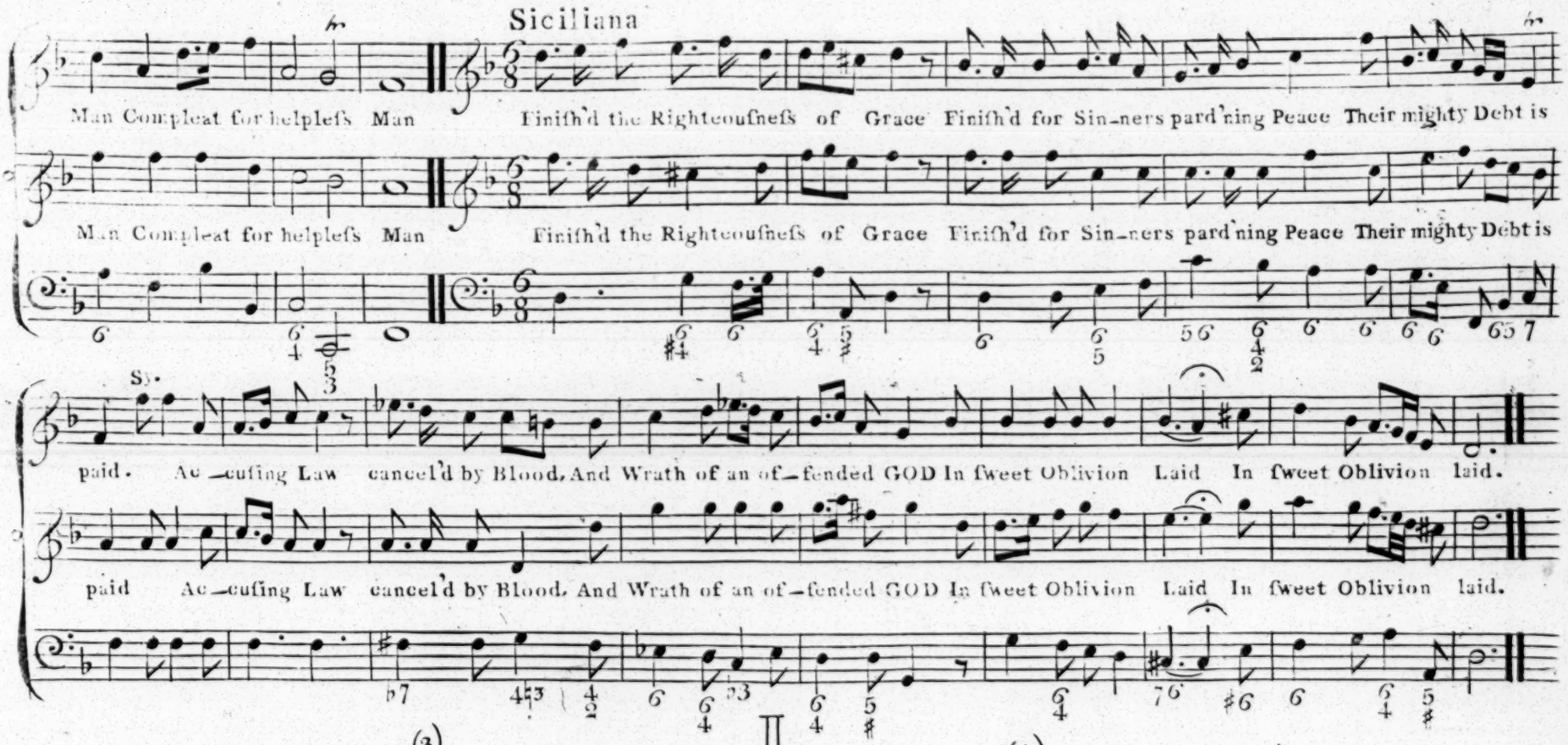
Whilst we this Sentence scan, Whilst we this Sentence scan, Come Sinners and ob-serve the Word Behold the Conquests

Sy.

of our LORD, Behold the Conquests the Conquests of our LORD, Compleat for help-less

of our LORD, Behold the Conquests the Conquests of our LORD, Compleat for help-less

Siciliana



(3)

Who now ſhall urge a ſecond Claim,
The Law no longer can condemn,
Faith a Releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a Friend appears,
The Priſon houſe a Whiſper hears,
Looſe him and let him go.

(4)

O Unbelief injurious Bar
Source of tormenting fruitleſs Fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply
Where er thy loud Objection fall,
'Tis finiſh'd ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry Cry.

Ipſwich

Set by M. M.

Deep in the Duſt be-fore thy Throne Our Guilt and our Diſgrace we own Great GOD we own th'unhap-py Name whence ſprung our

Deep in the Duſt be-fore thy Throne Our Guilt and our Diſgrace we own Great GOD we own th'unhap-py Name whence ſprung our

Na-ture and our Shame, But whilſt our Spirits fill'd with Awe, Behold the Terrors of thy Law We ſing the Honours of thy Grace That

Na-ture and our Shame, But whilſt our Spirits fill'd with Awe, Behold the Terrors of thy Law We ſing the Honours of thy Grace That

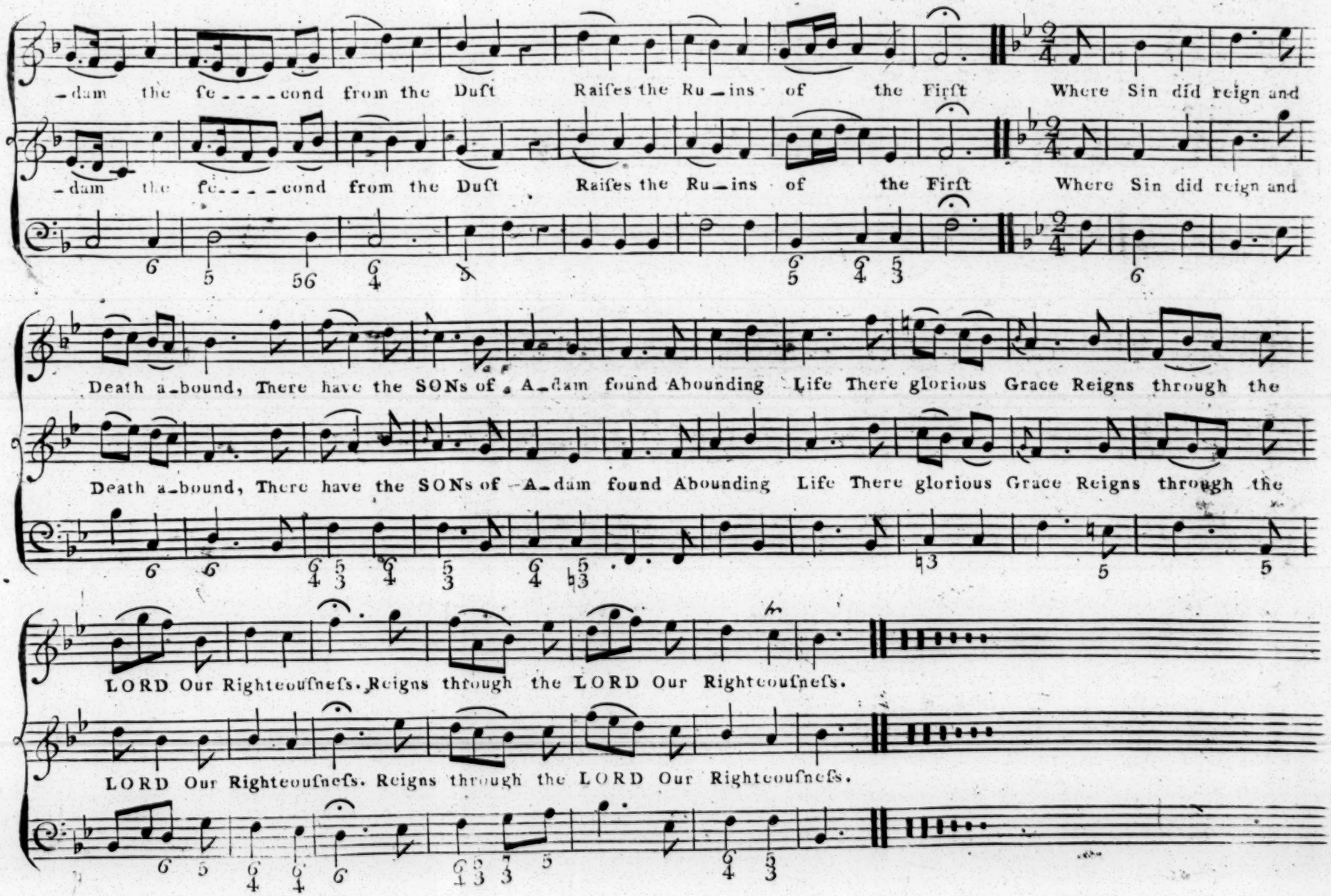
ſent to ſave a ruin'd Race. That ſent to ſave a ruin'd Race,

pia.

We ſing thine everlaſting SON, Who join'd our Nature to his own, A-

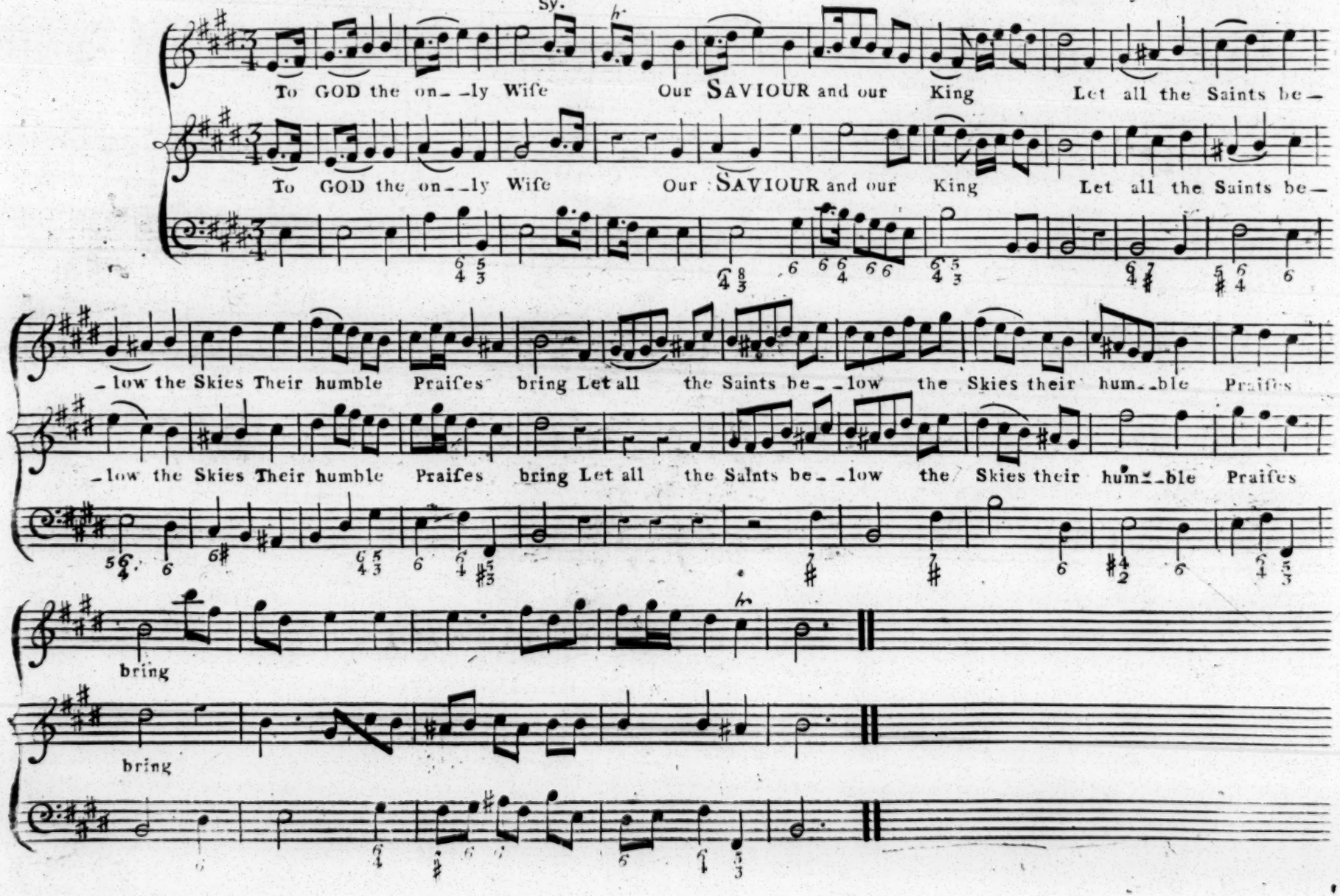
ſent to ſave a ruin'd Race. That ſent to ſave a ruin'd Race.

We ſing thine everlaſting SON, Who join'd our Nature to his own, A-


-dam the fe----cond from the Duft Raiſes the Ru-ins of the Firſt Where Sin did reign and
-dam the fe----cond from the Duft Raiſes the Ru-ins of the Firſt Where Sin did reign and
Death a-bound, There have the SONs of A-dam found Abounding Life There glorious Grace Reigns through the
Death a-bound, There have the SONs of A-dam found Abounding Life There glorious Grace Reigns through the
LORD Our Righteouſneſs. Reigns through the LORD Our Righteouſneſs.
LORD Our Righteouſneſs. Reigns through the LORD Our Righteouſneſs.

S.t Kathcrine Cree

Set by C. L.



Siciliana Adagio Pia

Sy.

'Tis His Almighty Love, His Counsel and his Care, Pre-ſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death, and ev'-ry hurt-full

'Tis His Almighty Love, His Counsel and his Care, Pre-ſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death, and ev'-ry hurt-full

Sy. Sy.

Snare. Pre-ſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death, and ev'-ry hurt-full Snare.

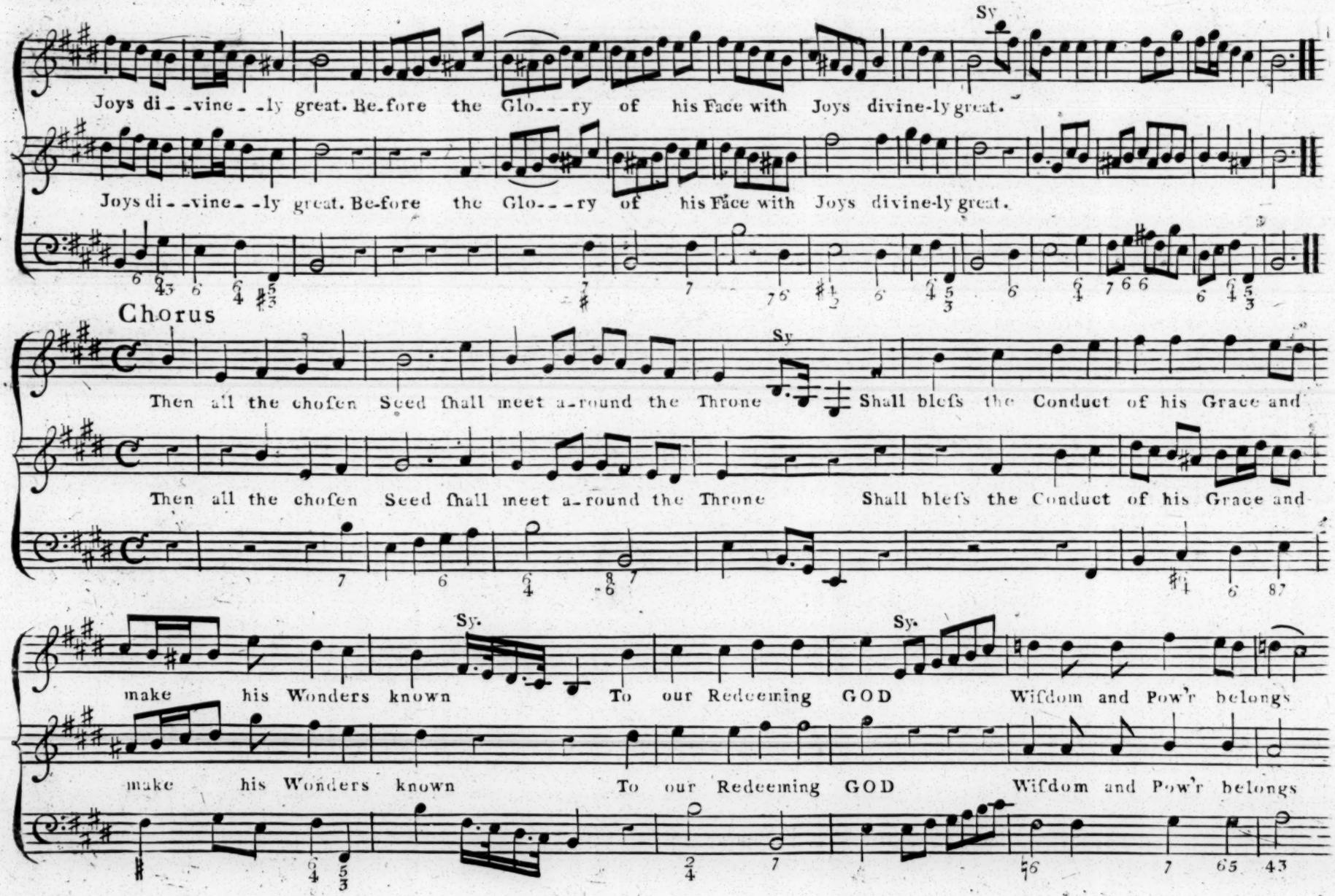
Snare. Pre-ſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death, and ev'-ry hurt-full Snare.

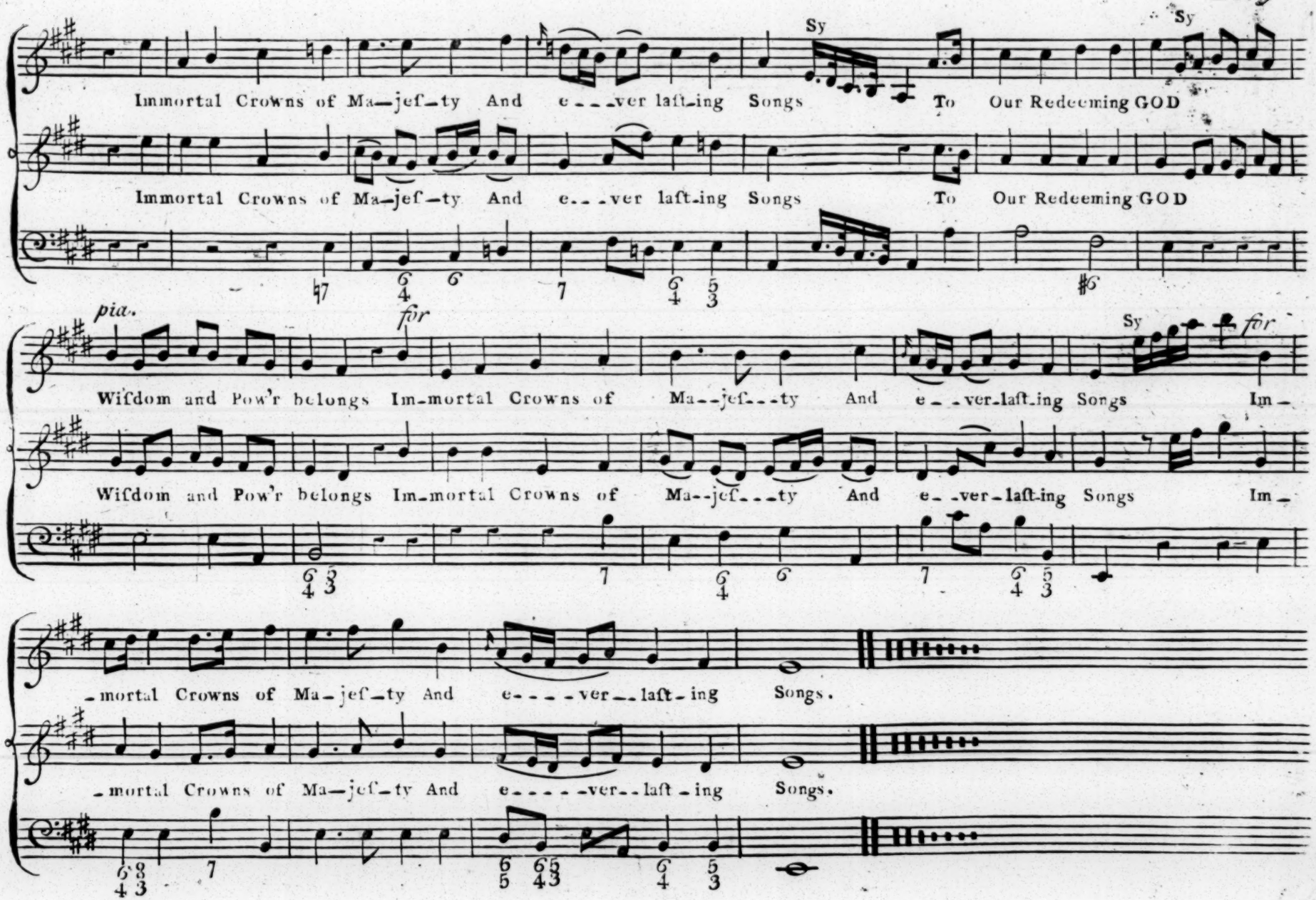
Vivace

Sy. Sy.

He will pre-ſent his Saints Un-blemiſh'd and com-pleat Be-fore the Glo-ry of his Face, with

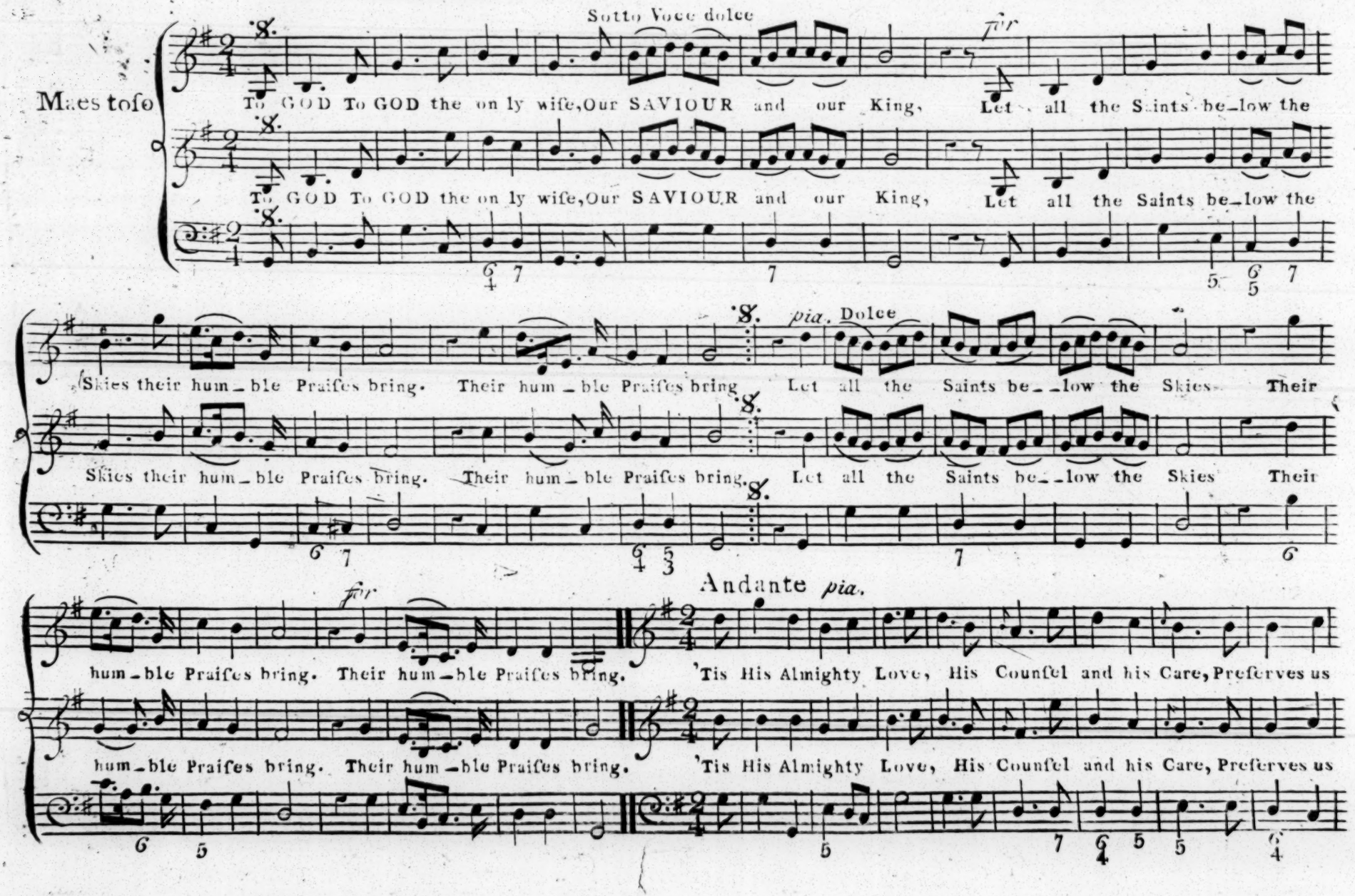
He will pre-ſent his Saints Un-blemiſh'd and com-pleat Be-fore the Glo-ry of his Face, with

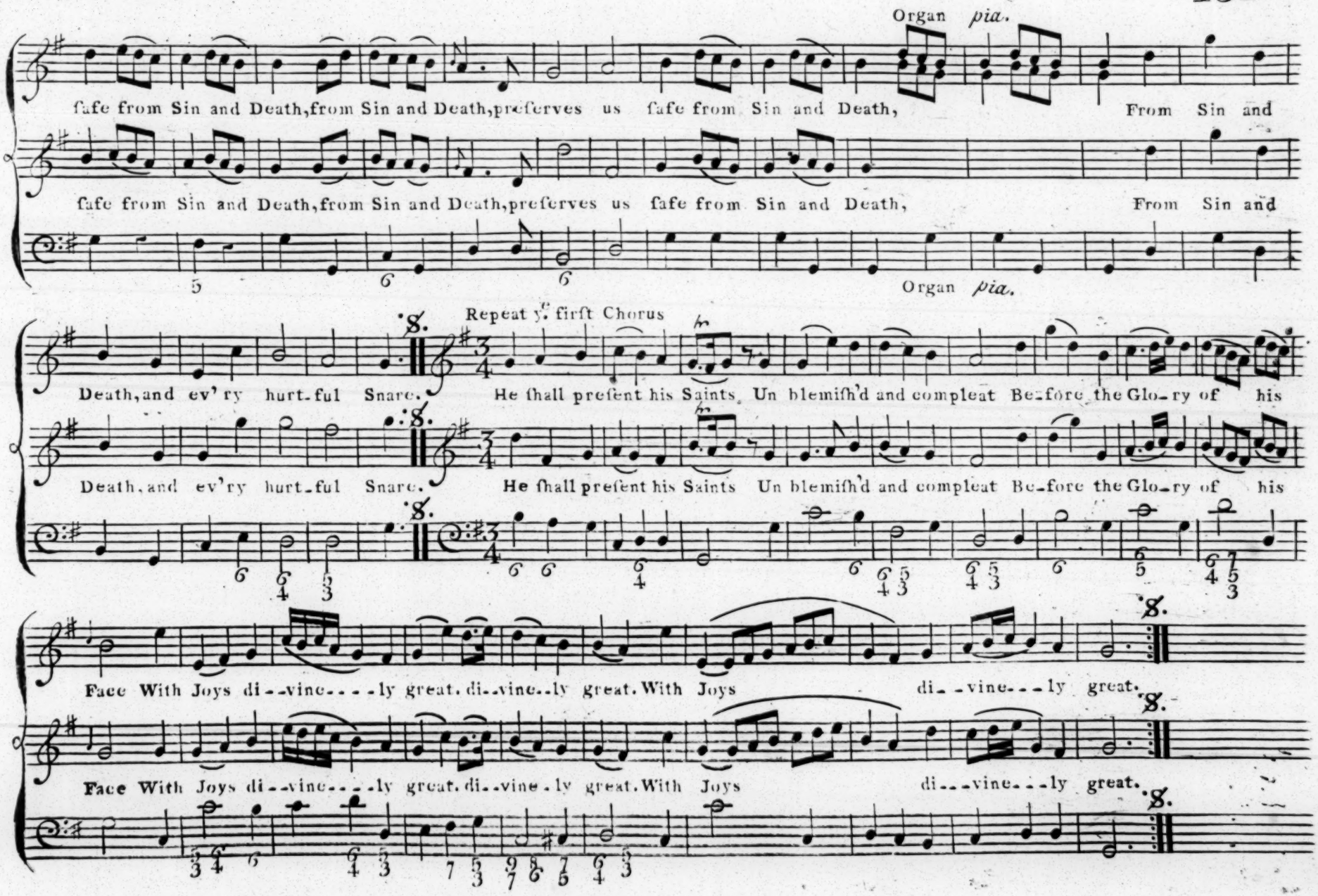

Sy
Joys di_vine_ly great. Be_fore the Glo_ry of his Face with Joys divine-ly great.
Joys di_vine_ly great. Be-fore the Glo_ry of his Face with Joys divine-ly great.
Chorus
Sy
Then all the chofen Seed fhall meet a_round the Throne Shall blefs the Conduct of his Grace and
Then all the chofen Seed fhall meet a_round the Throne Shall blefs the Conduct of his Grace and
Sy.
Sy.
make his Wonders known To our Redeeming GOD Wifdom and Pow'r belongs
make his Wonders known To our Redeeming GOD Wifdom and Pow'r belongs

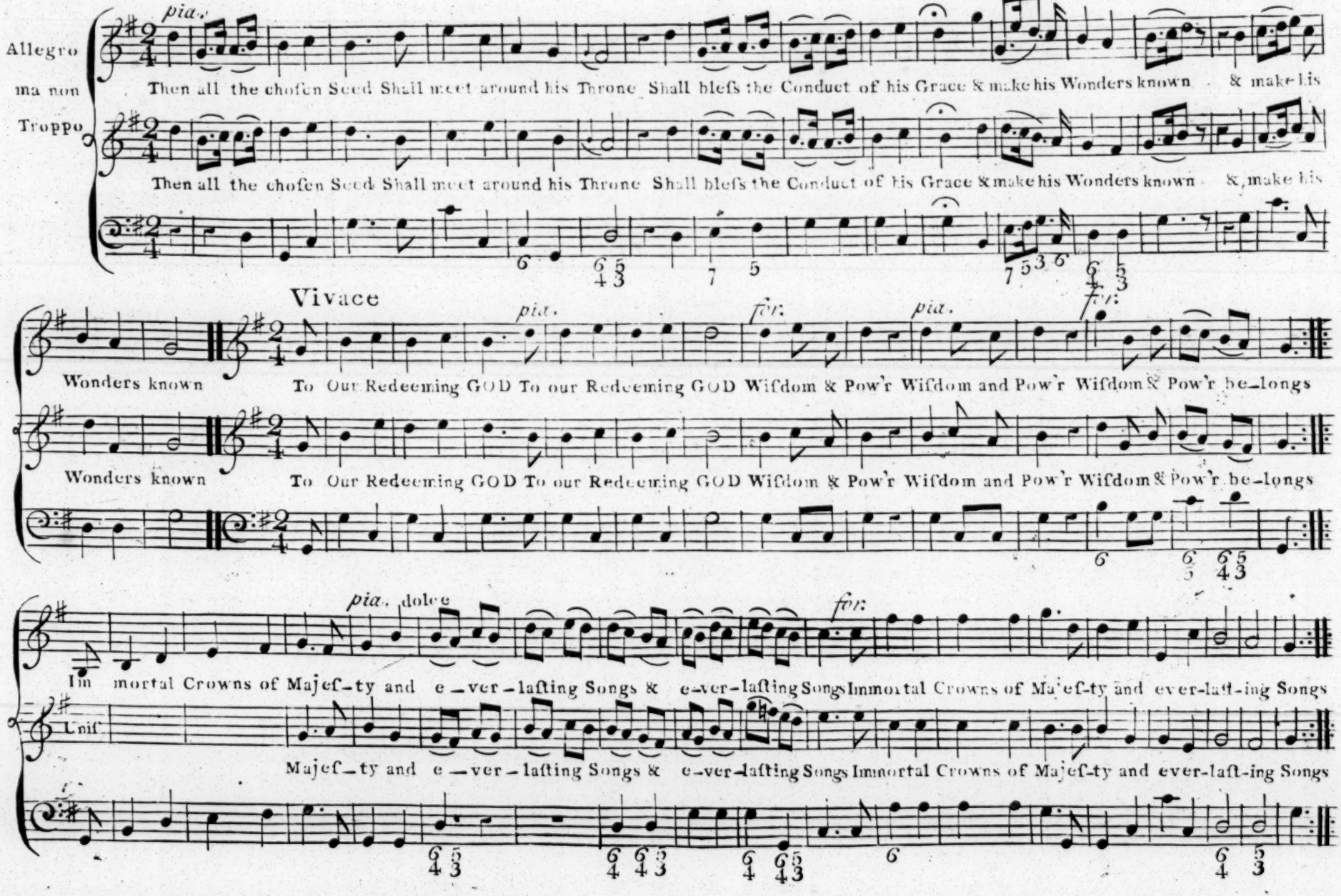

Sy
Sy
Immortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e—ver laſt—ing Songs To Our Redeeming GOD
Immortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e—ver laſt—ing Songs To Our Redeeming GOD
pia.
for
Sy
for
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs Im—mortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e—ver—laſt—ing Songs Im—
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs Im—mortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e—ver—laſt—ing Songs Im—
—mortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e—ver—laſt—ing Songs.
—mortal Crowns of Ma—jef—ty And e—ver—laſt—ing Songs.

Litchfield

Set by M.M.

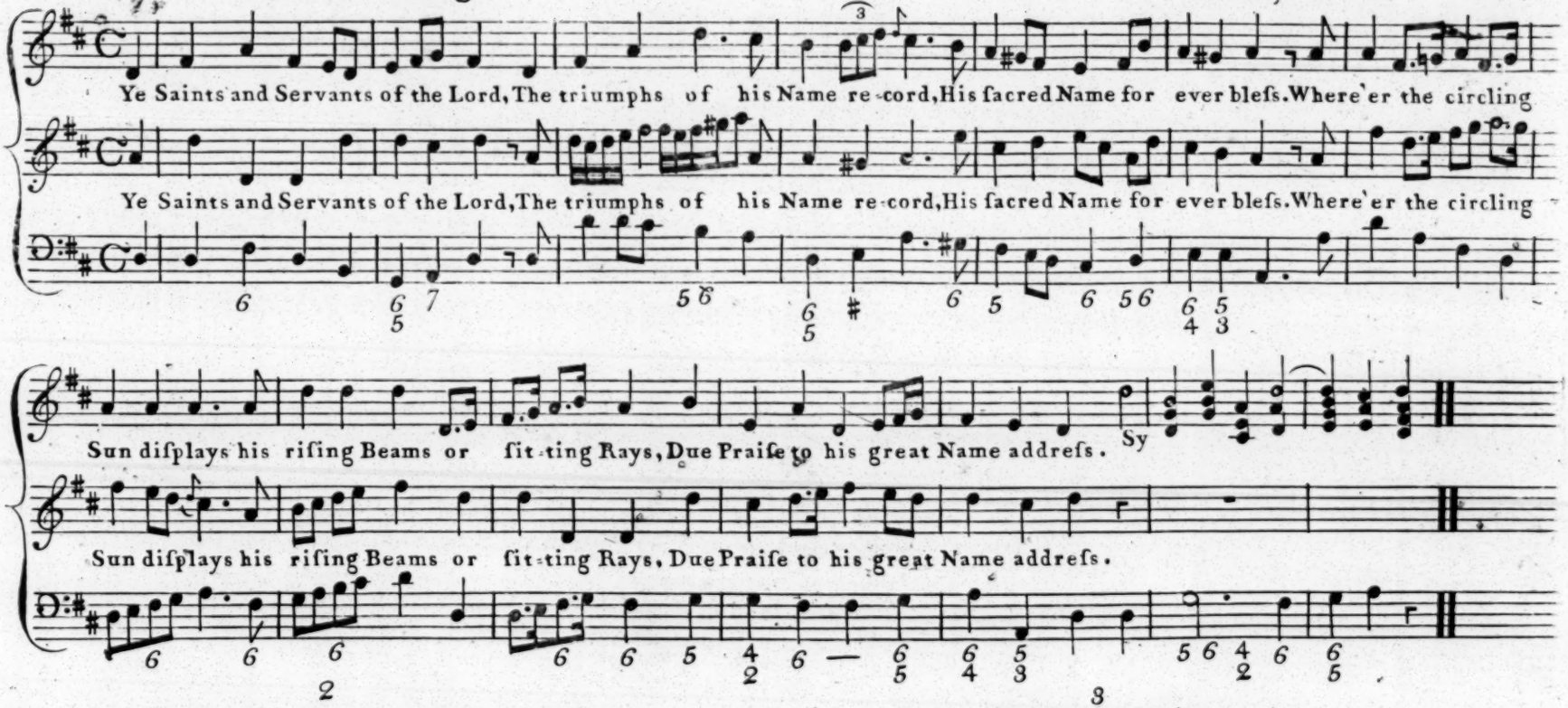



Organ pia.
safe from Sin and Death, from Sin and Death, preserves us safe from Sin and Death, From Sin and
safe from Sin and Death, from Sin and Death, preserves us safe from Sin and Death, From Sin and
Organ pia.
Repeat y.e first Chorus
D.S.
Death, and ev'ry hurt-ful Snare. He shall present his Saints Un blemish'd and compleat Be-fore the Glo-ry of his
Death, and ev'ry hurt-ful Snare. He shall present his Saints Un blemish'd and compleat Be-fore the Glo-ry of his
Face With Joys di--vine----ly great. di--vine--ly great. With Joys di--vine---ly great.
Face With Joys di--vine----ly great. di--vine-ly great. With Joys di---vine---ly great.


Allegro
ma non
Troppo
pia.
Then all the chosen Seed Shall meet around his Throne Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace & make his Wonders known & make his
Then all the chosen Seed Shall meet around his Throne Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace & make his Wonders known & make his
Vivace
pia.
for:
pia.
for:
Wonders known To Our Redeeming GOD To our Redeeming GOD Wisdom & Pow'r Wisdom and Pow'r Wisdom & Pow'r be-longs
Wonders known To Our Redeeming GOD To our Redeeming GOD Wisdom & Pow'r Wisdom and Pow'r Wisdom & Pow'r be-longs
pia. dolce
for:
Im mortal Crowns of Majes-ty and e-ver-lasting Songs & e-ver-lasting Songs Immortal Crowns of Majes-ty and ever-last-ing Songs
Unis
Majes-ty and e-ver-lasting Songs & e-ver-lasting Songs Immortal Crowns of Majes-ty and ever-last-ing Songs

Exeter. Andante Allegro

Set by W. I.



2

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
But Shadows of his Glory are,
With Him, whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heaven in which He dwells,
Let no created Power compare.

3

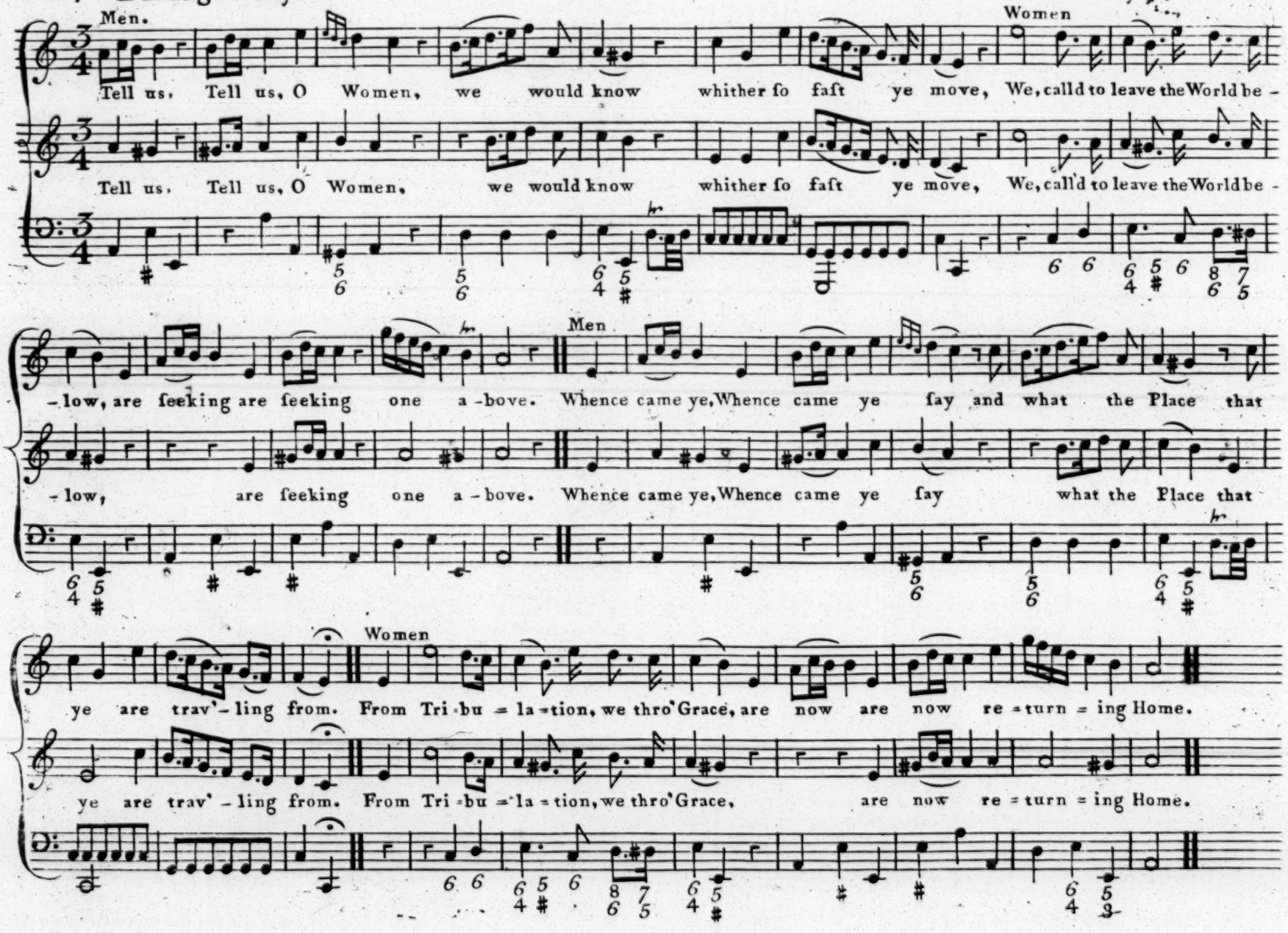
Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth vouchſafes his Care;
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion of the greateſt there.

4

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heaven's triumphant Hoſt
And ſuff'ring Saints on Earth adore.
Be Glory as in Ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt
When Earth and Heav'n ſhall be no more.

Dialogue Hymn

Set by C. B.



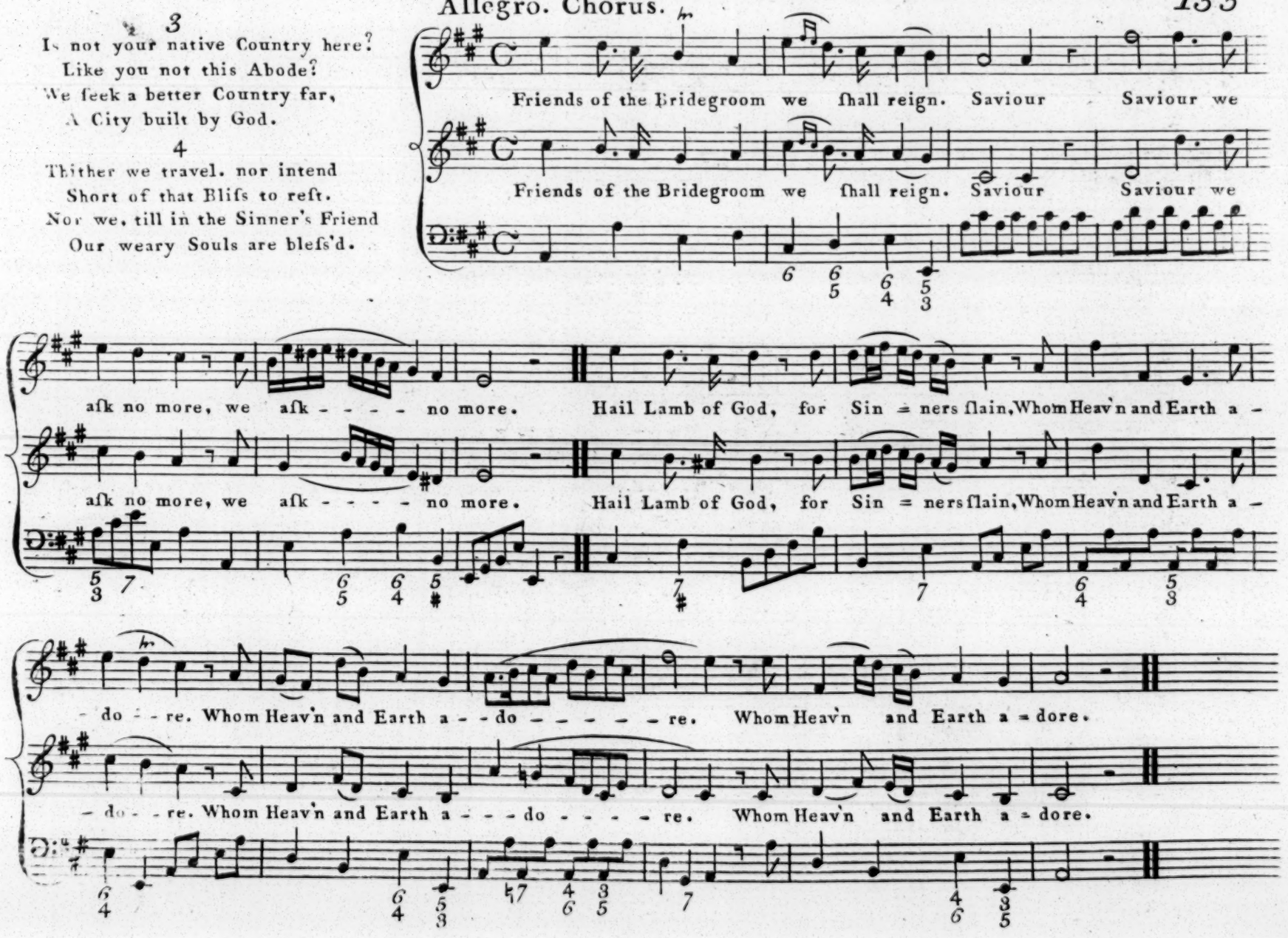
3

Is not your native Country here?
Like you not this Abode?
We ſeek a better Country far,
A City built by God.

4

Thither we travel. nor intend
Short of that Bliſs to reſt.
Nor we, till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary Souls are bleſs'd.

Allegro. Chorus.



Amesbury.

Set by S. A.

Come let us a=new our Journey pur=sue, roll round with the Year, roll round with the Year. And never stand still till our

Come let us a=new our Journey pur=sue, roll round with the Year, roll round with the Year. And never stand still till our

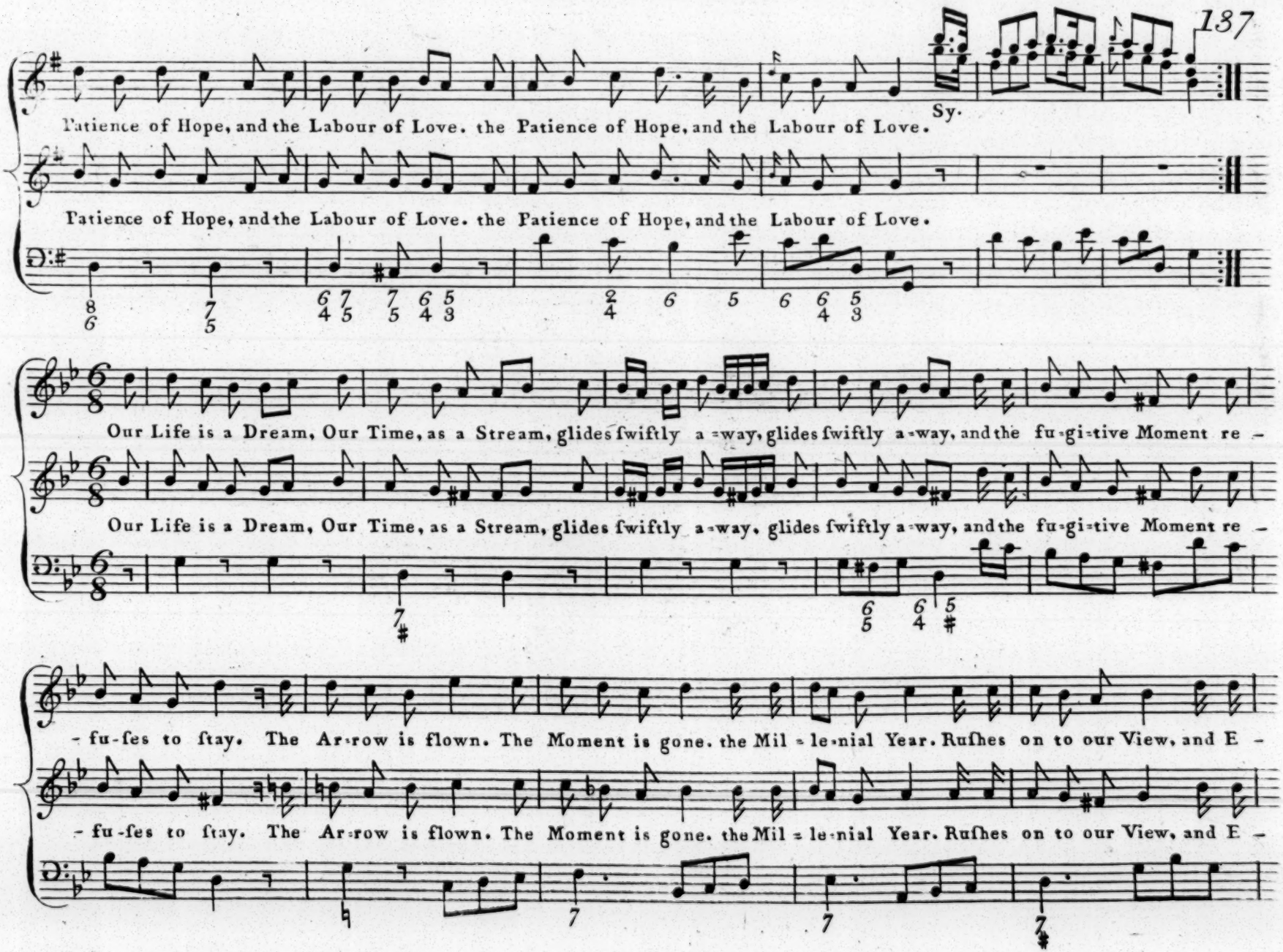
Master appear, And never stand still till our Master appear. Sy. His a=do=ra=ble Will let us

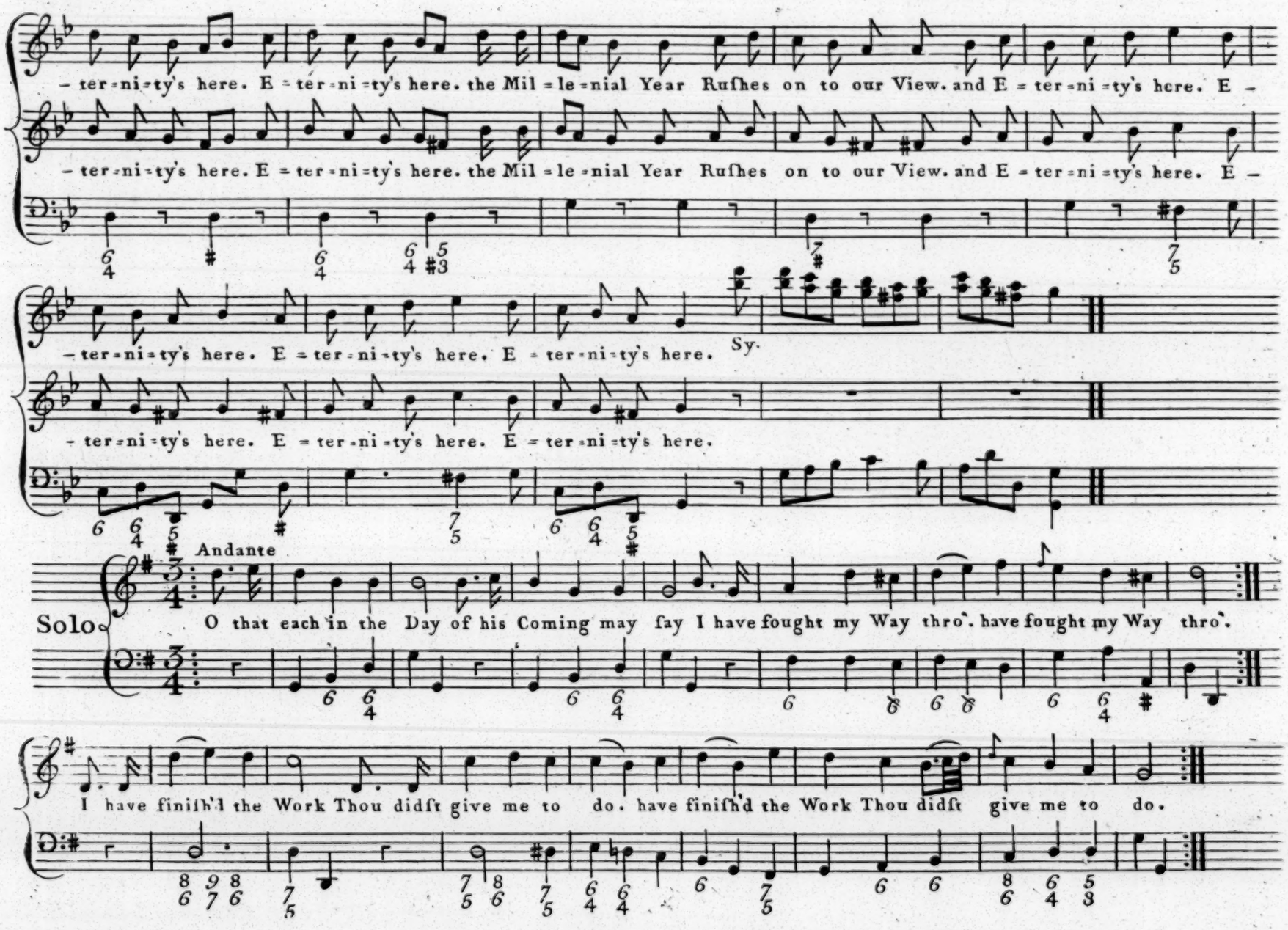
Master appear. And never stand still till our Master appear. His a=do=ra=ble Will let us

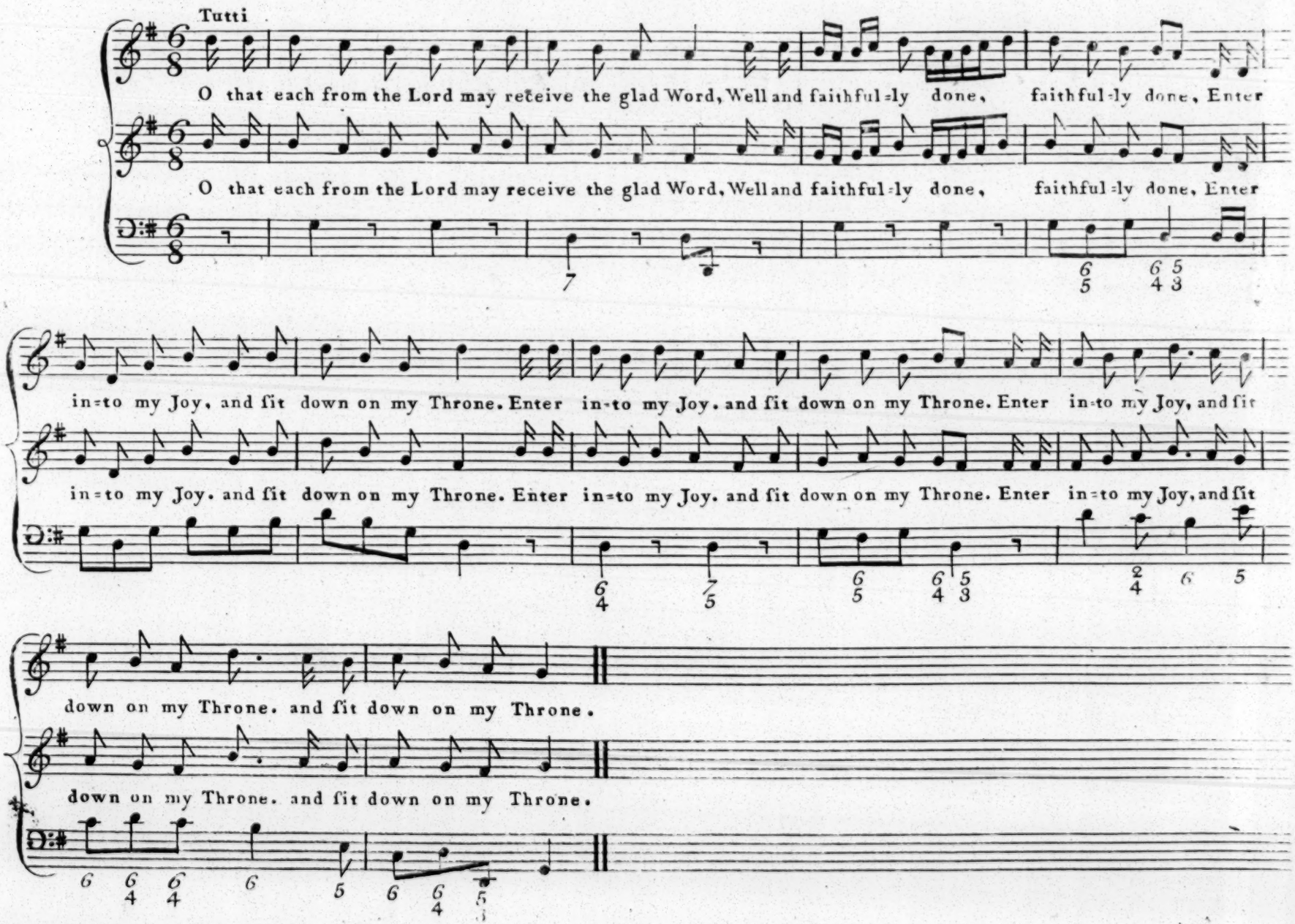
gladly fulfil, and our Talents improve, our Talents improve, By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. By the

gladly fulfil, and our Talents improve, our Talents improve, By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. By the

Tasto solo

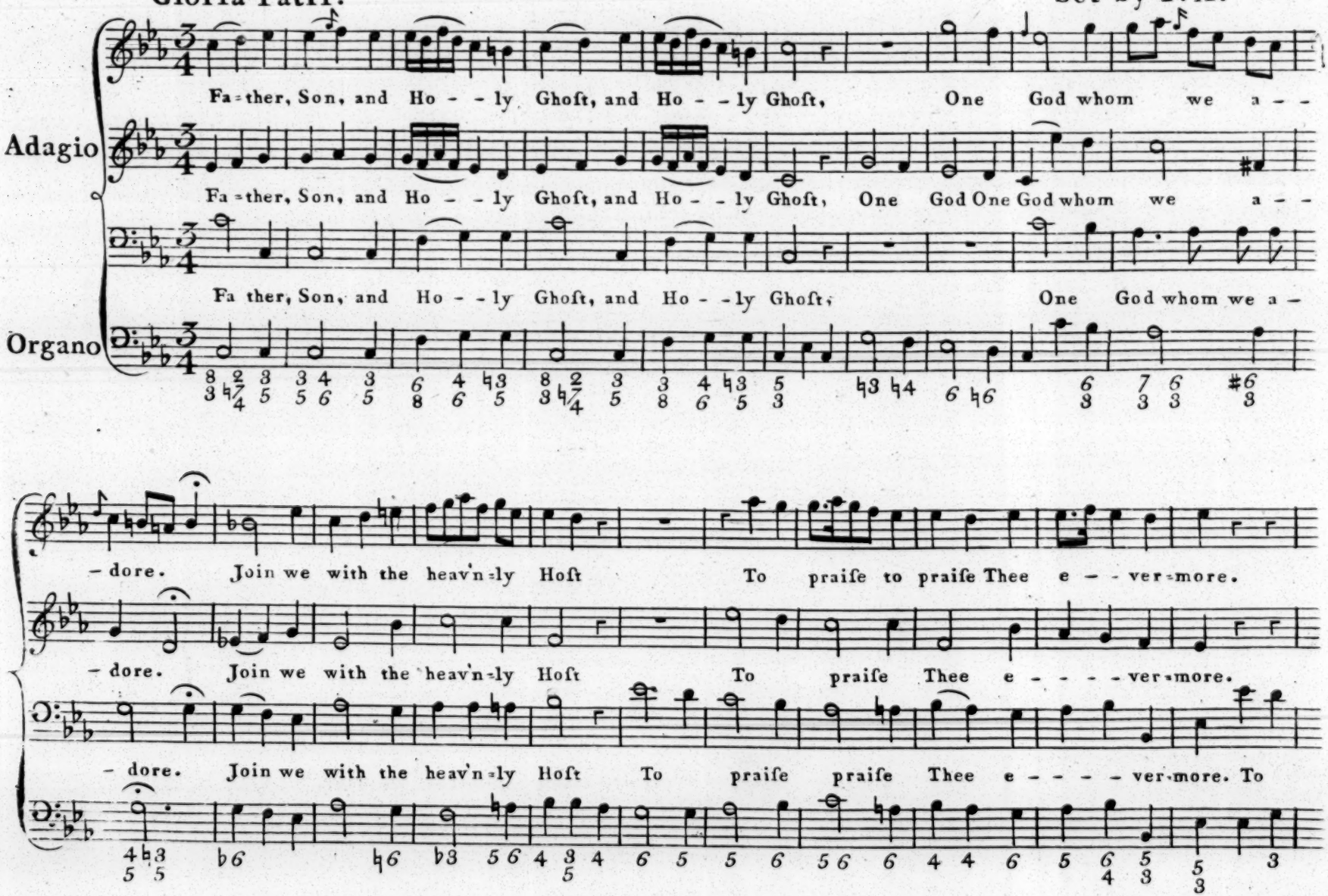

Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love.
Sy.
Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love.
Our Life is a Dream, Our Time, as a Stream, glides ſwiftly a-way, glides ſwiftly a-way, and the fu-gi-tive Moment re-
Our Life is a Dream, Our Time, as a Stream, glides ſwiftly a-way, glides ſwiftly a-way, and the fu-gi-tive Moment re-
-fu-ſes to ſtay. The Ar-row is flown. The Moment is gone. the Mil-le-nial Year. Ruſhes on to our View, and E-
-fu-ſes to ſtay. The Ar-row is flown. The Moment is gone. the Mil-le-nial Year. Ruſhes on to our View, and E-

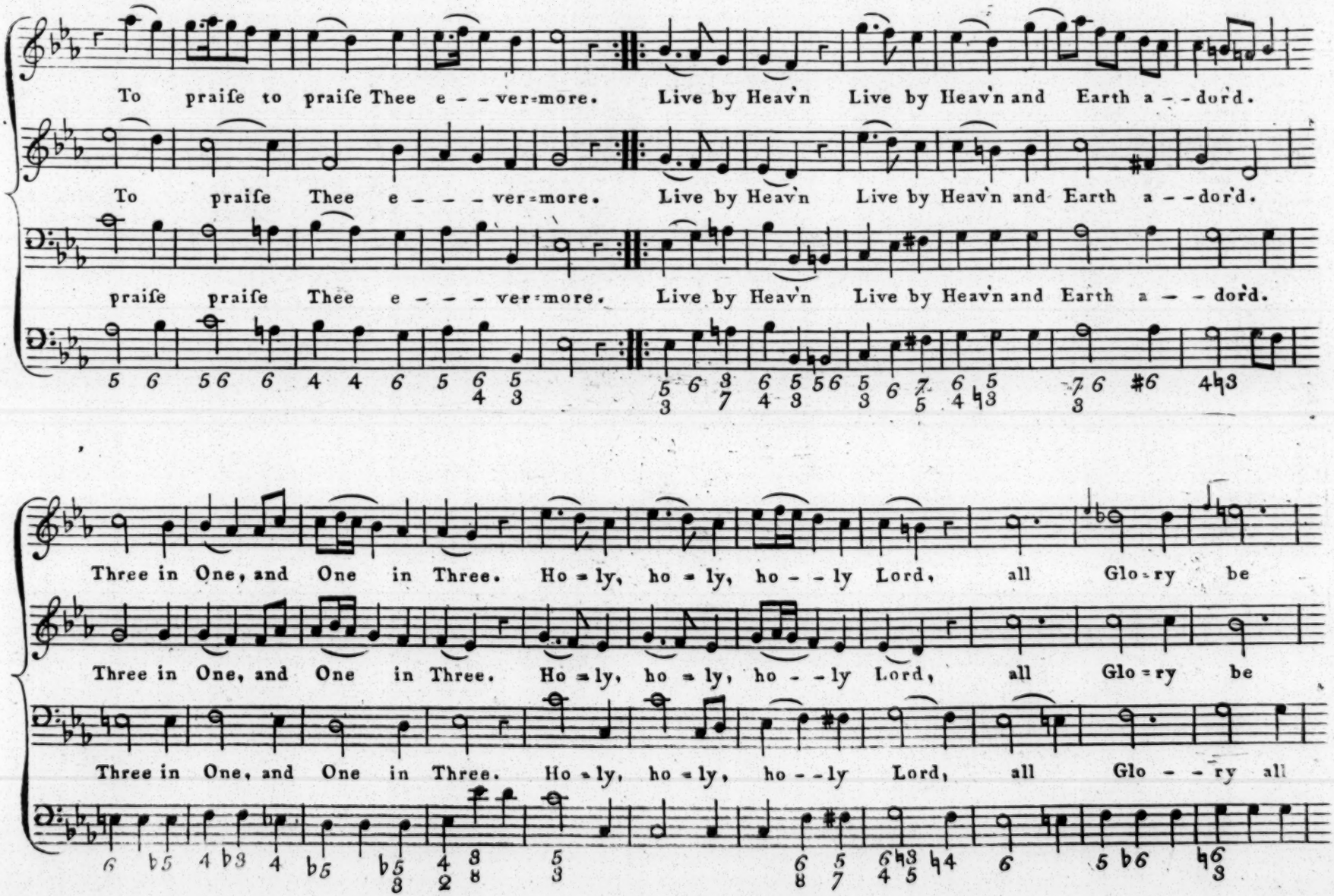

– ter=ni=ty's here. E = ter=ni=ty's here. the Mil=le=nial Year Ruſhes on to our View. and E = ter=ni=ty's here. E –
– ter=ni=ty's here. E = ter=ni=ty's here. the Mil=le=nial Year Ruſhes on to our View. and E = ter=ni=ty's here. E –
– ter=ni=ty's here. E = ter=ni=ty's here. E = ter=ni=ty's here. Sy.
– ter=ni=ty's here. E = ter=ni=ty's here. E = ter=ni=ty's here.
Andante
Solo.
O that each in the Day of his Coming may ſay I have fought my Way thro'. have fought my Way thro'.
I have finiſh'd the Work Thou didſt give me to do. have finiſh'd the Work Thou didſt give me to do.

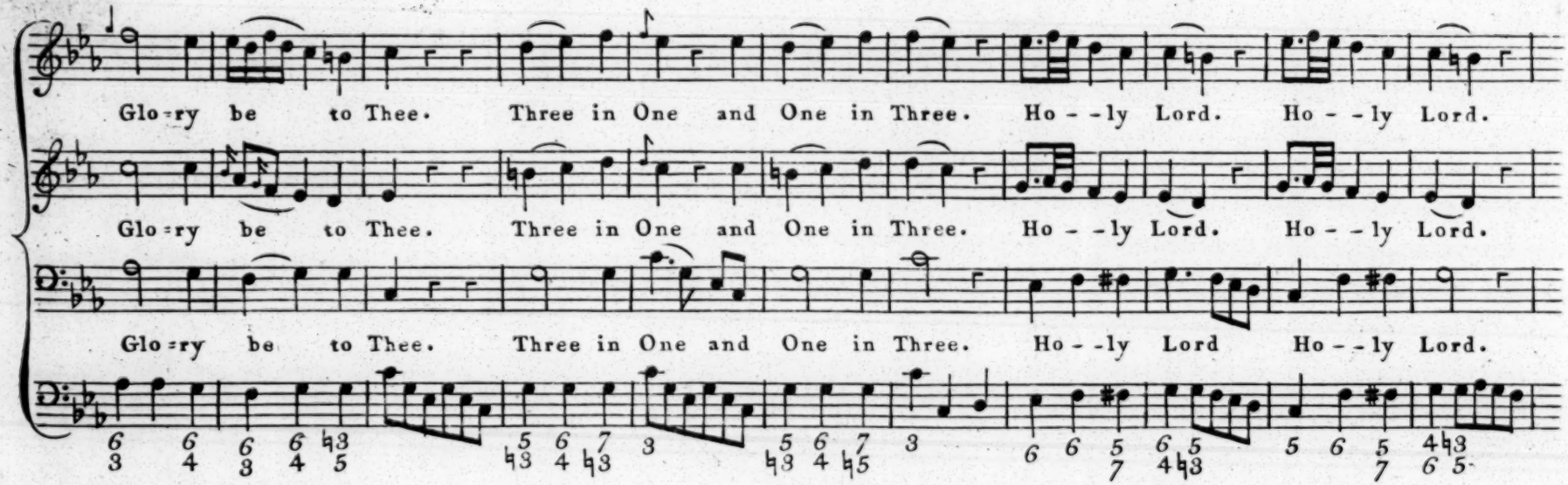

Tutti
O that each from the Lord may receive the glad Word, Well and faithful-ly done, faithful-ly done, Enter
O that each from the Lord may receive the glad Word, Well and faithful-ly done, faithful-ly done, Enter
in-to my Joy, and ſit down on my Throne. Enter in-to my Joy. and ſit down on my Throne. Enter in-to my Joy, and ſit
in-to my Joy. and ſit down on my Throne. Enter in-to my Joy. and ſit down on my Throne. Enter in-to my Joy, and ſit
down on my Throne. and ſit down on my Throne.
down on my Throne. and ſit down on my Throne.

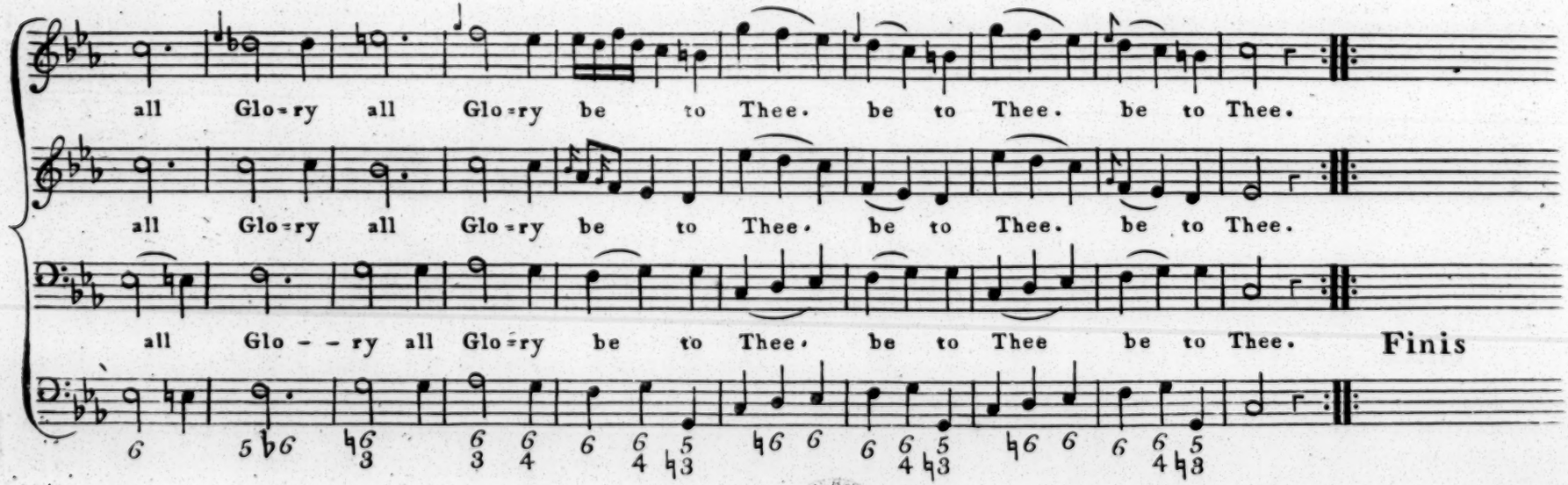
Gloria Patri.

Set by F. A.




To praiſe to praiſe Thee e - - ver=more. Live by Heav'n Live by Heav'n and Earth a - - dor'd.
To praiſe Thee e - - - ver=more. Live by Heav'n Live by Heav'n and Earth a - - dor'd.
praiſe praiſe Thee e - - - ver=more. Live by Heav'n Live by Heav'n and Earth a - - dor'd.
Three in One, and One in Three. Ho=ly, ho=ly, ho - - ly Lord, all Glo=ry be
Three in One, and One in Three. Ho=ly, ho=ly, ho - - ly Lord, all Glo=ry be
Three in One, and One in Three. Ho=ly, ho=ly, ho - - ly Lord, all Glo - - ry all


Glo=ry be to Thee. Three in One and One in Three. Ho - -ly Lord. Ho - -ly Lord.
Glo=ry be to Thee. Three in One and One in Three. Ho - -ly Lord. Ho - -ly Lord.
Glo=ry be to Thee. Three in One and One in Three. Ho - -ly Lord Ho - -ly Lord.


all Glo=ry all Glo=ry be to Thee. be to Thee. be to Thee.
all Glo=ry all Glo=ry be to Thee. be to Thee. be to Thee.
all Glo - - ry all Glo=ry be to Thee. be to Thee be to Thee. Finis